PART V

HISTORICAL DIVISION

PLAIN TALES OF MOUNTAIN TRAILS

I. The Midland Trail

II. The Seneca Trail

By ANDREW PRICE

President West Virginia Historical Society

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THE WEST VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

At the session of 1925, the Legislature passed a bill forming the "West Virginia Historical Society," making it a corporation and body politic. The bill was known as Senate Bill No. 376. It was introduced by Hon. Dennis M. Willis, a Senator from the Eeleventh District, and was enacted into law the 24th of April, going into effect ninety days from its passage.

The act as it appears in the Acts of 1925, beginning on page 254, is as follows:

AN ACT to incorporate the trustees of scenic and historic places and objects in West Virginia; preserve and publish history of West Virginia; and to provide for and keep certain property of the state.

Be it enacted by the Legislature of West Virginia:

That there be created an organization to preserve and keep the natural scenery and historic places and objects of the state, and to preserve and publish the history of West Virginia.

Section 1. The governor shall appoint a body of fifty-five persons, each one of whom shall have been identified in some manner in the preservation of history in this state, to be selected for an indefinite term, and so that each county of the state shall have one member, to constitute a body politic and corporate under the name of the West Virginia Historical Society, which shall have the power to purchase out of money in any manner coming into its hands, receive, and hold by grant, devise, bequest, or otherwise in trust or in perpetuity, real and personal estate for the use of said corporation of a value not to exceed one million dollars. It shall also have the power to publish and preserve the written history of the state.

Section 2. Said society shall in its discretion make recommendations to counties and other municipalities as to the preservation and control of scenic and historic spots, especially as to marking such spots along the highways of the state.

Section 3. Such society shall have the power to purchase out of money in any manner coming into its hands, receive, or in any lawful manner acquire historic objects, memorable, or picturesque places in fee, or in trust, and to preserve and improve the same; *provided, however,* that admission to the public shall always be free unless otherwise expressly provided for by some subsequent act of the legislature.

Section 4. No member of such society shall have any interest in any contract in which money is to be expended by said society. Such society shall have no capital stock. It shall have no power to sell, mortgage, give away, or encumber its property.

Section 5. The officers shall consist of a president, a vice-president, six directors, and a secretary-treasurer, who shall be elected annually and hold office until their successors are chosen. No salary shall be paid to any officer or member except to the secretary-treasurer, and to him only when specifically appropriated by the legislature.

Section 6. Such society shall make reports from time to time to the legislature.

Section 7. Nothing in this act shall in anywise affect the department or bureau of archives and history or the property under its supervision and control.

Section 8. Vacancies occurring in the list of said society by death, resignation, removal from the state or otherwise, shall be filled by the governor.

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Roll of Members Appointed by Governor Gore under Authority of an Act of the Legislature passed April 24, 1925

BARBOUR—Richard E. Talbott, Philippi.
BERKELEY—C. J. Faulkner, Martinsburg.
BOONE—H. H. Andrews, Whitesville.
BRAXTON—John D. Sutton, Sutton.
BROOKE—Dr. Cloyd Goodnight, Bethany.
CABELL—Boyd Jarrell, Huntington.
CALHOUN—A. G. Mathews, Grantsville.
CLAY—E. G. Pierson, Clay.
DODDRIDGE—Hugh L. Hammond, West Union.
FAYETTE—Hon. J. Alfred Taylor, Fayetteville.
GRANT—Arch J. Welton, Petersburg.
GILMER—Dr. E. G. Rohrbough, Glenville.
GREENBRIER—Miss Io Boone, Ronceverte.
HAMPSHIRE—Robert White, Romney.
HANCOCK—R. M. Brown, New Cumberland.
HARDY—Miss Virginia Hopewell Wood, Moorefield.
HARRISON—Hon. Haymond Maxwell, Clarksburg.
JEFFERSON—Miss Ella May Turner, Shepherdstown.
JACKSON—Sattis Simmons, Ripley.
KANAWHA—William B. Mathews, Charleston.
LEWIS—C. B. McWhorter, Weston.
LINCOLN—Hon. Jacob D. Smith, Hamlin.
LOGAN—Walter R. Thurmond, Logan.
MARION—Mrs. Samuel Leeper, Fairmont.
MASON—Dean Chas. E. Hogg, Point Pleasant.
MARSHALL—James M. Rine, Glen Easton.
MERCER—H. W. Straley, Princeton.
MINERAL—C. N. Finnell, Keyser.
MINGO—Mrs. M. Z. White, Williamson.
MONONGALIA—Thos. Ray Dille, Morgantown.
MONROE—Miss Nettie Campbell, Union.
MORGAN—S. S. Buzzerd, Berkeley Springs.
MCDOWELL—Mrs. Luther Anderson, Welch.
NICHOLAS—Miss Gertrude Dotson, Richwood.
OHIO—Mrs. Julian G. Hearne, Wheeling.
PENDLETON—H. M. Calhoun, Franklin.
PLEASANTS—Ross Wells, St. Marys.
POCAHONTAS—Andrew Price, Marlinton.
PRESTON—J. C. Gibson, Kingwood.
PUTNAM—C. A. Forth, Hurricane.
RALEIGH—Mrs. W. H. Rardin, Beckley.
RANDOLPH—Claude W. Maxwell, Elkins.
RITCHIE—J. A. Wooddell, Pennsboro.
ROANE—W. H. Bishop, Spencer.
SUMMERS—Mrs. Princess Turner King, 805 N. Boulevard, Richmond, Va.
TAYLOR—Harry Kunst, Grafton.
TUCKER—Mrs. W. F. Lipscomb, Parsons.
TYLER—Mrs. Harrison W. Smith, Middlebourne.
UPSHUR—Hon. H. Roy Waugh, Buckhannon.
WAYNE—Miss Jenny Crum, West Moreland.
WEBSTER—William Waggy, Wainville.
WETZEL—Hon. L. S. Hall, New Martinsville.
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PART I

THE MIDLAND TRAIL

The Midland trail runs east and west, from the paw-paw to the pine,
The skyblue track on hill and dale—look at it loop and twine.
It follows the path of the minute men of the deadly flintlock gun,
The march that took them thirty days, you can make it in less than one.
They found it a howling wilderness, you whirl through a smiling land,
Where Crook fed his horses the standing crop, they greet you with waving hand.
Towns, woods, and field, by day and night, at dusk or in the dawn,
The eager car reels off the miles with the speed of a startled fawn.
So it is up and away, on the Height of Land, like the blue dust devils go—
The Sedan flees like an antlered buck, and the Ford like a barren doe!
Detour!

PREFACE

The Midland Trail has been a potent factor in the history of the United States. The geologist tells us that this is the oldest part of the nation since the continent rose from its last submergence. This great highway traverses this great peneplain and presents to the traveler the richest field on earth for the collector of the evidences of the upbuilding of the earth as shown by historical geology.

Here the New River breaks through the whole Appalachian range. Over this line of travel, General Andrew Lewis took his army and struck the first blow for the independence of the colonies. Here was the struggle which in the opening days of the Civil War determined the result of that appeal to arms.

When this highway was completed it was deemed proper for those who practiced the art of writing to turn to its inspiring history and to endeavor to make others feel the emotion that moved them. But we are a poor inarticulate race at the best and the efforts have not resulted in material worthy of the subject. That will have to come later. Some day a great singer will sing the song of the paw-paw and the pine.

The subject is inexhaustible. Every foot of the road furnishes a subject for a chapter. The following articles will be found to be in that strained condition that results when a poor orator has to keep one eye on his subject and the other on his reader.

ANDREW PRICE.

Marlinton, W. Va.

CHAPTER I

The Midland Trail over which Westward the Course of Empire took its way.

The Midland Trail is a restless place. It is a good deal like another trail in the north called Broadway, where people hurry to and fro. It is road number 3 cutting the State into two parts, after the manner New-Kanawha River first overcame the mountain barrier. Later on the Indians marked a trail, and perhaps the Kentucky buffalo made a trip through the rugged mountains to use the grass lands of the Valley of Virginia. Then the white men made a road called the James River & Kanawha Turnpike. Then the Virginians made the noble project of building a canal across the mountains, and they would have done so, too, but for the fact that the modern invention of the steam railway decreased the economic necessity of a water way from east to west. Then the C. & O. Railway crept across the divide and took away the dividends of the stage companies and the old pike fell into disuse except for local purposes. The pike had tackled mountains on the proved proposition that a straight line is the nearest way between two points. But the railroad had its limitations and it sought the grades along the stream. The railroad fixed the status of the State, for it came at a time when the natural resources of the State, especially its coal, were needed for the upbuilding of the Nation, and great cities like Huntington and Charleston and many other fine municipalities sprang up and flourished.

Then came the day of the new kind of wheel and the world commenced to sit on rubber pneumatic cushions and sew a finer seam, and then the old trail came back.

It appears that the commission was empowered to build roads and to give these roads names. The commission found it more convenient to give them numbers to begin with, but the more important highways began to get names, and the Midland Trail was the name that was placed on the old stage road, when it was broadened and surfaced and completed over mountain, hill, and dale.

It seems to me that I have always intended to travel this pike and see the wonders that the Lord hath made, but it was not until the year of grace, 1926, when I got a roving commission to go from county to county and talk to the hard-boiled professionals that go to make up the Institutes held during the summer time of the year that I had an opportunity to travel the road, and I cannot say that I saw everything that was to be seen, for I had to do the driving and the word has been passed around that he who drives the Midland Trail must keep his eye on the road every moment of the time. So the driver gets but fleeting glances.

It is about a hundred and eighty miles across the State of West Virginia by this highway, and about a hundred miles of it lies over the highlands through a rarefied atmosphere that is very grateful in the summer time, and the week I made the pilgrimage was said to have been unusually hot for any place or time. I know that I have never suffered

from heat as I did at that time when I violated the rule to keep well above the two thousand foot contour line during the warm months.

The Seneca Trail will give even a better respite from the summer heat to the restless horde for it will afford a journey through the State of one hundred and ninety-eight miles, all of it well above the point of suffocation. These two trails will cross at Lewisburg, and the time will come when to even a greater extent than now the lowlanders will come to the uplands when the dog star rages and run their cars around in circles with glad cries.

The lowlanders have good winter climates, but we have the world beat on the upper levels in the summer time.

As most everybody else has taken a shot at the Midland Trail, I felt that I ought to be allowed to set down some of my observations.

I have read most of these rhapsodies about the Midland Trail, but they do not begin to bring home the realization of the pure delight that the presence of the woods, fields and streams bring to you.

The longer I live and the more I think about it, the more I am convinced that West Virginia, the odd State, is a magic world of its own not like any other part of the world, and I believe that I have discovered the secret hid in its mountains. In every age and in every time since history has been kept, there have been serious thinkers who tried to read the riddle of the lost island of Atlantis, or as it has been called the Islands of the Blest.

All historians sooner or later acknowledge that the only really ancient records are the stones and the record kept in the markings on the rock. Millions of years ago a drop of rain falling on a surface prepared to record it, now shows where it fell when the stone is brought in for the pile.

And so I will now drag in geology by the hair of her head and tell you something that has not been advanced before and that is that West Virginia is Atlantis. You remember the story of the man in the book. He had plenty of money and no work to do, and he devoted some years of his life to discover a specimen of that rare bird known as a man-about-town. Finally he himself got his name in the papers by reason of having got run over by a street car, and there it was stated that he was a man-about-town. All that he needed in his search was the thought to glance in a looking-glass. So it is with you West Virginians who have given the identity of Atlantis a second thought. All you needed to know about Atlantis, was to look out of the window and you would have seen the wonder land.

Let us reason together. Let us bring to the hearing pure minds, clear consciences, understanding hearts, and retentive memories, fully prepared to claim everything that will redound to the honor and glory of West Virginia.

It is written in the rock and expounded by the geologist, that once upon a time, all of the Western Hemisphere was a sea except that rising from that gray and melancholy waste was an emerald isle whose boundaries were nearly that of West Virginia of today. It was in the carboniferous age, and there was a luxuriant growth of vegetation such as is not known today. Club moss, now perhaps three inches high, grew as

tall as hemlock trees, and other things in proportion, and the great coal deposits were formed and hid away for a future time and occasion. After some millions of years, this wonderful land was changed by the action of water. At first it was a great mass of rock, but in time erosion had reduced it to a base level called a peneplain, by which is meant a plain. It was tilted and sloped to the northwest, and on close inspection it was seamed and fissured with valleys through which the water ran to the sea. At a great height it would look like a level plain, but to those who dwelt upon its surface it seemed to be rugged and mountainous and anything but a plain. But the geologist is not deceived. He knows that it is the remnant of a great rock that once towered forty or fifty thousand feet above the surface of the water, and which has weathered down to its present form, still a plain but somewhat eroded.

This is the reason that you can look in the bottom of great valleys like that of the New River and the Elk River and other rivers and see rock stratas as level as the floor on the water line and then lift your eyes and see a thousand or more feet above you the crest of a mountain, and you know that it was wholly formed, cut out, and shaped by little drops of water. Time amounts to nothing with a mountain. After the lapse of some hundred million of years—to use that as a convenient round number—the mountain isle was ready to receive and support human life of divine origin. And that it when the supermen of Atlantis came into being.

The tradition is that the commonwealth of Atlantis was the most powerful and the best governed of any country under the sun. The men were the strongest, and the women the most beautiful. Its climate was equable. Its lands rich. Its waters the most pure. Its grass the greenest. In fact, it was a blue grass country. Sailing from its shores, the men of Atlantis conquered the world, save only and excepting Athens, whose men were left to tell the tale. Everything that was desirable was to be found in Atlantis, and it was the dream of the down-trodden European to sail away to the Islands of the Blest.

Sometime when I have more time, I will go into the details concerning Atlantis, to a fuller extent, but for the present, suffice it to say, that if you would cut away the later geological upheavals to the north, east, south, and west, of the Mountain State, that you would restore Atlantis, which as every one knew in those days of the dim red dawn of man, lay west of the Pillars of Hercules, which is now called Gibraltar.

The report that Atlantis had been sunk beneath the sea was not correct. What really happened was that on every side the earth trembled, and the continent of North America rose all around about it, and the ensuing heat, confusion, and torrential rain wholly destroyed the citizens of Atlantis, and it waited for another day and time, when Europeans would turn longing eyes to the west. There is no wonder that it could not be found when the ships were built that could traverse the Atlantic Ocean. Atlantis was hundreds of miles inland.

Sometime when we have time, it would be a delightful task to trace the limits of the acreage formed by erosion, as distinguished by that formed by sediment and that formed by folded strata. Then it is that we will know the limits of Atlantis famed in song and story.

And there is no better place to see Atlantis than along the Midland Trail. The valley of the high steep sides has the right to be called the New River canyon. There is just room for the river and the railroad in the bottom, and the highway occupies a terrifying height above the awful gorge. A top of a cliff known as Hawk's Nest, is a frightful place. A walk of about two hundred feet brings you to the brink of one of the most awful precipices in the world. Not a sign of a railing or support. Keep away from the edge.

The drop is something over a thousand feet. It is almost perpendicular. It takes a good thrower to send a stone into the waters of the New River, but that seems unbelievable to those who stand on the little platform on the brink large enough to afford standing room to about six persons. A person standing there is fully convinced that he could leap into the river.

In 1812, Chief Justice John Marshall, one of the State commissioners, came to this rock, and stood upon it, and had accurate measurements made of it. At that time, in honor of the visit of the chief justice, and the interest that he took in the place, the citizens of Kanawha County changed the name from Hawk's Nest to Marshall's Pillar, but the name did not take. One hears only of Hawk's Nest.

Something over a hundred years ago a traveler from a foreign country was traveling east on the stage coach. He arrived at Kanawha Falls at midnight, where a stop of three hours was scheduled at the inn, which by the way is still standing, an immense brick mansion, the property of Mrs. C. W. Osenton. The traveler clambered out over the rock to see the falls by the light of a fading moon. Here it was that Batts and Fallam took formal possession of the Mississippi Valley for King Charles II, of England, in 1671.

The passengers were roused at three in the morning to resume their journey and the road climbed Gauley Mountain, a continuation of the Cumberland Mountains. It is ten or eleven miles to Hawk's Nest as I recall it. The stage coach made it in four hours according to this account. Approaching the spot of great reputed beauty, they pledged the coachman to stop, and from the top of the cliff on which then stood an ancient pine, the traveler seems to have gotten quite a kick.

He wondered if it were possible to gain access to the level of the river, for it looked like he might find some peace there. As far as he could tell it had never been trodden by the foot of man. That is changed now. The railroad town of Hawk's Nest is there and trains de luxe go roaring through by day and by night, and I am here to tell to the cockeyed world that I much prefer to look up at Hawk's Nest the pillar than to look down at Hawk's Nest the town.

There is little doubt that the pioneer left the bottom of the New River gorge alone. The engineers sent out from Richmond to go through the gorge at Hawk's Nest to observe its possibilities were strictly enjoined to employ one particular man who was fond of roving through it on hunting and fishing expeditions. This man refused to go because he was preparing to plant corn. Instructions then became peremptory to get him no matter at what cost. They were prepared to pay him a thousand dollars. The only contract that he would make was that he should have

the setting of the sum and he would not name it until he knew how long they would be getting through. It was so agreed and the party spent four days in the gorge, and the farmer, solely on account of having to hire hands to plant corn, demanded six dollars for the trip.

My observation is that outside of the garages and the drug stores and the hot dog stands, that tourists are not particularly welcome to the hard-working populace that inhabit the Midland Trail. In vain do the thinkers cry out to the people, "Make much of the tourist!" The citizen does not encourage conversation. At least those I tried to interest were polite but distant. I think they are fed up on strange faces. It was the hottest weather ever known outside of Hades, and it seemed to me that I was begging water with my hat in my hand all the time. And it was forthcoming, but it seemed to give no pleasure to the gracious giver. I tried tipping for water and that did not work, for I suppose that while they would like to have the money, it would not do to have it said that water was not free. It was in the dry season, and this condition will not prevail except in such a year as that and then only for a few days. I think I saw thousands of little children of school age carrying pails of water from distant springs. But I think the drought ended the day I came through on my way back, and paradise no doubt has resumed her sway in the delectable mountains.

I am glad I made that trip clear to the Ohio River on the Midland Trail, for if a gentleman can guide a car that distance over that road, meeting a car every few moments and being overhauled and passed by all kinds of craft—I say that if he can do that and still preserve his Christian integrity and the sunshine in his soul, then he ought to be able to drive on that other Broadway that follows the old calf path through New York City.

I observed a curious thing. After coming out of Charleston there came a lull in the proceedings in that while I met about thirty cars a minute, I was not overhauled for a couple of minutes. I went tooling along at a fast trot and came up to a car that was making about five miles an hour and I fell in behind it and on we went for some minutes at a fast walk. If it had not been for one thing I would have tried to pass, but so far I have not passed a single moving pleasure car. I have passed tractors and trucks, but so far each and every driver is fast enough for me. I saw the driver turn and look at me several times, and he was about fifty years old and had the eye of an eagle and the whimsical face of a kidder.

Presently other cars drew up and one of them gave a polite "Toot," which meant "damye, get over and slow down and let me by." He went by me and was going on by the front man, when that car picked up speed and kept ahead. Every now and then the speeding car would say "Toot!" Then it got to saying "Toot?" and then it ceased all sound. By and by, some twenty or thirty cars got by me and fell into line behind the two leaders, and then I got to speeding up for I wanted to see how it all came out. And another car came up. A many-colored roadster driven by a male about eighteen years old accompanied by two females still younger . With a polite salute and with a wide sweep on the margin of the road he went by me, and when he found what was up, he gave one

fell whoop and charged into the pile and by the time he had got to the head of the column he had broken the race all up. He picked them up and flung them behind one by one, for youth will be served. I have no doubt that the youngster got safely to the end of his journey in a short time and sat down to loaf.

These crowded roads are not so comfortable as they seem though the country has many millions of drivers who are far more resourceful and expert than the old time locomotive driver who was regarded with so much awe. All he could do was to keep to the rails. The common ordinary family driver, man, woman and child, must be prepared to drive a car through the eye of a needle and never scratch the paint.

I saw one aggregation of human beings and the perils of the crowded road. I came to a railroad crossing. I saw the first sign. The highway paralleled the track and crossed diagonally. Between me and the crossing was a Ford, then a boy on a bicycle, and my car. A street car whistled for the crossing. I was well to the right of the white line. The Ford in front slipped across ahead of the street car. The boy on the bicycle slowed so he barely moved, and I was barely moving well behind him. Just then a car banged into my running board, so that it was badly bended down and cost seventy-five cents to get it fixed. I never knew who hit me for the traffic flowed on in a stream for a few minutes. A dozen or more cars went by. As soon as I got across the track I stopped to see what damage had been done. A couple of walkers then came to me full of indignation. "Did you get his number?" Never had identified the car. Then the men told me what had happened. Most of us had lined up as I was giving the street car the ten seconds it needed, but one man had left the line to pass so that he could graze the tail end of the street car and get to his loafing place without delay. He passed successfully until he came to a point opposite my car. There he encountered the two pedestrians walking towards him on their right-hand side of the road, and as they refused to give in, the car driver had turned violently to the right and landed against me. The walkers were in workingmen's clothes. It was about six in the evening, and I bet they belonged to the union and stood upon their rights. Envying the lamb in the large place, I grinned and went on. There was a combination of a street car, a boy on a bicycle, a lot of motorcars, and a couple of walkers, on a busy highway at a railway crossing. I am more than ever convinced that in emergencies that if every mother's son of them will stop and freeze that nothing can happen.

Even though a tourist may be unwelcome to a man with a house by the road, I came back from a swing around in nine counties more than ever convinced that West Virginia is the show place of the world. I am tired of that Switzerland business. Switzerland is not worthy to hold a candle to Atlantis.

And when I come to think about it, I, too, live by the road and thousands go skyhooting along, and maybe they think that we are cold. Well, it is a fact, that they are on a lark, and I am at home grubbing along. I have got a notion to put up a sign "This is a friendly house. Call for water or anything else you need. Talk your blamed head off if you want to."

CHAPTER II

Nine Miles Lost, but it was Nine Miles off the Top of the World. Dunmore's War. Camp 12 was Charlestown, now Charleston.

South by sou'west and all sail set, and a wet seat and a wandering foot, and ho for the Midland Trail! That is the country where I am going to take my pleasure pretty soon. I had known about that kind of a country for a long time. In the days when I took to the woods, I always went to the west. In that direction lay trout, and deer, and blackberries. No snakes in Erose, at least no pizen snakes. The only time that I remember having chosen the east side of Greenbrier River as a place to camp, and having picked out a smooth place underneath some overhanging trees, a rattlesnake lifted up his head and shook his castanets at us, and we camped on the west side of the river after that sinister welcome.

Many is the month that I have roamed through the rich lands to the west and slept on the ground. Strange as it may seem, I do not count that time as lost. It now appears that it was the most sensible of the things that I did. I got to know that country of great mountains and forested valleys. I have seen from the high peaks, the dawn come up like thunder. I have heard the roar of the rivers. I have been in the shadow of the great trees. And then the time came when fate put the harness on me and I had to go to work, and I neglected the wilderness. And the timber men came to give the mountains a hair cut and messed things up considerably. But the memory of those woods was clear and the thought of the peace there has soothed me to sleep thousands of times.

The other day I had occasion to go to the southwestern part of the State and we went forth in the Ford car, and in that way we found the Midland Trail, and for something like seventy-five miles I saw the land of my dreams from the sure foundation of a boulevard. So I want to go back and take my time and jog through the country that lies between Lewisburg and the mouth of Gauley River, for that is the kind of a country that I delighted to frequent in the dear dead days now gone beyond recall.

But I must get down to my knitting and stop trying to do fine writing like a lady. I have been trying to explain the geological formation of these endless mountains, and I cannot get the stuff verified by the scientists. The trouble about them is that they lack the vision to see the land as it once was. A peneplain is to them a peneplain and it is nothing more. They cannot see the part that has disappeared, and if they could they would not dare to talk about it, for they are materialists of the most pronounced type. One of the greatest of all geologists, Dr. I. C. White, gave me the clue once when I heard him make the assertion that nearly all the mountains of West Virginia were formed by erosion. And starting from that accepted truth, I was able to build my mountains in the air. I got one other cold fact. The table lands in these parts once rose fifty thousand feet into the air. That is from a book. Starting from this true premise, I am going to make another effort to get my vision to you after the manner of the inarticulate.

A million years is but a moment in the sight of a geologist, and yet he cannot afford to have any imagination. I can wander in the realms of fancy.

And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and said let the dry land appear. Then where we now sit, surrounded by all that endears and embellishes civilized life, on the third day, there arose a great level of an oblong shape, with a flat top, ten miles above the surface of the water, slightly tilted to the northwest. That was the beginning of the western hemisphere. And the Lord said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, and that was still accomplished in the third day.

In pursuance of this command, the great flat rock began to weather down and in course of time it had lost nine miles of solids in height, and the irregular wearing away by the winds and the water had left an erosed surface consisting of mountains, hills, valleys, and plains, the whole constituting a peneplain, by which is meant a land surface reduced by erosion almost to base level, so that most of it is nearly plain. For instance you think of Elk Mountain as a great mountain, when in fact it is but a bump on the plain. And we think that we are above highwater mark and safe from the waves of the sea. Just remember that out of the ten miles that we once had that we have left less than a mile to go upon. We are down to the last mile and going fast, geologically speaking. We are nearing base level.

The washings from this great plateau formed the Mississippi Valley to a great extent. Nearly all of the fertile part. That is what the State of Mississippi owes to the State of West Virginia. Let them look to the hills from whence cometh their help.

As the great rock wore down the long water courses flowed to the west and on the east the slope was precipitate and plunged to the sea, and the surf beat upon a narrow beach just about where the Greenbrier flows today. You can go along a well defined and curving line and pick up coral and shell shapes today.

And this was the end of the fourth day. And then in the fifth period there came some animal life into the world but it was confined to the waters, with the exception, that certain aquatic forms could fly over the land and return to the waters, and that is the reason that fish, birds and reptiles are the oldest form of animal life. And on the sixth day the land animals were made, and then the earth was ready for man who was t have dominion over the creatures. That is the history of creation, especially that part of it where we live.

We do not have everything here for we have been saved from great convulsions and from volcanic fires. The muck heap to the west became the great valley, and to the east the sea pushed away several hundred miles by some bastions that were thrown up by the folding of the crust of the earth, so that instead of the bullering of the surf, we hear the murmuring of the brook.

So the Midland Trail affords a most convenient way to view the oldest part of creation.

And by the way the more I think about it, the more I am convinced that if we had more poetical geologists, that we would get a better picture of the earth as it was at the beginning.

Geologists are inclined to be too matter of fact. They rely too much upon the printed word. They are too much like the ancient witness. In Morgantown, on the banks of the Monongahela River, at the courthouse years ago they were examining an old lady who was to prove an event that happened almost beyond the memory of man. She said that she did not know what year she was born. She did not know how old she was. Then the lawyer asked her if she could not fix her age by some event that had occurred in her early childhood, for example her first visit to Morgantown. Her answer was: "I could not pretend to give my age but I am very certain that when I was a little girl and first visited Morgantown there was no river there."

That is my idea of a geologist. A person whose field work is crippled by imperfect recollections of textbooks. It is getting to be about time for a new deal. Time to burn all the geological works except the first chapter of Genesis, and to let men of the radiant radio age give us their ideas of creation and the meaning of the markings on the rocks.

But at this rate, I am going to be quite a long time getting to the Midland Trail. Midland Trail is road 3, to be succinct. The crossroads are at Lewisburg. The Midland Trail is an east and west road. The north and south road had no individual number but you cannot keep a good road down so it just growed, and to give it entity they called it the Seneca Trail. In the confusion of the christening in the first instance, it should have been road number four, but that fell to a road that runs through the central part of the State, the great road in Braxton County.

Every since the Seneca Trail has been growing like a green bay tree, road four has been in trouble. We hold that is one of the reasons that the tribes that live on Road 4 will not let a Senator come from the Seneca country.

My home is forty-two miles north of the Midland Trail and we have to win our way over Droop Mountain and Spring Creek Mountain, and through the red McCready shale of the Little Levels, and Renicks Valley, and the Big Levels to get to the Midland Trail. If we could follow the bank of the Greenbrier River down to the Midland Trail, it would not be so bad, but we have to go over the uplands where the people live to get there.

I went down one day to add to the confusion that exists in the mind of the educated, and talked to the Institute of Greenbrier County. I thought we might be able to do something about New England having stolen all the credit that belongs to Greenbrier County as the birthplace of American independence. We did not get it fully accomplished, but I hope that we got something started.

After the lecture, and before I had come out from under the hypnosis superinduced by an effort to speak in public, a young lady professor from Frankford asked me how I secured my facts that I used in my writings about this part of the country. I was not at all clear with her, I am sure, and being a writer, rather than a speaker, I want to set down a few matters here in that connection. I am credulous by nature and am

willing to believe. I think we can sense the truth. I know women can. Do not ask me how I know that. And I go so far as to say, that if a community has no historical matters, that it is the duty of the local historian to supply them. But it is all bosh to say that a community has no history. There is material for many books in the history of every cross-roads. And I would rather be asked about specific statements anyway, for I will be only too glad to furnish detailed information as to my authority. That is one of the important things about putting your assertions in print. It is scanned by thousands, and if it stands the pitiless publicity without contradiction, it is almost established itself. Look at that statement about the burial of Washington Neff, the soldier. I had him buried on the right creek but in the wrong field, and full and complete facts were forthcoming at once from every point of the compass to set the record right.

The lady asked me about Fort Stuart or Stewart. They say that Col. Stuart signed his name both ways. Frankford lies between here and the Midland Trail in the Big Levels. It is a town first settled by Col. John Stuart in 1769, and it is the only large town that I can recall that does not have as much as a spring branch to give it the name of a ford. Ford is an Anglo-Saxon word and until the other day had but one meaning and that was where a stream can be crossed by wading. Lately it also means a pleasure carriage.

So I take it, that the name has suffered somewhat in transmission for it was a fort, and not a ford. So that is one way that a historian reasons aloud, and whether it is sound or not is for the reader to say.

The question is whether Fort Stuart was on the other side of Lewisburg or whether it was the Stuart place at Frankford. Lately I have been giving it as my opinion that it was not Frankford. Col. John Stuart had a fort at Frankford but the name of that fort was Fort Spring, a name that is given to a town in another part of Greenbrier County.

It is very hard to get documentary evidence of those days on the Western Waters. On the 2nd day of September, 1774, Col. William Fleming was in camp at the big spring at Lewisburg. He set down in his journal that day the following words: "We were alarmed by a report that Stewarts Fort, four miles from camp, was attacked by Indians."

On the first day of August, 1774, Gen. James Robertson wrote to Col. William Preston, that he had just received flying news that the Indians had shot one of Arbuckle's sentries on Muddy Creek; that John Stewart had a company in the levels of Greenbrier, "not more than six miles from Arbuckle's fort." I do not know this Midland Trail country so well, but it appears to me from my local knowledge of Muddy Creek, which is the stream that comes into the Greenbrier River near Alderson, that Stuart's Fort as depended upon by the community in 1774 was south of the Midland Trail and not at Frankford, ten miles north of the Midland Trail and much further than that from Muddy Creek.

There it is for you. That is the evidence that is convenient. We know that in 1774 there was no fort at Lewisburg. The place was chosen for the assembling of the first army to resist the power and orders of the British king in regard to settlements west of the Allegheny Mountain.

Stewart's Fort must have been the nearest fort to the big spring. The evidence that I have used in this article as to the record in the handwriting of Fleming and Robertson was gathered by the Wisconsin Historical Society which was the first to collect the old letters and journals preserved in these mountains, and which are in that western State. Wisconsin has done more to preserve our history than we have ourselves. That record refers to Frankford and as Frankfort. Their books can be consulted, and for a very reasonable sum they will send photo copies of any of the old manuscripts that they hold. The index to their manuscripts makes a large volume in itself.

Before the snow flies, I hope to have time to go to the Midland Trail and loiter along it and make a complete and satisfactory study of the way the army marched in 1774, in the current of the Revolution.

Col. Fleming, commanding the Botetourt militia, left Lewisburg on the Midland Trail, September 12, 1774, and marched seven miles crossing Muddy Creek Mountain. By constant marching his command reached the mouth of Elk River at Charleston on the evening of the 23rd day of September, having spent twelve days on the march. Here the army halted for something like a week to get canoes made. Then they marched and floated down the river to the mouth of Coal River, to a camp.

I followed him to that point, but I noticed some changes. From the camp that he calls Camp 12, to the mouth of Coal River, I found a great city, and for something like fourteen or fifteen miles, I was driving through a town. Here is a significant thing. That Camp 12 was somewhere in the upper part of Charleston, above the State House, and the countersign for the day for that camp was "Charlestown." This antedated by some years the establishment of Fort Clendenin, by George Clendenin, and Charleston was named in honor of his father, Charles Clendenin. Yet we find that the parole word for that first encampment of Americans to be "Charlestown," which was the original name given the present city. At Elk River the work was "Dunkirk." At Coal River the word was "Burke." At Point Pleasant the first day, the word was "York," second day "Cork," third day "Gooch," fourth day "Richmond." And the fifth day they got into a fight before a word could be given out.

At the mouth of Coal River, the ancient and honorable city of St. Albans, the Midland Trail swings over a mountain and keeps to the left, while the pioneer army kept on down the river towards the Point. I was not prepared to leave the line of march so I turned on down the river and followed it some twelve or fifteen miles on a broad road that leads to Winfield, the county seat of Putnam, on the banks of the Great Kanawha, where the steamboats stop. The courthouse has a bell that was salvaged from a great steamer that blew up at this point.

I had a most delightful day at Winfield concerning which I hope to write at some future time. It is a small town, with so much strength in stores, hotels, newspapers, lawyers, banks, and schools that it seems to be over-engined for its beam, but that is because it is the county seat of a great county.

I had seen about the fishing in 1774 in the army records and I made inquiry of the barber of Winfield while he was trying to make me look like an old basin freshly scoured, he knew about fishing. It is different

there from the kind I was used to, where the fish are jumping crazy for the fly or bait. It is still water and when a fisherman overcomes a big catfish they butcher it and put the choice cuts on the market and retail it out at from twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents a pound. There is a recollection of one big one that weighed eighty-two pounds gross that was peddled out to the public.

There was another case of an eighty-pound catfish. In this case the fish had taken refuge in a big hollow sunken log and it had grown so big that it could not get out of its retreat. So the log was hauled out and split open and the fish extracted.

I asked the barber if there were any notable fishes frequenting that part of the river which had not been taken. He said there certainly was one, and he had seen it. When it came to the top of the water that it made as much commotion as a horse. It could not be taken with a line. It went around trailing fishing lines from its mouth. They called it "Old Ruffner." And the taking of Old Ruffner is the thing that those boys have to look forward to.

CHAPTER III

Dunmore's Army on the Midland Trail. The Surveying Parties of 1774. The Dunmore Campaign the Beginning of the Revolution.

A lady in Point Pleasant said to me that she would like me to give some authority for calling the battle of Point Pleasant the first battle of the Revolution. She had a son who lived in Washington and it seems that when he advanced that claim, the people laughed. The New England bodyguard would see to that. It has always been plain to me that the Revolution began at Lewisburg and ended at Yorktown. Began in Virginia and ended in Virginia, but great is the power of the printed word, and New England claims the beginning of the Revolution to be the battles of Lexington and Concord in April, 1775. Ridpath refers to Patrick Henry and his speech in 1765 in the House of Burgesses in Virginia in which he declared for liberty or death as the effort of an "uneducated mountaineer of Louisa County."

Roosevelt's construction is the true one. He was more than a historian. He was a history maker himself. But he is second to none as an interpreter of history. In his "Winning of the West," Part I, chapter two, "In the Current of the Revolution," he said:

"Lord Dunmore's War waged by Americans for the good of America, was the opening act in the drama whereof the closing scene was played at Yorktown. It made possible the twofold character of the Revolutionary War, wherein on the one hand the Americans won by conquest and colonization new lands for their children, and on the other wrought out their national independence of the British king."

If a West Virginian desires further verification he is hard to please.

Roosevelt cannot be charged with sectional influence. He was a citizen born and bred north of forty-one, and was not moved by sectional prejudice or pride. Surely any fair-minded man will accept his value of the worth of the efforts of the mountaineers in asserting their rights in defense of their homes.

Dunmore's army at Fort Gower, November 5, 1774, declared by written resolution:

"The love of Liberty, and attachment to the real interests and just rights of America outweigh every other consideration."

"We resolve that we will exert every power within us for the defense of American liberty, and for the support of her just rights and privileges."

Those were the declarations of men under arms at the end of a successful campaign and antedated the formal declaration of independence that was to follow nearly two years later.

Revolution implies the overthrow of one government and the substitution of another by the governed. Rebellion is the open, organized, and armed resistance to constituted authority. As a revolution the revolt was on the part of the thirteen colonies of the British empire, and did not involve the whole empire. Therefore it might be said that when the movement succeeds that it is a revolution, and that when it fails it is a rebellion.

The point I wish to make is that when the colonies revolted and acted independently of Great Britain, that they asserted themselves as Americans, and when they were engaged in establishing their rights by the force of arms, that all who opposed them were enemies, whether they were British soldiers, Hessian troops, Indian warriors, or Tories. It must be remembered that some of the greatest battles were fought against Americans, as in the case of Kings Mountain, where so many Tories lived.

In the case of the war of 1774, every citizen on the Western Waters held his homestead in defiance of the king's proclamation to vacate. This was passive defiance. When these citizens formed an army and fought a war that was an overt act against the constituted authority of Great Britain, as construed in London, and in a great measure at Williamsburg.

Virginia was having an unhappy time. The loyalists were so strong that it forced all to declare for the king, and the distinction was made as to king's ministers. It took a couple of years to bring the temper of the people to the point of issuing the declaration of independence.

In regard to the proclamation of the king in 1763, to prevent additional immigration to the west, and to require those who had settled on the Western Waters to return, that applied to Virginia and Pennsylvania particularly. In Pennsylvania, that colony approved the king's order and forcibly removed the settlers from the Indian land. Virginia did not attempt that. But the House of Burgesses took the middle course of refusing to authorize or appropriate for the war of 1774. As far as I can learn, there was not a dollar of public money to back the campaign, and though after its wonderful success, commissioners were appointed to list the soldiers and fix their rewards, I find no record of any appropriation for them.

When Dunmore stepped in and prevented the plunder of the rich Indian towns in Ohio, then the minute men were about to turn on him,

and it afterwards appeared that they did lose there the only chance that they had of reimbursing themselves for their time and expense. But it was part of the Providence that watched over the destinies of America, that the soldiers did not help themselves to the riches of the Indians, though great quantities of spoil from the paleface cabins had been carried into those towns the preceding summer. Think of the emotions of a mountaineer who identified his favorite horse or his rifle gun in the hands of an Indian, and not being able to replevin them.

It was my intention on taking up this subject to compare the moving causes of the Revolution. I cannot help but feel that the land laws of Virginia had more to do with the spirit of revolt than even the stamp tax or the tea tax.

It is well known that sandy and desolate lands of the Atlantic seaboard caused the land that comprised the thirteen colonies to be ignored by the European nations for more than a hundred years. Vessels would be put into Chesapeake Bay and seeing a country not much better than the Sahara Desert would leave for the rich lands of Central and South America. England was slow to act upon the discoveries of Columbus, and when she did act, about all that was left was that uninviting country along the seaboard lying between 34 degrees and 48 degrees north, and England had a most difficult undertaking to get settlements started at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock. But when it was found out that the land as it extended inward became much better, the country settled up very fast.

The Blue Ridge Mountains were fixed as the western line for a long time, but after a hundred years or more, Fairfax and Borden succeeded in making a foothold in the Valley of Virginia, and in 1722, the Great Men of the Five Nations at Albany ratified a treaty fixing the Great Ridge, the Allegheny Mountains, as the partition line between the land of the palefaces and the lands of the red men, and after that the settlement of the Valley of Virginia and all of the waters of the Potomac River was rapid, and the settlers came largely from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, for the land was the best in the world.

Borden had succeeded with his colonization scheme by which he was entitled to take up five hundred thousand acres in odd shapes and sizes, and this was managed from Staunton with the aid and assistance of John Lewis. Borden got this concession in 1736. In ten years the great county of Augusta was formed. The rich lands of the Shenandoah waters., ready for the scythe, gave a great impetus to immigration from the north and east. In a few years the game had been driven to the mountains, and it became a custom to make hunting trips into the Indian reservation to the west in the fall of the year for a supply of venison. And thus the pioneers saw much fine land especially in the Greenbrier valley.

In the seventeen-forties, squatters began to come here. The oldest recorded settlement is that of Jacob Marlin who was established here in 1749, but who had come some time before that. Owing no doubt to fortuitous circumstances, his presence here was noted in such a way that every conservative history of the Western Waters starts with 1749, and Jacob Marlin's house, making the town of Marlinton the oldest English

settlement in the Mississippi Valley, for which background we are duly thankful.

In the course of events, the rich lands of the southwestern part of the present boundary of Virginia attracted attention, and also the rich lands now within the bounds of Kentucky. But the trouble was that they were on the Western Waters, and when the palefaces broke over the border, the Iroquois or Five Nations, put up a regular protest with the colonies of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, giving each year the number of trespassers on their lands, and objecting to the invasion. And these complaints reached London. The government of all the colonies except Virginia were able to control the tide of immigration, but Virginia could not control it. For instance the topography of the country was such that it was impossible to tell what was what as between the waters that flowed to the Chesapeake Bay and those that flowed to the Gulf of Mexico. The Indians knew but the white men did not, but they did not greatly care. The tourist today does not know as he hastens across the mountains where he leaves the Mississippi Valley. And the great New River rising in North Carolina and breaking through the mountains to the Ohio River added to the confusion.

The government of England no doubt intended to keep their compact with the Indians but they became muddled owing to the lack of maps and definite information. In 1749, they granted to John Lewis and Thomas Walker and a lot of other men under the name of the Loyal Company the right to locate 800,000 acres in small detached parcels from the Blue Ridge west, north of the North Carolina line, all of which was on the Western Waters. And in 1751, the right was granted to the Greenbrier Company to take up and locate 100,000 acres to the northwest and west of the Cowpasture River, and Newfoundland. Newfoundland was the name given to the Cowpasture settlement. Note that northwest and west description. The mouth of the Greenbrier is due west of the mouth of the Cowpasture River. And all of the great Jackson River valley is west and northwest of the Cowpasture, and one is forced to the conclusion that the canny Scotch put it over on the Londoners in both instances.

The result was that though more than a thousand surveys were made by these companies, no grants or patents were issued until after the titles had been confirmed by a revolution, and then by the new government.

The French and Indian War brought out the truth in regard to these grants, and it was in 1763, that the king attempted to nullify the western movement by his proclamation. And when that did not succeed, in 1768, he bought the land out from under the settlers and claimed it as against all the colonies.

The companies were in a bad fix. In the first place they had only four years to complete their surveys, and the French and Indian War breaking out drove most of the palefaces off of the Western Waters. The annual complaints of the Indian governments kept them in hot water. The king claimed the land by right of purchase from the Iroquois. The Shawnees disputed the title of both. The Greenbrier and the Loyal Companies granted rights contingent on their own rights being ratified at some subsequent time. The word "if" controlled the grants. The pioneers decided that they would go on over and settle in the land of Canaan and

take chances. Once in a while some settlers would shelter behind a company permit.

In 1768, Governor John Blair in his message to the House of Burgesses of Virginia, said: "A set of men regardless of natural justice, and in contempt of royal proclamation, have dared to settle themselves upon lands near Cheat River, which are the property of the Indians."

This was the condition up to 1773. That year the two companies, Loyal and Greenbrier, appeared before the governor and council, and represented that certain soldiers holding military grants under the order of 1763, were locating their lands on surveys made by the companies, and that when there was such a superabundance of land that it was not right that the soldiers should take land that had been previously claimed. And on this hearing the council ordered that the holders of military grants for service should locate their lands so as not to interfere with legal surveys or actual settlements.

This was the entering of the thin edge of the wedge. The order was entered on December 16, 1773. It was destined to bring great results to America. It was a test as to whether the colonies were to grow and expand and govern themselves or continue to be at the mercy of the politicians in London. The king had shut up the land office to prevent the issuing of grants to public land, and necessity had sharpened the wits of the mountaineers and they were going ahead, and getting as much authority as they could.

By 1773 the settlers had moved to the mountains by the thousands, and they were without title papers. The Iroquois had made a quit claim to the king of England, but they knew nothing of land titles other than that a cultivated field belonged to the Indian or his family as long as they used it and no longer. They understood the grant to the king to be permission to use the land with them. The king held it to prevent settlements. The Shawnees claimed it.

No doubt on the evening of the 16th of December, 1773, John Lewis, Andrew Lewis, Thomas Walker, William Preston, Hugh Mercer, and the other mountaineers had a quiet meeting celebrating their victory, for they had ground to argue that the governor and council had recognized that the settlers had some rights. That the effect of the decision was that all that a settler had to do to perfect his title was to buy a right from the companies or some military scrip, and that the king would have to open the land office sooner or later, and then the grants would issue. It is hard to say what would have happened if the war had not broken out the next year. But no sooner had the decision been announced than a great land boom began and surveying parties got ready to go into the mountains and take up land for the companies or locate lands on military scrip. The grand rush started as early as January, in the dead of winter, and the Indians went to war. In May, Dunmore tried to get the House of Burgesses to act. When they refused he told the mountain counties to raise armies, and he went with them.

The mountaineers had a dreadful time the summer of 1774, while the word was being carried from clearing to clearing to call the minute men to meet at Lewisburg on the first of September. The issue was either to fight or get out. The statesmen in the capitals of the colonies might

argue themselves hoarse as to the right of the British parliament to impose stamp taxes on deeds and notes, and the right to collect custom dues on imported goods. Those are words of peace and they have been the subject of debate in peaceful times since then.

In the mountains of western Virginia the people were arming to protect themselves and to justify their disobedience to the royal proclamation. To add to the confusion of the Virginians, Pennsylvania got angry and declared that no title should be perfected by Virginian surveys in any of the boundary claimed by it, which included Virginian territory almost as large as the present State of West Virginia.

But the new brand of liberty was in the air and inoculating the populace from the seaboard to the height of land. Almost on the very day that the biggest army America had seen rendezvoused at Lewisburg, the first continental congress met at Philadelphia, for the express purpose of assuring the king that Americans were loyal to him, and to petition him to make parliament and the ministers give America a square deal.

The army was American and fought for an American ideal, and asked no odds of London. Dunmore was with them. It was the climax of his life. He carried the war through to a glorious and successful conclusion, and never held up his head after he got back to the palace at Williamsburg. There he found serious charges from London against him. He justified himself as best he could, ate humble pie before the king, put himself to the work of combatting that curious brand of liberty that had been invented for the good of the souls of men, and so fades out of the picture. He was a good friend to the mountain people, but red tape got him and kept him out of the fruits of his victory.

By 1779, there was no question in the minds of the Virginia assembly that we were no longer a part of England. They then ignored the rights of the king and the Indians, and passed a law validating all claims to unpatented lands, and opened the land office. And the assembly went further and recognized a settler right as good without the scratch of the pen from anybody. The marking of a few trees around a spring, called a tomahawk right was as good as any if there was no opposing claim, and if there was the tomahawk owner hunted up another spring.

And they divided the counties on the Western Waters into four districts. Monongalia, Yohogania, and Ohio, was one district. Augusta, Botetourt, and Greenbrier another; Washington and Montgomery another; and the county of Kentucky another district. Four commissioners were appointed for each district. These commissioners traveled from place to place and granted lands by the thousands of tracts, and from their finding there was no appeal.

It is true that the Virginians under Dunmore and Lewis did not face British soldiers, but the Revolution was not a war against any particular enemy. It was based on the theory of the Declaration of Independence, that the United States of America are free and independent states with power to do all things that independent nations have the right to do. And this declaration was the somewhat belated expression of the principles of liberty that had been exemplified by the battles of the American soldiers, and the acts of the respective colonies from the first overt act, that of assembling an army of volunteers at Lewisburg. Then is when

the American first asserted himself, and our independence faced, east, west, north and south.

The battle of Point Pleasant was the first battle of the Revolution. And as to our wiping out all the flaws from our titles, and the removing of all the clouds that lowered about our homes, I sometimes think that they were the most revolutionary of all the things that went to make up the Revolutionary War.

CHAPTER IV

The Midland Trail the War Road of the Shawnees under Cornstalk. An Interpretation of the Hannah Dennis Captivity.

The Midland Trail crosses West Virginia through the counties of Greenbrier, Fayette, Kanawha, Putnam, and Cabell, all of which were once parts of Greenbrier County, and I feel that I ought not leave the subject of this great highway without recording some of the most important historical events that occurred along the trail in the Greenbrier settlements.

The Greenbrier Valley was once a choice hunting ground for its treeless plains afforded much range for buffalo, elk and deer. West Virginia was never much of a buffalo country but there were enough buffalo here to afford the primitive hunter an occasional shot, and to leave its mark in the way of names for many places and natural objects.

The first settlements were made in Pocahontas County on the Greenbrier, but as soon as the wider pastures around Lewisburg and Union were realized by the immigrants, the lower valley soon became the most populous and powerful.

At first the settlers around Lewisburg did not realize that they were on the trail that brought the hostile Shawnee east, and it was not until a large number of the settlers were killed and the settlements broken up, that they woke to the dangers of their position.

It is set down in history generally that after the Clendenin massacre in 1763, that all the settlers who were not killed in the Big Levels removed east of the mountains, but I have reason to believe that at least one settler remained in his cabin. He was a short distance off of the trail but in a way, the knob to which he gave the name was in sight of the passway.

I am satisfied in my own mind that William Price, the weaver, continued to occupy his cabin on Weavers Knob north of Lewisburg from 1749 until his death after the Revolutionary War.

Every few days I get letters asking me if I can give any particulars about certain ancestors of persons who would like to trace their line back to the immigrant. These requests from all over the United States leave me helpless, for while it would be quite possible no doubt to trace the line, it would be a matter of months' steady work, and there is no work more galling than that of the genealogist. These persons seem to think that a family tree can be furnished by return mail. I have to tell them that I cannot make the long and expensive searches. And I do not crave to be a genealogist for hire for the reason that there is the

great temptation to furnish ancestors whether the record justifies it or not. The prayer is to Lead us, but not into temptation.

But I was so bedevilled with inquiries about the Price descent in the Greenbrier Valley, that I did look into that question a little and I unearthed a pretty kettle of fish, let me tell you.

There seems to have been two men in a small Hundred in Wales. And William Price, weaver, executed to Hugh Donnelly, cordwainer, a note for two hundred pounds, equivalent to about a thousand dollars. A cordwainer was a shoemaker. I know nothing about the transaction or the merits of it. But it seems that William Price came to Newcastle, Pennsylvania, and that Hugh Donnelly followed him there, and that then William Price came to Staunton Virginia, where Hugh Donnelly again caught up with him, and brought suit on the note, and the judgment not being paid, William Price, was committed to prison. Note this that in those days, 1749, the criminal and the malefactor, were committed to jail, but that the unfortunate debtor was committed to prison. The two words were not synonymous.

In England, the debtors' prisons were elaborate affairs with rooms around four sides and a large court in the middle, and the debtors carried on a more or less futile life with their liberty confined to the rooms and yards of the institution. But in Virginia, the towns were all small and the rule was to make prison bounds of about ten acres so as to include taverns, stores, churches, so that the prisoner could have the run of the town like a high-class pauper in the county infirmary.

During the year of 1749, William Price, having become tired of town life broke prison and the next we hear of him was at his home in the Big Levels of Greenbrier, and there can be little or no question that he did not refugee back to Augusta on the account of any such thing as an Indian uprising. He rounded out his life on those plains and after the Revolution he was granted the land that he had in possession so long. And in addition, it is a fair conjecture that Hugh Donnelly followed him to the Greenbrier Valley and took up land contiguous to William Price, at Donnellys Fort, and that he and William Price lived as neighbors and friends for many years, and that no doubt the little matter of a couple hundred pounds sterling was fixed up between them.

I claim descent from that William Price and a great many hundred others in the counties lying round about, but the Price name is getting scarce in the mountains. That William Price had three sons, and they perpetuated the name, but they have scattered far and wide. I do not know how the proud descendants of William Price will like my claiming him as my ancestor, but I am very proud of him myself. I think that the money matter must surely have been adjusted satisfactory to Hugh Donnelly, and that they had a peaceful and happy old age, and saw the United States formed and flourishing. I think I can say that there is very little disposition on the part of his blood to hire money. I have in mind such persons as the late J. Washington Price, Hon. Jesse Bright, Dr. J. W. Price and others.

No history of the Midland Trail would be complete without mention of the Cornstalk massacre and the seige of Fort Donnelly in the Big Levels.

Cornstalk as a soldier, statesman, and friend was satisfactory to all the world except to those of us living in a sort of Grisons canton, composed of the counties where Cornstalk slew hundreds of the pioneer, sparing neither young nor old, male or female. It is fit and proper that the rest of the world should adore this dangerous old savage, but it is not proper that we should, for it stultifies us to accept the estimate placed upon his worth and character by third parties. We are the people that suffered from his forays, and we are the people that accepted the arbitrament of war upon the issue of who should occupy these lands, and we are the people who scattered his armies and destroyed him. We are willing to admit his good qualities and that he had good reasons to fight, but as we got the decision and kept the land, it does not lie in our mouths as descendants of those Indian fighters to put them in the wrong.

That one trip over the week-end at Clendennins, near Lewisburg, and on Kerrs Creek netted the savage chief Cornstalk something like two hundred white scalps in 1763.

It came about something like this. To begin with the settlers had taken up homes too near the highway. A house by the side of the road is not all that it is cracked up to be. In the first period, the people who lived too near the road were massacred. In the second period they were eaten out of house and home. And in this third period of skyhooting motor cars, they get nervous prostration.

Two years before, in 1761, the gay and festive Cornstalk with three inch silver saucers in his ears, and a nose ornament had led a party down to the country where the meeting of Cowpasture River and Jackson River forms the James River, and among other settlers he had killed and captured the Dennis family and the Renick family on Purgatory Creek. There were about sixty warriors in Cornstalk's party that trip.

They killed Robert Renick, the head of the house, and took Mrs. Renick and five children captive and carried them to their towns beyond the Ohio River. Four of the children were redeemed when Bouquet made the treaty in 1764. Betsy had died in the Indian Camps. Joshua would not come home, and he lived to be a great Indian chief. Mrs. Renick reached home in 1767. All the Renicks that I ever heard of were descendants of this Robert Renick.

Another family broken up was that of Joseph Dennis, wife and child. Dennis and the child were killed, and the wife, Hannah Dennis was carried into captivity to the towns. She is one of the heroines of pioneer times. It appears that she was separated from the other prisoners and there were many. Hannah Dennis found herself at the town of Chilicothe. She was a smart woman. She soon learned the Indian language and conformed to the manners and customs of the tribe. She paid attention to sick persons and administered medicines. And she professed to be a witch and prophetess and she became a sort of queen among the Indians. This was Cornstalk's home town and he was a wise man and she was a wise woman. She was undoubtedly a wonderful woman. She never gave up the idea of escape. After two years, she went forth one day to gather medicinal herbs, and she kept going. She crossed the Scioto River three times in forty miles and was just about to cross it again when her pursuers on the opposite side of the river discovered her

and fired upon her. In turning to run she injured her foot on a sharp stone, and to elude them she crept in the hollow limb of a large fallen sycamore where she remained all night, the Indians camping close by. She crossed the Ohio River at the mouth of the Kanawha River on a drift log and made her way by the Midland Trail to the Clendennin settlement where she was given food, and was taken on horseback to Fort Young at Covington. She had subsisted on roots and herbs, green grapes, and mild cherries, and fresh water mussels.

Cornstalk, the Solomon of his nation, finding that the Queen of Sheba had gone, though she took nothing with her, rounded up his team of sixty warriors and followed her up, and appeared in the Greenbrier settlement a day or two after Mrs. Dennis had passed through, and that is how Cornstalk came to take such heavy toll from the white men.

The old Indian trail led them to the headwaters of Muddy Creek where there were a number of clearings, and here the Indians appeared in small parties as visitors at every cabin. At a given time this settlement was entirely destroyed, and they then proceeded over the mountain to Clendennin's, before any word of the Muddy Creek massacre could be carried.

There was no great apprehension it appears at that time of danger from the Indians owing to the Bouquet treaty entered into the spring before. The settlers were curious to see friendly Indians. Clendennin had just come in from a successful hunt bringing in three elk. This fresh meat and the presence of an interesting party of Indians, under the personal supervision of the great chief Cornstalk, caused all the settlers living near Clendennin's to gather to the feast and Cornstalk expressed himself as being there as a friend. The Indians were all fed and treated with the greatest hospitality. Finally an old lady with an ulcer on her leg asked an Indian warrior if he knew of any cure for that disease, the Indians being noted for some of their lore of this kind. Perhaps the warriors remembered the loss of their famous women herb doctor, or perhaps at a signal, he said that he did know a cure for it, and promptly tomahawked the old lady, so that she died instantly, and the Indians then arose and killed or captured the whole settlement.

Thus perished something like a hundred of the intrepid pioneers who had come from the Augusta settlements to people that portion of Greenbrier. It is generally admitted that upon the news of this massacre reaching distant cabins that every white person in the Greenbrier Valley fled to the east of the mountains. But this not correct. I feel sure that neither the Donnelleys nor the Prices living some ten miles to the north, went back, and it is certain that the settlers in what is now Pocahontas county remained in their homes and stockades.

But still Cornstalk had not overtaken his valued captive, the wise woman, and he left his prisoners with guards and continued over the Allegheny. He passed near Fort Young where Mrs. Dennis was recuperating and passed over North Mountain and fell on the unsuspecting inhabitants of Kerrs Creek and killed and captured upwards of a hundred more, and with bells on his horses, and his plunder and his captives, he marched back in triumph to Chillicothe.

Mrs. Clendennin made a bold escape on Keeneys Knob by handing her infant to another prisoner, and jumping over the road and running down the mountain side. The Indians killed the child.

Mrs. Clendennin made her way to the Augusta settlements and returned to the place of the massacre, where she lived to be an old woman. Anne Royal, a woman writer, talked with her daughter about the occurrence in 1826, sixty-three years after.

The Shawnees continued to give us trouble culminating in Dunmore's War, when a great battle was fought at Point Pleasant, Cornstalk, in command, and in the front line of battle. A treaty of peace was made with Virginia through Dunmore by Cornstalk. This was in 1774. In 1776, the Revolution having begun, Great Britain succeeded in making an alliance with many Indian tribes, mostly through Gen. Hamilton, the hair-buyer, of Detroit. The Ohio tribes generally were drawn in, and the Six Nations turned their whole strength against the Americans.

In 1777, Cornstalk being in a quandary on account of his treaty with Virginia, appeared at the fort at Point Pleasant to confer with the commandant, Captain Arbuckle, as to what course he could pursue. Cornstalk said that it looked like every Indian tribe was going to join up with Great Britain, and that if they did, he saw nothing else for the Shawnees to do but to go with the stream.

Thereupon he was detained, and after a time an attack was made on two soldiers by Indians near the fort, and Gilmore, of Rockbridge county, killed. In retaliation, Rockbridge soldiers destroyed Cornstalk.

It was not long until it was apparent that the Shawnees were going to retaliate for the killing of Cornstalk. Within a few weeks a small band of Indians showed themselves outside of the fort at Point Pleasant, and Lieut. Moore and a party of soldiers were dispatched to drive them off. This party fell into ambush, and Moore and three soldiers were killed. The rest saved themselves by running back to the fort.

The next move on the part of the Shawnees to avenge the death of Cornstalk was the attack on Fort Donnelly, in Greenbrier county, north of the Midland Trail. Cornstalk alive or dead troubled the people of this valley.

In May, 1778, another party appeared at the fort at Point Pleasant, showing a few of their number, in the hopes that the garrison would rush out, as they did at Fort Henry, at Wheeling, and at Point Pleasant the year before. The garrison refusing to be drawn out, the Indians showed themselves in force and formed a line from the Ohio to the Kanawha, showing that several hundred were on the war path. They besieged the fort for a week, and one night they withdrew up the Kanawha. Captain McKee seeing in this a menace to the Greenbrier settlements called for volunteers to warn the people in Greenbrier. John Pryor and William Hammond volunteered.

These men disguised themselves as Indians and painted their faces and set out hot foot after the Indian army up the Midland Trail. They passed through the Indian army about where Rainelle is and carried the news to Fort Donnelly, the frontier post, and Captain Andrew Donnelly sent a messenger to warn Fort Savannah, now Lewisburg, under the command of Captain Stuart.

Pryor and Hammond remained at Fort Donnelly and the fort was put in a state of readiness. However, early next morning, John Pritchet, who worked for Donnelly, went to the woodpile for wood and was fired upon and killed, and the Indians immediately entered the stockade and attacked the kitchen door attempting to cut it to pieces with their hatchets. In the kitchen were Hammond, the courier and Dick Pointer, a negro slave belonging to Donnelly. Hammond armed Dick with a musket heavily loaded with swan shot, or as we would say, buckshot. Seeing that the door would soon be destroyed, Hammond threw it open and fired and killed an Indian, and Dick poured his load of buckshot into a throng of Indians. By that time, the rest of the garrison had wakened and they fired from the upstairs windows and there were seventeen dead Indians in the yard when the Indians drew off some distance.

Captain Stuart hearing that the fort had been attacked raised sixty-six men and with Col. Samuel Lewis, a son of Gen. Andrew Lewis, marched to their relief, arriving about two o'clock in the afternoon. They were able to enter the stockade without loss and the Indians kept up a fire until dark. Then an Indian called to the fort in broken English: "We want peace." He was invited to enter but declined. The Indians went back to their homes without gains. They had suffered a loss of at least twenty-five killed. The whites had lost four men. Pritchet at the first fire, Graham in the house, and James Burns and Alexander Ochiltree, who attempted to join the garrison, before daylight in the morning.

There were twenty-one men in the fort. The Indians numbered at least two hundred.

This was the last but one of the Indian raids into the Greenbrier Valley. The next year a war party appeared at Marlins Bottom and killed thirteen persons in the neighborhood, among whom were John and James Bridger and Henry Baker.

John Pryor who was one of the two famous scouts that carried the word to the Greenbrier Settlements the year before, was returning to Kanawha with his wife and infant child. The whole family were killed that dreadful day at some place near Mill Point.

Of Phillip Hammond, his companion, in that notable service, I have no further trace.

CHAPTER V

How the White Indian, Dickinson came back to Capture Kitty Moffett. This is a Moving Picture.

The Midland Trail crosses the Big Levels of Greenbrier Valley at the widest point. I have never seen anything just like these so-called levels that border the Greenbrier River on the west elevated some five hundred feet above the stream from the head of the stream to Ronceverte, something over a hundred miles. There the levels cross the river, or rather the river breaks through, and the result is that Monroe County gets the benefit of the rich, level lying land. They call them levels and ex-

plain that they are level plateaus, but they are really more like terraces than anything else. At the head of the West Fork of Greenbrier River, this terrace starts off with a width of about fifty feet and this broadens to fifteen or twenty miles where the Midland Trail cuts it.

The Allegheny Mountains divide the eastern and the western waters To the east there is a great net work of streams like the Jackson River, Back Creek, Bull Pasture, Cow Pasture, Calf Pasture, on which are beautiful homesteads, and which marked the western boundary of the white man's land for many generations. This was grouped into a region often referred to as Newfoundland. The settlers in Newfoundland suffered terribly in the French and Indian war. Dinwiddie, Governor, could not understand why these settlers refugeed to the Staunton settlements from the Indians, and he wrote them that if they abandoned their farms that they should not have them back after the war was over. He did not seem to understand that the Indian nations in the Ohio country swooped down on them by way of the Midland Trail and that against these raids isolated farms were helpless.

Dinwiddie was a nervous wretch. Braddock's Defeat seems to have broken him. He wrote complaining letters to the Augusta people wanting to know why they allowed themselves to be killed with impunity. But finally he and the assembly built a line of forts along the eastern foot of the Allegheny from the North Carolina line to Maryland and the Indians were held back.

After the Indians settled down a bit when Bouquet brought them to terms, the pioneers of Newfoundland commenced to covet the rich lands of the Greenbrier Valley. It did look like a hardship that the best and biggest valley of them all should be left to the Indians. Every hunter that came across on the western water to kill his winter meat saw richer land than any then in the white man's possession and it was not long until a steady stream of settlers flowed into this valley, and from the moment that the first pioneer trespassed on the Indian reservation, there was trouble with the mother country, which led up by slow stages to the war for independence.

Greenbrier valley was the last valley going west that runs north and south, but down where the Midland Trail lies, there is a great river which rises in North Carolina, traverses a great part of Virginia, and then turns and breaks entirely through the whole Appalachian chain of mountains. The New River. This river affects the contour of the Greenbrier valley in its lower and broader portions so that by following the Kanawha River and the New River for a distance the trail falls naturally into the Greenbrier Valley where the Midland Trail now runs, and from there through gaps in the Allegheny to the settlements of Augusta county. There is no place, north or south, where there is such a natural passway for the Indians in the olden days, and war parties were continually raiding the settlements, a condition that prevailed for about twelve years, when the Greenbrier Valley having been settled by white men formed a bulwark of protection to Newfoundland and Augusta.

There was no declared war after Bouquet brought the Indians to terms, but that did not mean that the killing stopped. It became a

matter of private enterprise. The settlers in the northern part of the Valley of Virginia suffered from raids from the Wyandots, the Delewares, and other Indian tribes inhabiting the northern part of Ohio, and they came east on trails known to them, but the powerful Shawnee nation furnished the bands that came through the New River passage and worried the settlers that had Staunton for their head town.

A raid originated something like this. An enterprising Indian would decide that he was ready for war, and on the first suitable council day when the tribe was present and ready to hear him, he would stick his war hatchet in the council post and dance toward the point of the compass where his enemy resided. Then he would come back and make an oration, in which he would first recount all the deeds of valor that he had accomplished as a warrior and the congregation would respond by frequent uh-hus, after the manner of saying amen. Then when he had presented his credentials as a first class fighting man, he would stage the object of his proposed raid, and paint a picture of plunder and carnage, the intention being to induce other warriors to join him in the project.

He would subside, and if the party was a go, some other warrior would take up the chant and as the warriors qualified they would remain in line and dance to the east while the speaking was going on. When a party of nine or more had been secured, they retired to their wigwams and the next morning they marched out of the village in Indian file, with faces painted, each warrior discharging his gun as he slowly passed the limits of the encampment. Such parties came east continually for twenty-five or thirty years and the white men got so that they believed that they could sense the presence of Indians in the community and so guard against them. The Indians dearly loved to attack lonely cabins while the men were absent and destroy or capture the women and children.

It was this habit of warfare that turned the pioneer into an avenging angel, and caused so many to devote their lives to the extermination of the red devils. Historians think that after a father had returned home to find his home in ashes and his wife and children dead and mutilated, that they were never sane after that, and he took toll from the Indian tribes.

It is well established that the white pioneers made up war parties with all the dances and ceremonies that the Indians used.

Occasionally a white man would become offended and join the Indians and such renegades were despised and abhorred. The worst thing that could be said about a white man was that he had painted his face. Then too there were very numerous cases of children who being captured and growing up with the Indians would not leave them. But that was a very different matter. Simon Girty was the most notable case of a white man that painted his face. He was supposed to have all the attributes of the devil, and yet when he was a British soldier at Fort Pitt, he was considered to be a very decent fellow.

Along about the French and Indian war a young man by the name of Dickinson left the Staunton settlements and went to the Shawnees. The Dickinson name has been one of the very best in the annals of Augusta county. There was a Dickinson on the first county court of

Augusta county. There is not much known about this boy that went to the Indians, and my research leads me to believe that it was the waywardness of youth and a hopeless love affair that sent him into voluntary exile.

The most that is known about him is his return to the Valley to capture his sweetheart and take her with him into that Indian country. In October, 1764, he came back as the head of a band of murderous Indians.

The girl in the case was a very beautiful young woman by the name of Kitty Moffett, who was the daughter of John Moffett, one of the first settlers of Augusta county. He married Mary Christian, and they had seven children, the oldest being the famous Col. George Moffett. John Moffett went on a journey to North Carolina and was never heard from again, and after a time his estate was administered upon. It was supposed that he had been killed by Indians. He was declared to be dead in 1749. Sometime after his widow married John Trimble. Their home was on Middle River near Staunton and not far from Churchville. They had one son, James Trimble, eight years old at the time of the Dickinson raid.

Dickinson was at the head of about nine warriors. He had evidently recruited them from some tribe that he had become a member of, for it was a rather queer aggregation of heathen, there being old men in it and very young boys, but they were dangerous. They came from the Shawnee country across the Big Levels of Greenbrier, and led by Dickinson did not strike until they reached Middle River, being the last raid that got that far east. They first appeared at the house of Alexander Crawford and killed him and his wife, and from there they marched down the river to John Trimble's and killed him as he was going out to plow.

There were at the house Kitty Moffett, who married and was now Mrs. Estill, the young boy James Trimble, and a slave, a Negro named Adam recently imported from Africa. Dickinson was well known to the family. He said to the boy James, "Come with me and I will make a good Indian out of you. But look at this (showing his father's scalp) if you do not come with me I will take your scalp also."

The Indians took four horses and loaded them with plunder from the Trimble homestead. They placed Mrs. Estill on a horse and Dickinson stayed close by her all the way. They made a quick get away and traveled west for five days.

Col. George Moffett on receipt of the news raised a company of eighteen Indian fighters and pursued the party fifteen hours behind them. At one place he thought he had lost the trail and was about to abandon the pursuit when he found his sister's garter hanging on a bush.

The white men came in sight of the Indians on the morning of the fifth day on the west side of the Allegheny Mountains near the White Sulphur Springs. It was determined to follow and attack the Indians at their next camping place after dark, and the parties moved west across the Big Levels. But at some time before the end of the day the Indians halted for the purpose of killing game and Dickinson left the party to go on a hunt. This must have been somewhere in the limits of Greenbrier County of today.

The whites not knowing that the Indians had halted pressed on silently and soon a shot rang out from a gun near them in advance and they supposed that they had been discovered. But it seems that the Indians had fired at a deer which came bounding back along the trail and came so close to the pursuers that one of them slapped it in the head with his hat and the deer then turned and ran back and was killed by the Indians. The men under Moffett then advanced and took the Indian party by surprise and fired on them and killed six of them. The other Indians scattered and all the prisoners were rescued and the return journey began.

Dickinson rallied his party of Indians and swinging around the white company lay in ambush before them, but fortunately the Virginians discovered the ambush in time to save themselves, and the only casualty was the wounding of a soldier by the name of Russell, who was carried back to his home in Augusta on a litter.

Soon after her return Mrs. Estill gave birth to her first child. Her husband was Benjamin Estill, a justice of Augusta County, at the time of the raid and a prominent man in the early history of the country. Soon after he moved to the Holston River. Captain John M. Estill, of Long Glade, Augusta county, was one of their sons, and Judge Benjamin Estill, a judge of southwest Virginia was another.

When the Indians were overtaken by the Virginians, they were resting easy in a sunlit glade. Mrs. Estill was sitting on a log sewing ruffles on a hunting shirt for Dickinson. Young James had been sent some little distance away to bring a bucket of drinking water.

There is some confusion about the date of this Dickinson raid into Augusta, but the county records fix it with a certainty as the year 1764. At the November Term, 1764, both the estate of Alexander Crawford and the estate of John Trimble, who had been killed by the Indians in October previous, were committed to administrators.

This was the last time that the Indians invaded the valley as far east as the Staunton settlements, and it is certain that John Trimble was the last person killed by the Indians in the present limits of Augusta County.

The little eight year old boy, James Trimble, had a hard time for five days keeping up with the Indians and acting as water boy and all around camp attendant. This James Trimble was afterwards Captain James Trimble of the Revolutionary war. He had to undergo cruelty and torture on the part of the Indian boys in the party. At the end of a long day's journey they would stand him up against a tree and throw tomahawks at him, burying them in the tree close to his body.

Adam, the Negro, lived to be a very old man in Augusta and never wearied talking of his experience with the Indians. He was a much-traveled person, having been reared in the jungles of Africa, enslaved, and worked on the farm, and then to undergo the captivity of the Indians. He said that he happened to find a large yellow jacket's nest on the line of march one warm day, and that he waited until the naked Indians came up, and then stirred the nest, and some of the Indians were stung and they were about to execute Adam then and there.

The Chief Dickinson was a well known warrior in the days that followed. Some warriors set him down as a half-breed, but I do not so read the sign. I think that he led a party of scrub warriors, young and old,

back to capture his sweetheart, and if it had not been for the prompt action on the part of her brother, Col. George Moffett, he would have succeeded.

There is some further record on Dickinson in the history of the Indian wars.

In the spring of 1774, Captain Jack Floyd, father of Governor Floyd, led a surveying party to the Ohio River to enter surveys in West Virginia and in Kentucky. The first survey that they entered, was two thousand acres for George Washington on the Coal and Kanawha Rivers, through which the Midland Trail now runs.

By the 26th of May they were well down the Ohio River near the mouth of Kentucky River. On that day they noticed a canoe with a red flag, on which there were two persons, coming down the river. The surveying party hailed them but they would not come to them, so the surveyors went to them and found they were two Indians, one of whom was named Dickinson. Dickinson showed a permit from Fort Pitt to travel the river, and he said that he was on his way to call the hunters in, for there was war between the Indians and the white people; that all the white people had left their habitations in the region of Fort Pitt. He said the white people and the Indians had had a skirmish and that sixteen Indians had been killed, thirteen Shawnees, two Mingos and one Delaware.

He evidently referred to the killing about the first of May near Wheeling and Yellow Creek.

This was the summer of 1774, when the Virginians were gathering at Lewisburg, to march to Point Pleasant, to fight a great battle with the tribes under Cornstalk. It was just ten years after the affair on Middle River, when John Trimble was killed. Young Trimble showed up in the Lewis Division from Augusta County, as did the soldier Russell, who had been shot by Dickinson ten years before.

These soldiers followed the Midland Trail to the Ohio, where they came near to being surprised by a great Indian army. The battle began at dawn at the place Point Pleasant stands, and continued until dark, on the 10th day of October, 1774, exactly ten years from the date of the affair on Middle River. Russell was fighting under the command of Gen. Andrew Lewis, and Dickinson was there as one of Cornstalk's braves.

Sometime during the course of the battle these two men entered into a combat, and Russell killed Dickinson with his hands, and that is the story of the white Indian, Dickinson. And a very good moving picture it would make, too.

My guess at the place where the Indians halted to enable hunt to be had before dark to get food to go on with, was at the foot of Muddy Creek Mountain. We know that on the morning of the 15th day of October they had camped on the west side of the Allegheny Mountains near the White Sulphur Springs, and that from there they were followed for a part of the day by their pursuers.

Evidently Dickinson thought having got across to the Western Waters that he was safe from pursuit. It is something like fifteen miles to the foot of Muddy Creek Mountain. Anyway, the Indians were at the foot of a mountain at a spring, and Muddy Creek Mountain answers the description of the mountain, and if some of the people residing in that

locality know where there is a spring where the Indian trail took up the mountain, it ought to be the place of the rescue.

The Midland Trail, the highway, does not cross Muddy Creek Mountain, but passes in sight of it and on the north.

It was the great passway, for having come by easy stages into the Greenbrier Valley, and crossed that the old timers found themselves on the waters of James River and an open road to the sea.

The way that war party retreated can be designated now by the following points: Middle River, Churchville, Buffalo Gap, Goshen, Panther Gap, Millboro, Clifton Forge, Covington, Callahans, White Sulphur Springs, Lewisburg, and Muddy Creek Mountain.

CHAPTER VI

The Midland Trail was the Northern Route to Kentucky, shorter and more Convenient than the Wilderness Trail, but far more dangerous. Governor George Mathews kept a Trader's Outpost on Midland Trail at Lewisburg.

The Midland Trail played its part in the stampede to take up the rich lands in Kentucky after the Revolutionary War. It was known as the Northern Route. The other and most popular line of travel was known as the Wilderness Road. The trails forked at or near Staunton. The pioneers who came by the way of New York or Philadelphia, or any of the eastern places in the north traveled south through the Valley of Virginia until they reached Staunton, and there they decided whether they would continue south through the Valley of Virginia to Crab Orchard and go in by the Wilderness Road, or whether they would go to the Ohio River at the mouth of the Great Kanawha River and thence to Kentucky.

Much has been written about the perils of the Wilderness Road and there is no doubt that many immigrants were killed on that route, but the fact remains that all that commended the Wilderness Road to the traveler was its safety, and that is the reason that it was the favorite line of travel. The distance from the falls of the Ohio (Louisville) to Staunton by the Wilderness Road was five hundred and nine miles. On horseback the trip took something over a month.

Isaac Weld, an English writer, speaks of the great number of travelers that he saw all on horseback, traveling from Baltimore and Philadelphia to Kentucky and Tennessee. This on his visit to Staunton.

A great many Augusta county men were in the Revolution and they were entitled to land grants after the war for their service. The rich lands of Kentucky proved very attractive to hundreds of these Revolutionary soldiers and there was a great migration to the dark and bloody ground. Robertsons, Seviers, Moffetts, Poages, Allens, Trimbles, and all of the well known Augusta names had representatives in this exodus, and some of the most prominent Kentuckians trace their ancestry back to Augusta. Irvin S. Cobb, for instance, is of the Augusta Lewis descent.

It is not certain that the Northern Route was any shorter than the Wilderness Road, but as soon as the pioneer reached the mouth of Kellys Creek, at the place then called Boatyard, he could purchase a dugout canoe and float down the placid waters of the Kanawha and the Ohio. As soon as he had passed the white water of the New River, that way was easy from that time on, with the exception of the Indians watching from the north bank of the Ohio.

At Staunton, if the traveler decided to go by the Northern Route, he turned west through Buffalo Gap and came by the Warm Springs, and from there through the Narrows by Huntersville, to Marlins Bottom and then by the War Path of the Seneca Indians to some point near the White Sulphur Springs, where he turned west on the Midland Trail, through the rich lands of the Big Levels, and over Gauley Mountain.

There can be little doubt that the ghost of Cornstalk still walked and that after the party got beyond the settlements in Greenbrier that they were in hourly danger from the Indians, and that as they floated down the broad rivers they never knew what eyes observed them from the leafy coverts along the bank, or when lead would sing round their boats.

Washington must have made a trip over this Midland Trail, for he says in his will that he had been on his lands near the mouth of the Kanawha River. He says, too, that he and Gen. Andrew Lewis owned a tract of 250 acres surveyed so as to include the Burning Spring, on the Kanawha, or as he spells it Kanawa, River.* For a number of years, Lewisburg was the frontier on the Midland Trail for the Kentucky travel, and all to the west was Indian infested. Lewisburg was then known as Fort Savannah.

When Lewis's army was camped at the big spring that made Lewisburg in the first instance, in 1774, there were no people living by the big spring. This may be accounted for in either of two ways. There is a great deal of rocky, difficult land around the spring, and this may have caused the land lookers to avoid it, but it is more reasonable to suppose that when the Greenbrier Land Company were making surveys some twenty-odd years prior to that date, that company had marked the spring and the land surrounding it for its own.

One of the captains under Lewis, was George Mathews, and while there he saw the advantage of the place as a trading post and when he had come back from the campaign, he opened a store there with his partner, another young Virginian, Captain Mathew Arbuckle.

This was the first settlement in the town of Lewisburg. This Captain George Mathews was a famous man in the annals of the Nation as well as these mountains.

He was the son of John Mathews, one of the first settlers on the Borden grant, in Augusta County. Sampson Archer settled about this time in Augusta County. One of the daughters was Ann Archer, and she and John Mathews were married. George Mathews was born in 1739. He

* General Washington and Andrew Lewis were joint owners of a survey at the "Burning Springs," on the Kanawha, a few miles above Charleston. The tract was supposed to be 250 acres, but by actual survey was found to contain 587. Lewis visited this land, but Washington at no time ever saw it. His nearest approach was in 1770, when he followed the Kanawha for about fourteen miles from its mouth, then returned to the Ohio. Washington was, then, within forty-four miles of his "Burning Springs" land.—B. B. S.

was a brother of the first Sampson Mathews, there being three of that name in successive generations. The first Sampson Mathews was colonel of Augusta County.

John Mathews had eleven children and their descendants are scattered far and wide, but the Mathews blood tells for good, faith, honor, and ability wherever found.

Another son John Mathews, Jr., settled early in the forks of James River and he and his wife and six children were killed by the Indians.

I want to devote some space here to George Mathews, the trader at Lewisburg for one or two years between Dunmore's war and the main Revolution.

George Mathews won his spurs and fame when he was twenty-two years old. When the Cornstalk raid was made in 1761, to Purgatory Creek, near Buchanan, on the James River, at the time that the Renicks, Smiths and Dennises suffered, George Mathews was on his way to that settlement on horseback and heard the firing of the guns, but paid no particular attention to it. Mrs. Robert Renick was an aunt of George Mathews.

When he found the dead bodies, he recruited twenty-one men, and as their leader followed up the Indians and killed nine of them.

It was this prompt and efficient action that gained him a captaincy in Dunmore's war. In 1776, when the colonies were arming for the great conflict with Great Britain, George Mathews was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Ninth Virginia Regiment, which was ordered north to join Washington. Col. Fleming dying soon after the regiment was formed, Mathews was made a full colonel and led it during the Burgoyne campaigns in the north.

He was regarded by Washington as an invaluable soldier and officer—one who could be relied upon to carry out and execute any order given. On October 3, 1777, Washington conceived the plan of surprising Howe in a night attack in Germantown, after the manner of the Trenton affair. He formed his army into several divisions and marched on to Germantown. The Ninth Virginia was one of the few regiments if not the only one that carried out instructions to the letter, and that regiment led by Mathews fought its way into the very heart of Germantown, while many of the divisions never even reached the city. Being surrounded by an overwhelming force, the regiment was surrendered, and Mathews spent several years as a prisoner of war in a prison ship in New York harbor.

Being exchanged about 1781, he was ordered to join Gen. Greene in South Carolina, and he served to the end of the war as commander of the Third Virginia Regiment. While on this campaign, he saw a place in Georgia that he liked, and he bought it, and moved there in 1784.

He came out of the Revolutionary War with the rank of general. General Mathews was a short, thick man, standing very erect, and carrying his head thrown back. His features were bluff, his hair light red and his complexion florid.

He was married three times. His first wife and the mother of his children was Anne Paul of Augusta, a step-daughter of Col. David Stewart. His second wife was a Mrs. Reed, of Augusta County, from whom he was divorced, and his third wife a Mrs. Flowers, of Mississippi.

The Mathews family claims descent from Samuel Mathews one of five commissioners sent by King James to the colony of Virginia in 1622, but the Augusta County descent that has produced so many great men dates from John Mathews, who went to the mountains, and married Ann Archer. It was this union that really founded the family as we know it. It is a fact observed by students of history that great families date back to some particularly happy marriage that seems to extend its blessings to many generations.

General Mathews was elected governor of Georgia in 1786, two years after he had moved from Augusta County to that State. His first term was served without making much history, and after it had ended he was elected as the first representative in Congress from the State of Georgia. He served one term in Congress, and on his return, in 1794, he was again elected governor of Georgia, and it was during that term of office that fur began to fly.

Georgia claimed all the land lying between her present borders and the Mississippi River, now contained in the States of Alabama and Mississippi. It is true that she did not have much title to it, but it was customary for States on the Atlantic seabord to claim all land back of them until stopped by the bounds of Spain or France.

Four companies, known as the Georgia Company, Georgia-Mississippi Company, Tennessee Company, and Upper Mississippi Company, as tenants in common offered the legislature a half million dollars for thirty-five million acres of land at the rate of about a cent and a half an acre. The governor opposed the bill but he was induced to sign it.

One of the members of the legislature was General Samuel Blackburn, who had married Ann Mathews, the oldest daughter of the governor. He had voted for the bill.

As soon as the legislature had adjourned a storm of protest went up from the whole State of Georgia, and the transaction was at once dubbed the Yazoo Fraud, and Blackburn fled before the anger of the State, but the Governor faced them like an angry bull. Blackburn came to Staunton where he passed the remainder of his life, being one of the most noted trial lawyers and orators that Virginia has ever produced.

Governor Gilmer in his writings speaks of hearing Blackburn defend a person charged with murder at Harrisonburg. In the poor house of Rockingham County, two paupers fought. They were each over eighty years old. One killed the other. The dispute was over the ownership of a cucumber. The only eye-witness was over ninety years.

General Mathews acknowledged but one superior and that was Washington. The State of Georgia threw a fit. They elected a legislature to repeal the land sale, the Yazoo Fraud. Not a vote opposed the repeal. And it was further ordered that the pages of the journals and record books and the bill itself be burnt in front of the capitol in the presence of the legislature. James Jackson had resigned a seat in the United States Senate to be elected to that legislature, and when the papers were ready to be burned, he produced a sun glass and called down the fire from heaven to destroy the fell works.

The Yazoo Fraud got into Congress, and John Randolph, the leader of the Democrats, then in the majority, made it live hard. It was a favorite subject for his bitter eloquence.

John Randolph must have been a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire to the ordinary peace-loving citizen. He was a kind of a scorpion and rattlesnake and mad dog combined. He was chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and he swore by all that was good and bad that never should the Yazoo title be fixed up or compromised, and right there is where he ran athwart of one Madison, then in the cabinet, and afterwards President. While the diatribes of John Randolph of Roanoke, make interesting reading about this deplorable chapter of Georgia history, he alienated a great many level-headed people by reason of them.

John Marshall, of the Supreme Court of the United States, as clear-headed a lawyer as ever lived, propounded the question to the effect that if a court could inquire into the question of the good faith of a legislative body passing bills, would it not defeat the plan of American government? And the act repealing the Yazoo grant was held to be unconstitutional as abrogating a contract.

The water was so hot in Georgia, that every person in anywise connected with the Yazoo grant was accused of fraud and corruption. Historians clear the General of any wrong in connection with the act of the legislature. But the fact remains that they made it so uncomfortable for him that he finally refugeed to Florida, then a sort of no man's land, not stoutly held by any government.

He was a Federalist in politics with Washington and Adams. That is, he belonged to the party that favored a Constitution and a closer union of the States. Adams, becoming President, and the General being at leisure in the wastes of Florida, the President appointed him governor of the territory of Mississippi, but the Senators making a row about it, the appointment was withdrawn. General Mathews rode to Philadelphia on horseback and mounted at the front door of the President's house, and walked in wearing his old army sword and his three-cornered cocked hat, and proceeded to cuss Adams out. But the President pacified him and sent him home satisfied.

The next and last great mission of General Mathews was in connection with Florida. In 1813, James Madison was President. He had condoned the Yazoo business by trying to compromise it. So he appointed General Mathews and Colonel John McKee receivers for the great colony of Florida. This was Spain's colony, but Napoleon had conquered Spain, and the English were driving the French out of Spain, and it seemed to Madison that Great Britain would seize Florida, and there was a war on between the United States and Great Britain.

The commissioners were instructed to receive that country if surrendered by the Spanish authorities voluntarily, and to take it by force if any other foreign power attempted to take it.

The commissioners did exactly what Andrew Jackson did a few years after. They recruited an army of their own just as Old Hickory did, and raised the United States flag over the Spanish capital, over the protest of the Spanish authorities.

This seizure was nullified by the President who recalled the General and ordered him to restore the country to Spain.

The General flew into a tremendous rage and started to Washington to have it out with the President. Some say that he threatened to beat him up. But he fell sick and died at Augusta, Georgia, on the thirtieth day of September, 1812, in the seventy-third year of his age.

Andrew Jackson a few years later seized Florida in the same way and Spain made to the United States a quit claim deed for the State, in consideration of a quit claim to Texas on our part, and that the United States would pay five million dollars to American citizens who had been injured by the Spanish navy.

I have taken up a good deal of space in writing about the sturdy old general, but I have never seen his life written up in West Virginia history before.

Great strains of blood spring from great marriages. It never runs out. Such marriages as John Mathews and Ann Archer, Jacob Warwick and Mary Vance, John Lewis and Margaret Lynn, William Randolph and Mary Isham, and many others that could be named.

In Diary of an American Aviator Killed in France, published in Liberty, issue of November 20, 1926, is this entry:

"Alex Mathews is dead. He was walking across the airdome after a movie show over at 48, and a Hun bomber saw the light when the door was opened, and dropped a 212 pound bomb on him."

This a Mathews of the youngest generation, serving with great distinction as an aviator in the World War.

What I started to say away back in the beginning of this chapter was that Captain George Mathews opened the trading post at the Big Spring on the Midland Trail.

The war clouds continued to gather and it was selected as the fort for that community. It was enclosed in a stockade in size about what is now a city block, with a great gateway opening on to and next to the spring, and extending back across Main Street, which sheltered something over five hundred people in the summers of the Revolution. You can find the place, but when they point out to you some solid stone masonry as a part of the fort, take that with a grain of salt, for Indian forts were made of wood.

CHAPTER VII

John Field clad only in his shirt ran eighty miles over the Midland Trail without stopping, longest Marathon Race ever run. Thoughts of Indian Torture proved to be a Splendid Spur.

The Midland Trail is the kind of a path on which you can find such places as the White Sulphur Springs, and such cities as Charleston and Huntington. Charleston and Huntington, rival cities, challenging each to each, both putting on as much dog as little old New York. And having sat with gladness in the hospitality of such places, to come to a part of the road where the wild flowers are nodding in the wind, where the wild

fox digs his hole unscared, I think theme may be something in these violent contrasts. I do not think that it is the scenery that makes me rave and write about the Midland Trail and all that the name implies. If any one is inured to scenery it is certainly this writer. I was raised on it. I can write about it even if I cannot talk about it.

The more experience I have in talking the more I think of writing. It is a harmless pastime for the writer and the reader can either take it or leave it alone. There is no compulsion about it. Lately I have been shouting all over the State trying to keep the teachers awake until I have nearly cracked my voice.

> I hate to mark those stifled yawns,
> In fat gazelles in dotted lawns,
> Or watch the tides of sleep arise,
> In yon pale lady's tired eyes.

But in this cross-section that is known as the Midland Trail you see all that is to be seen in the way of grandeur and beauty and art, except the surf and the desert.

Up until the automobile came the record for quick traveling over this trail was held by Captain John Field who in the summer of 1774 ran from Kelly's place twelve miles below the Kanawha Falls to Arbuckle's Fort on Muddy Creek, between Lewisburg and Alderson, a distance of eighty miles without stopping, clad only in his shirt. He arrived tired and hungry and badly lacerated by the briers and brush. Ordinarily it took three days to march this distance from Kelly's to Kelly's, but Captain Field made it without stopping. He was a man fifty-four years of age and his splendid spur was the thought of torture by the Indians.

John Field was a citizen of Culpepper. He had served in Braddock's War and under Bouquet. He was one of the many surveyors who went into the Kentucky and Kanawha countries to survey land under the military scrip gotten from the English government for service in the Indian wars. He had gone to the Kanawha Falls country with two servants, a Scotchman and a Negro woman cook. In the summer runners were sent through the woods to warn the surveying parties that the Indians were up and that they had better withdraw. There was a Kelly place on Muddy Creek near the Big Levels on the Greenbrier and another Kelly place at the mouth of Kelly's Creek below the great falls. This Kelly Creek crosses the Midland Trail. Walter Kelly lived on the Kanawha and when the runners came from Greenbrier sent out by Col. John Stuart, Walter Kelly sent all of his family under the care of his younger brother back to Greenbrier, but he remained with Field and the two servants at Kelly's Creek with the intention of going on with the surveys. This was in July. The family of Walter Kelly reached the Greenbrier settlement safely. Col. Stuart took some soldiers and went westward but they soon met Field. It then appeared that soon after the Kelly family had started home that Indians surprised the Kelly house in Kanawha, and fired on Field and Kelly as they were shifting some leather which was tanning in a vat in the yard. It is probably true that Walter Kelly who raised a crop of corn at the mouth of Kelly's Creek in the year 1774 was the first settler of Kanawha County. At the fire Walter Kelly was killed and Field escaped.

The Indians then killed the Negro woman and took the Scotchman prisoner, and this prisoner was not afterwards heard from.

The Kellys were to suffer more losses from the Indians. About the first of August a party of Indians came near Kellys on Muddy Creek. The younger brother of Walter Kelly who had just been killed and scalped on Kelly's Creek, was walking near the house with a daughter of Walter Kelly. They were fired upon and young Kelly killed and scalped and the girl carried into captivity.

This is the true statement of the fate of the Kelly brothers, one killed on the Great Kanawha River and the other on Muddy Creek. There is no reason to doubt this. There has been some confusion as to this, some saying one thing and some another, trying to reconcile the tradition of one Kelly being killed by the Indians at widely separated places. Two Kellys and within a few days of each other, about eighty miles apart.

John Field being hunted out of the Kanawha Valley became a partisan of the Lewises and spent some time in raising a company for the Point Pleasant campaign. He made a hurried trip to Culpepper and raised a company of thirty-five men and these were the Culpepper men who came across the Blue Ridge Mountains to join the war waged by the mountaineers.

Field reached Lewisburg with this small company and made a demand that as he had outranked Andrew Lewis in the Bouquet war that by rights he ought to have command, but Andrew Lewis was county colonel of Botetourt, and he was made commander in chief. Whereupon, Field was angry and marched away off to one side of the main army, but by the time that Field had reached Meadow River, somewhere near Rainelle, Indians fired on his company, and that caused him to close up with the main army, where he was mollified as being listed with the rank of colonel but had charge of only thirty-five men.

At the battle of Point Pleasant, Col. Charles Lewis was killed at the first onset and the men gave back under the attack, and they were rallied by Col. Field approaching with reinforcements, but later in the day Col. Field was also killed.

Col. William Christian in a letter written on the 15th day of October, 1774, said that Col. Field had gotten behind a great tree and that an Indian near him talked to him to draw his attention while some other Indians on the right hand of the tree behind some logs shot him.

It will be seen then that the last two months of the life of John Field would make a basis for a historical romance if anyone desired to develop the character of an outstanding pioneer in that way. By gum, if I had time, I would do it myself.

Here was a man who had won fame as a young man in two great campaigns. He returned to the sheltered life in Culpepper. Then when the great land boom came in 1774, when Washington and other shrewd land-hungry Americans found a way to make a breach in the mountains and acquire Indian land in the reservation, John Field burnishes up his compass, and taking a raw Scotch immigrant and colored mammy to cook, turns his back on the luxurious life in the lowlands and wins his way across the terrifying mountains until he comes to Walter Kelly's on the Kanawha. Walter Kelly had established the outpost of the settlements,

but he was not inviting any company. He had come nearly a hundred miles west so that he would not be disturbed. He had urgent reasons for remaining secluded. Something to do with an issue raised in North Carolina. And here in 1774 he found that he lived on a highway and he tasted the first onrush of the Midland Trail. April 14, 1774, Surveyor Jack Floyd's party of eight men came to his house. They were surveying for Washington and others. Thomas Hanson kept a journal of the expedition. At the mouth of Elk River they made a canoe which they called the Good Hope, and drifted down the river and surveyed 2,000 acres for Col. Washington bordered by the Coal River and the Canawagh River. And by the way, Hanson spells the name of the river C-O-A-L.* This party does not seem to have disturbed Walter Kelly, but later when Field and his party came to put up with him, Kelly got restive, sent his family back to the settlements and was figuring on some way to stop on and save his corn crop and get rid of his visitors, when his life was cut short by Indian warriors.

Field then being the only survivor and making his escape by the skin of his teeth in his shirt tail devoted the rest of his life to war on the Indians.

Hanson caught a pike at the mouth of Elk River forty-three inches long.

Field refused at Camp Union to submit to the leadership of Andrew Lewis. Charles Lewis marched his detachment first and Field took his company on as an independent command until they got to the banks of Little Meadow River. Here two hunters by the name of Clay and Coward went to hunt deer and encountered two Indians. The Indians shot and killed Coward and before they could scalp him, Clay killed one of the Indians. The other Indian escaped and took the report of the advance of the army to the Shawnee towns. This was on the 10th day of September, 1774. Field then waited until Andrew Lewis came up with the main army and while that army was encamped in a meadow or Savannah on Meadow River, he brought his men into camp and after that harmony prevailed.

The Midland Trail skirts the brink of the New River canyon on the south side of Gauley Mountain and comes down to the edge of the New River just above the mouth of Gauley River. But the army avoided that awe-inspiring gorge and turned to the right and crossed over Gauley Mountain and came down on Gauley River. Fleming records the facts that Gauley collects the waters betwixt the Greenbrier River and the Elk River. They marched down Gauley River and crossed over to the headwaters of Kelly's Creek by way of Bell's Creek on the line between Nicholas County and Fayette County. They marched down Kelly's Creek to the Kanawha River. Kelly's place was found to be about a half mile from the river. Here Fleming places Paw Paw trees, the flowering Poplar, and leatherwood. They found coal which burned well.

*John Peter Salley was the discoverer of this stream in 1742, and was the first to traverse its full length. He named the stream "Coal River." It has been asserted that the original name was "Cole" in honor of a soldier who served in Lewis' Big Sandy expedition in 1756, but the daily journal kept by Salley disproves the statement. In the journal the following entry was made: "In these mountains we found great plenty of Coal for which we named it (the stream) COAL RIVER."—B. B. S.

The name of the town at the mouth of Kelly's Creek is now Cedar Grove, but for many years it was known as Kelly's Station. A fort was built there in 1774 or shortly after by Captain William Morris who was a member of Captain Arbuckle's company and who was wounded at Point Pleasant. It was the head of navigation of the Kanawha River. In the years that followed it was the end of one of the Kentucky trails, and was the place that the immigrants came to navigable water on their westward journey to the rich lands of Kentucky. Here they dug out canoes and floated with the stream to Kentucky. It was a most important place.

After a time when the fort had rotted down it was known as the Boat Yards.

Now it is in the rich coal fields. It is in Cabin Creek district. Above and on the opposite side of the river is Paint Creek and below and across the river is Cabin Creek.

If I get the time, I want to go down to the Kelly place and follow up the line of travel that the army took in 1774. It would be a very interesting expedition to go there with Fleming's journal, and also his orderly book in hand and tramp over the route of that army.

There is tradition that I would like to verify, too. Fayette County was formed in the year 1831, from the counties of Logan, Greenbrier, Nicholas, and Kanawha. It fixes the boundary on the Nicholas side as coming to the mouth of Bell's Creek and running up and with the same to the house of James Nicholas, and from thence a straight line to Rock Camp, on the line between Kanawha and Nicholas, thence a straight line to Kanawha River. They say that in after years that considerable confusion arose about the lines on Bell Creek, as to the residence of certain citizens, and upon the matter being investigated, it was found that James Nicholas moved several times as his clearing extended up the creek that he lived upon, and that every time that he moved he took the county line with him. As I heard it the matter was adjusted by locating the original Nicholas homestead and fixing the lines to corner at that point.

There is another tradition about a kink in the line of Fayette County that is of great interest. It will be noticed that on its western boundary that the line between Fayette and Kanawha running south comes to the Kanawha River so as to leave Cannelton in Kanawha, and then follows the river down for about a mile and then continues south so as to throw Montgomery into Fayette County. As I heard it, when the new county was proposed, this line crossed the river where it cornered on the river, but the owner of a farm at that place on the south side of the river, Col. Montgomery, hearing about the proposed measure, and being at outs with the then government of Kanawha County, hot-footed to Richmond, and had the line so adjusted that his land was included within the new bounds of Fayette County. By this adventitious circumstance the large and important city of Montgomery was destined to be in Fayette County.

Montgomery is a fine city. I knew it when we both were young and we went the pace and went it blind. Twenty-five years ago Montgomery was in its hectic youth and its saloons sold a brand that would enable a man to go home and argue with his mother-in-law. The only honest-to-goodness dance-halls that I ever saw in my life, were in the moving pic-

tures, and in Montgomery. But that is all changed now. Montgomery is noted for culture, schools, science, and art. I saw one of the best college publications that came from there the other day. It was the issue of its college paper of August 11th. You cross over dry shod on a bridge from the Midland Trail. When my wife and I were tourists, we paid the town the greatest compliment that a tourist can pay to a community, we stopped overnight there both going and coming. And they have a doctor there of the kind that causes the world to make a path to his door. The time is coming, if it has not already come for the people down the river to speak of that town as Kanawha Irredenta.

There is another place along the Midland Trail that I hope that the bright-eyed youngsters will look out for. I do not know how long a tree will live in this climate. Certainly not the hundreds and thousands of years that some enthusiastic tree lovers assert. But two hundred and fifty-five years ago, Thomas Batts and Robert Fallam came to the Kanawha Falls on the 17th day of September, 1671. They had been commissioned by General Wood to make an expedition to the west and to go through Appalachian Mountains until they came to the waters of the South Sea, and there ascertain the ebbing and the flowing of the waters on that side of the mountains so that a discovery of the South Sea might be accomplished. They were to go until they came to the tidewater rivers so common in Virginia, at Petersburg from whence they started. A third man was commissioned at the same time, Thomas Woods, but he fell sick and died before he reached the end of the journey.

The explorers found four trees in a row and marked them for the king. They took possession of the country in these words: "Long live Charles the Second, by grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, and Virginia, and of all the territory thereunto belonging, defender of the faith, etc." They bared some places on the trunk of the tree and with marking irons burned C. R. and the royal arms, and placed various letters including W. B. for Governor Sir William Berkeley and A. W. for General Wood. These trees if they have not been destroyed are somewhere in the region of the great falls.

They traveled northwest from the extreme headwaters of Roanoke River for seventy-one miles and when they were thoroughly well satisfied that they had reached the place on the Great Kanawha where the tide ebbed and flowed they took possession in the name of the king and went back home again.

The trees stood on the other side of the river, I think, and they are on the hill for after the trees were marked the explorers went to the river's edge but with great difficulty on account of the thorns on the locust and the dense brush. This would correspond with the terrace on which the town of Kanawha Falls is built.

CHAPTER VIII

As you approach the break between the States of Virginia and West Virginia take note of the Mineral Waters. The greatest variety of Mineral Springs in the World as well as the Boldest.

Mineral waters affect me differently. The absorption of natural tonics inclines me to dance, hunt, fish, golf, lie and romance around. To eat, drink and be merry. The theory is to go to the springs and be sedate and build up for the battle of life. But so far all the effect that it has had on me is to increase my capacity for pleasure and the question has been not so much whether I could come back stronger and better for the experience, but whether I could go there and retain my Christian integrity.

If you have followed me this far, I would remind you that in writing on the subject of mineral waters, that I approach it from a viewpoint of an observer who has lived all his life in the heart of the most prolific region of mineral springs to be found anywhere in the world.

One of my earliest recollections is that of helping a gentleman gather up and place a few hundredweight of second-hand horseshoes and other scrap iron in the flow of a celebrated chalybeate spring and cover up the place. The object was to improve the quality of the water. I think now that it was a harmless experiment and that it was in no wise to be compared to the salting of a mine. My part of the work was to accumulate the iron. I got five cents for my part of the dirty work.

Later on, it was a matter of great interest to make a trip in a covered wagon across the mountains and observe the superior mortals who dallied around such summer resorts as the Hot Springs, the Warm Springs, the Bath Alum and Millboro Springs, all of which lay on the road to the railway depot. There we saw a set of carefree mortals, and it never occurred to us young ones that these kind of people ever had any troubles and tribulations. I know better now.

There is a real value in the curative powers of mineral waters and many instances occur where persons are sent to the springs by anxious hearts at a cost that makes it a supreme sacrifice. It is a terrible drain on the family savings but it is given in hope of saving a loved one's life. And tragedy walks hand in hand with pleasure at watering places.

People of this section do not realize what a wonderful geological region they live in. There are so many tinctured waters that they have invented a word for water that does not have a pronounced mineral taste, and they call it freestone water, and prize it very highly.

The Encyclopedia Britannica lists the mineral waters of North America according to the German classification. It gives thirty springs in the United States and Canada as representing the best of the classes and subclasses, including such springs as the Hot Springs of Arkansas, and Saratoga Springs, of New York. Yet notwithstanding the immense area covered by the list, there are in it eleven springs in this vicinity.

Six indifferent or thermal springs are given. Local springs included in the list are the Healing Springs, Warm Springs, and Hot Springs of Bath County.

Six calcareous and earthy springs, of which the Sweet Springs, of Monroe County, Berkeley Springs of Morgan County, and Allegheny Springs, Montgomery County, are the local representatives.

Four sulphur springs: The two close by are the White Sulphur Springs, of Greenbrier County, and the Salt Sulphur Springs, of Monroe County.

Five iron springs: Included in the list are Rawley Springs, of Rockingham County, Sweet Chalybeate Springs, of Allegheny County, and Rockbridge Alum, of Rockbridge County.

The classes in which this region does not take first place are epsom salts, common salt, glauber salt, and alkaline. Other States take supremacy in those.

The reason of the great abundance of mineral waters in the mountains is stated as follows. The Devonian and Silurian formations which overlie the Eozoic rocks along the course of the Appalachian range, especially in Virginia and West Virginia, have been greatly fissued—the faulting of the strata in some places of enormous magnitude—by the series of upheavals which gave rise to the many parallel mountain ridges along the lines of fault.

In other words, the Accordion Mountains. The surface of the earth once stretched far and wide. Then it folded like an accordion, and the ridges appeared. If you do not know what an accordion is it can be stated that it is a musical bellows. Now when the earth's crust gets to folding up like a bellows, there is apt to be some fracture of the strata, for there is only a limited amount of elasticity to the rock beds, and the dislocation caused by the slipping of rock masses along the plane of fracture, is called a fault. In following a vein in mining it sometimes disappears, and it may be found many feet below on account of a subsidence of a considerable portion of the broken strata. But nature did such a neat job of folding up these mountains that there are surprisingly few faults, and most of our noble mountains west of the main break, the Allegheny, are due to erosion. Most of the ridges that run north and south are folded mountains and most of those which set some other way are eroded.

One naturally looks for the mineral waters then along the great break of the Allegheny Mountain dividing the two Virginias. But as a sort of a compensation to the people living west of the main break, nature provided a very important mineral water in vast quantities, and that is a calcareous or earthy water, known generally as limestone water. And but for its great plentifulness this would be the most valuable mineral water of all for it makes men grow strong and well and to attain great size, strength, and stature. In limestone countries look for six-footers. We call it hard water. It is cold, clear, invigorating, healthy. The housewife learns to qualify it by buying an alkali soap to wash clothes. Something in the nature of soda. The chemists of the kitchen know about it. At our house until the last year, we had a fine limestone water and when the new source of supply came to the town water works, and it commenced to use an indifferent water, or as we would say, a freestone

water, the soap bill for wash day was about one-tenth of what it was when we had to soften up the noble and calcareous mixture.

For years the main water supply of this town was a mixture of iron and salt and a few other powerful remedies, and in all the years, the chemists had not found any commercial soap that would qualify it and make it tractable. It was good to extinguish fires, and it was healthy to drink, though not so palatable. But they gave it up as a bad job and took a soft water.

But let us have a few more scientific observations. The folding of the mountains caused faults and fissures and the rains descended and the floods came and the cracks and crevices of the earth were filled and the water went deep and returned again to the surface, and a number of warm springs were found flowing. I have never seen a thermal spring that was not a bold and abundant flow and volume. It is unaffected by change in the seasons. Wet and dry weather does not affect it. Such springs go so deep into the surface of the earth and find such vast reservoirs, that they go on forever, unchanged. They take their temperature from heat deep in the bowels of the earth and they flow in such volume that they are not subject to much contamination in the way of nauseous minerals, but come forth bubbling with gas, and the water is the most palatable of all waters, in spite of its temperature. It is very different from the ordinary tepid water. The gentleman who chambers a gallon or two of the light, airy water fresh from the inferno rejoices like a strong man to run a race.

All through these mountain counties there are mineral springs. They are in such numbers that it may be said that no community is without them, and these offer to suffering humanity a cure for almost every ill. The fact is that the very number make mineral water so common that it is not valuable as mineral water. The great price that it brings in the cities represents labor and transportation. I had this experience. I drove down Anthony's Creek passing near where Alvon water comes out in such great abundance. The next day I was in Charleston at a great hotel. Feeling faint, in a moment of weakness, I ordered a bottle of this water to be used internally and the charge was fifty cents for a half-gallon bottle. This was about four times the price of gasoline. It shows what a man will give for a drink of water when he is away from home.

A light water. That is the kind that a person can carry easily. Those used to a moderate tumbler full of ordinary solid water, are surprised to find that they can chamber glass after glass of light water that rises from such great depths that it carries with it a great deal of gas. Thus a gallon of water from the Warm Springs if consumed in one drink, will furnish to airy, fairy Lillian four and one-half cubic inches of gas, and she will float away on the wings of the morning feeling fine.

The tradition of the Warm Springs is that a party of Indians on a forced march camped there one night and one of the warriors attracted by the temperature of the water bathed in it, and it was so agreeable that he found a suitable wallow and slept in the water all night. On the march being resumed the next morning, it was found that the Indian who had slept in the water had more speed and stamina than any other in the army, and he flew up the mountain like a bird, and ever after

that the magic of its waters were recognized. Long before settlers came to Bath County, the value of the water for bathing became known, and sick persons were carried there. There is no question as to value of these thermal waters to persons afflicted with rheumatism and a large number of other complaints that take the joy out of life.

The most luxurious resort is the Hot Springs but most of us Scots keep away from there on account of the worry attending the brooding over the scale of prices. There is such a thing as paying so much for food that it takes away the appetite. And while the visitor may be there for his health the hotel keeper is not. I have had experiences at the Hot Springs ranging from sleeping in the road at the railway depot under a covered wagon, to that of dining with the President of the United States. I have even had the experience there of meeting and being associated with a courteous caddy of an understanding heart, and that is making a bold and broad statement, but it is true.

The Warm Springs is the county seat town of Bath County and when I can first remember it, it was more important than the Hot Springs. That was before the millions were expended on the Hot Springs. My father used to preach at the Warm Springs. And then in the seventies he went there to attend a meeting of Lexington Presbytery, one of the most intellectual and powerful institutions in the world. It was my time to go to Presbytery and I went along. I have never forgotten the boiling caldron of water, appreciably warm to the taste. It was a round well-like spring covered with a round shelter. On the ground near the spring, I found a beautiful print, and I asked my father if I could have it. He hesitated for a moment to answer but said yes. It was a playing card, the three of diamonds, and I carried it home with me. The water flowed into great bathing pools and it maintained in these pools a temperature of ninety-eight degrees. The water is clear as clear can be and is thoroughly well charged with gas. At these springs in Bath County, bathing has reached its highest state of perfection.

Of all the vistas afforded by the Accordion Mountains, there is none more wonderful than the one from Warm Springs Mountain, where the innumerable crests of mountains can be seen as far as the eye can reach. Some delirious summer boarder remarked that it was like a dark blue sea of giant billows, instantly stricken solid by nature's magic wand.

For many years the wagon road ended at Bath Alum, at the eastern foot of Warm Springs Mountain, and this was the end of wagon transportation for emigration and trade. From that point on, it was pack-horses.

The Hot Springs is east of the great divide, but the other great watering place is in West Virginia west of the divide. It is in West Virginia between the Greenbrier River and the height of land. The Greenbrier River people are placed on the dividing line between the mineral waters of the east and the petroleum of the west. The White Sulphur Springs probably give the drinker more suspended matter than is to be found in any other nearby waters. At least I have always felt like there was some very substantial qualities to the water. I see it stated that by evaporation a hundred cubic inches of this water (between a quart and a half gallon) will yield sixty-three grains of solid matter. Or.

63.54 grains to be exact. It is a light palatable water and one readily sees that after the third or fourth glassful of this beautiful water that he would be well supplied with a number of healthful and invigorating grains.

Like so many other sulphur springs, this was a famous deer lick in the old days. Another tradition is that in 1772, a woman who was so sick that she was given up to die, was brought there on a litter. A poplar tree was felled and a large trough for bathing purposes was constructed with adz and axe. Sulphur water was put in it, and it was heated by placing hot stones in the water. The sick woman was bathed in the water thus prepared and she drank freely of the water from the spring. In a few weeks she went home cured.

It is a matter of utmost importance to Virginia and West Virginia to have the world realize the beauty and the importance of the mountain counties and nothing adds more to their attractiveness than the great number of beautiful springs all of which have curative values. These springs are so numerous that it may be said that they have never been numbered. They are to be found everywhere. Some of the most natable have fixed the sites of watering places, but there are many just as valuable which are disregarded and known only to those who live in the locality.

It is a day of easy and cheap transportation by means of the motor car and the world do move. About sixty-odd years ago, the powers that be staged a great Civil War which was fought for four years, largely in the zone of fracture, which divides Virginia and West Virginia, and after it had been kept up for years, the people of the cities had found other and safer resorts, and our watering places came out of the war all shot to pieces with much of their glory departed. They have not had the vogue since then that they once enjoyed.

But the country has increased in population and the motor car has come, and it may be that the mountains will once more come into their own.

About the best evidence that there is universal, internal heat in the interior of the earth is furnished by the great number of thermal springs that flow from this broken and disjointed mountain country.

For petroleum we know that one must look for a hermetically sealed container which is without a leak and in which the oil has been stored by the action of nature. And for warm springs one must look for some condition of the strata just the opposite, for these flowing springs are supplied by the rainfall and are rendered warm by traversing hidden channels under the surface.

Petroleum is a mineral like coal. There is a deposit and when it is exhausted it cannot be replenished under modern conditions. And petroleum is like water in that it will drain away if a leak occurs, but there is no power to restore it as has a spring that feeds from the rainfall. I asked an engineer how big was an oil pool? And he said: 'How long is a stick?" One well may be all that will touch a particular pool or there may be hundreds.

It is indefinite to say mineral water. Probably the White Sulphur Springs handles the extremes, Alvon water from up on Anthonys Creek

will probably show less than five grains of solids to the gallon and the water from the main sulphur spring shows one hundred and twenty-four grains to the gallon.

And then, too, in this country there is a dispute as to what is a thermal spring. There is no question about the hot springs, but what of the others that show no variation in temperature from atmospheric conditions? Do they not have the right to be called thermal and are they not extremely valuable on account of the tremendous purifying process they have undergone within the deep and vast confines of subterranean caverns?

Alum water is the heaviest and most powerful of all our iron springs. It is often so acid as to make it disagreeable to drink. The springs that give the red color to the soil from the flow of water are not the strongest necessarily in iron. It may be that other springs that do not have the red running water may taste strong of acid. The main quality of iron water is that of a tonic and the use of it greatly stimulates the appetite for plain and wholesome food.

In the plan to have the teacher from every sub-district in the State make a record of the predominant features of the sub-district, the thousands of notable mineral springs of the mountain counties will be listed and made available for inspection by any person interested.

In the meantime rest assured that the border counties on either side of the Great Divide, the Allegheny Mountain, in West Virginia and Virginia, have the world beaten as to the volume and variety of mineral waters.

CHAPTER IX

Civil War activities on the Midland Trail. The stamping ground of Lee, Crook, Wise, Floyd, and other generals. Here Milton W. Humphries invented indirect fire.

In regard to these chapters on the Midland Trail, fast assuming the size and shape of a history of southern West Virginia, the period of the Civil War demands some attention. The activities along the James River and Kanawha Turnpike, now called the Midland Trail would demand a book in themselves, but there would be so many statistics in it that you would not stand for it. The names of the regiments and companies clutter up war history until the unfortunate reader throws the thing across the room.

When Moses was writing and compiling the Pentateuch, some earnest souls thought that he was not getting enough statistics in it, and they called for a recording of facts. More facts and less style. Moses seems to have been a nervous man, and he gave them some chapters of genealogy running like this: And Joktan begat Almodad, and so forth. And all the world gives it the go by. In the days when we read the Bible through every few months at family prayers, our good father would direct the skipping of the begatitudes.

And now that I am undertaking a chapter on the Civil War, I am going to see if I cannot make it run along in a sort of general way pleasing to the company in an attempt to get at the kernel of the subject, even under the danger of being accused of soldiering.

During the whole four years there were armies marching to and fro across the southern part of West Virginia from the first to the last, and there has not been very much said about the campaigns in any books that I can get hold of. A similar activity was to be observed along the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, the parallel road farther north, but it seems that most of the writers have been from the northern part of the State, and small attention has been given to the tremendous happenings of what is now the more populous half of West Virginia, to wit, the southern end—that part of the State that lies south of the Bison Range, the unbroken divide that lies from the Virginia line at the junction of Pendleton, Highland, and Pocahontas counties, to the Ohio River above the mouth of the Great Kanawha River.

Among the actions fought on the Midland Trail were: Battle of White Sulphur Springs, two battles at Lewisburg, Sewell Mountain, Carnifax Ferry, Cotton Hill, two battles at Fayetteville, Charleston (September 13, 1862), Scary, Hurricane Bridge, three battles in Lincoln (Sandy Lick, Curry Farm, and Coon Creek), Winfield, Pore's Hill and Guyandotte.

In the beginning, Gen. Cox advanced eastward on the highway from Ohio, with the Union Army, and Henry A. Wise and John B. Floyd came from Virginia, as rival commanders of the Confederate forces. And the feeling between the Blue and the Gray was mild compared to the fierce conflict between those two generals. It is apparent that the dislike between the two commanders extended to the rank and file.

Henry A. Wise had been governor of Virginia just preceding the war, and had steam-rollered the ordinance of secession through the Richmond convention the year after his term as governor had ended. He emphasized his remarks with a horse pistol and carried everything before him. He put Virginia with the seceding States and caused West Virginia to leave home and set up for herself. In 1856, when Henry, the Worst, was nominated at Staunton, much of his strength came from the western counties. I have it on the authority of a son of Dr. English, that Dr. Thomas Dunn English, of Logan County, first suggested Wise as a candidate and put his nomination over. Anyway he hotfooted to the Kanawha Valley on the outbreaking of hostilities, to hold these counties in line, but he met with only partial success. He did raise a considerable army by bringing on Virginia troops to augment his volunteers from this side of the mountain, and so far as Wise's campaign was concerned he succeeded in what he undertook. Probably his most signal success was the winning of the battle of Scary, down the river between St. Albans and Winfield.

Gen. John B. Floyd had also served as governor of Virginia, and in addition to that he had been Secretary of War in President Buchanan's cabinet, immediately preceding the war. His commission antedated that of Wise, and on this ground he claimed to be in command. Wise who had driven a recalcitrant convention at the point of a horse pistol was not one to submit tamely to an old political rival, and he took it up with

Robert E. Lee as did Floyd, and Lee seems to have intimated that while the position of one of them was safer that the position of the other was stronger. But finally the President of the Confederates States ordered Wise to turn over everything to Floyd and to report in Richmond, which he did after consulting Lee on that, too. Wise retained his rank as general all through the war, and was with Lee at Appomattox.

After Wise got to Richmond, he gave such an account of the troubles in the Kanawha Valley that the department allowed him to withdraw his Legion to eastern Virginia, and ordered Gen. Loring's army to march on to Charleston by the Midland Trail, while Floyd with 4,700 men was ordered to proceed in a parallel line on the south side of the river. But en route Gen Loring was ordered to Cheat Mountain, and Floyd was left unsupported. He had several contacts with Gen. Cox at Cotton Hill, Fayetteville, and other points in Fayette and Raleigh counties, and he reported that the Union forces would not stand up and fight. The Union officers reported Floyd in hasty and disorganized retreat. The Richmond department was not satisfied with Floyd's account and his command was ordered east. This was in November and thus ended the first season in southern West Virginia with the Union army in possession.

The next year, the Kanawha campaign was turned over to Gen. Loring.

Detailed accounts of this and other campaigns may be found in a pamphlet by Milton W. Humphries, entitled "Military Operations in Fayette County and the Lynchburg Campaign printed by Charles A. Goddard, Fayetteville, W. Va."

One of the units of the Confederate forces that traveled the Midland Trail was the Monroe Artillery, more often referred to as Bryan's Battery. In charge of the first gun of that battery was A. N. Campbell, known as the Big Sergeant of Bryan's Battery. He was a powerful man over six feet tall and weighing about three hundred and fifty pounds in his prime. After the war he became a famous judge and lawyer. He was judge of the district composed of the counties of Pocahontas, Greenbrier, Monroe, Summers and Fayette, which he served for eight years as presiding judge for a salary of eighteen hundred dollars per year. The vicissitudes of politics retired him in 1896, when he was approaching old age and he was very much concerned about the chances of building up a pracice again. But his ability was recognized and he at once was retained by two clients on a yearly retainer of $2,500.00 each, and he built up a great practice and accumulated a fortune. His defeat had proved a blessing in disguise. Soldiers who have seen him in action serving his piece of artillery have said that it was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of courage and strength that they had ever seen.

Captain Thomas A. Bryan's battery in the opening of the campaign of 1862, consisted of two pieces of artillery and eighty men. The men served with an infantry regiment.

The sergeant of the second piece, a twelve-pound howitzer, was Milton W. Humphries, of Monroe County, aged eighteen, who had been recalled from college life to fight for the Confederacy. He served throughout the war, and studied ballistics with an acute and scientific mind until he became a recognized authority in the science of the motion of projectiles. For instance a shot from a cannon must take into consideration the rotary

motion of the earth and that the target shifts to the left and that has to be taken into consideration in firing smooth bores, but with rifled guns the drift caused by the rotation of the ball offsets his shift, or some such rule, if I read him right.

In the last great war, the gunners fired the cannon without seeing the target fired at. They would elevate the cannon and let fly and shoot the head off of a squirred in a tree in the next county or country, the ball traveling high in the air, over the intervening hills, mountains, and valleys. They fired by maps. And if they did not have one handy of the country they sent up an airship with a camera and got a photograph. One colored trooper insisted that all the gunners needed to get a man with a cannon ball was his post office address. This firing at unseen targets is called indirect fire or defilade fire, and is about the only kind of shooting that is done in this day and time.

Milton W. Humphries worked out the science of indirect fire while serving with Bryan's Battery in the Kanawha Valley, and first practiced it at the second battle of Fayetteville. He continued to improve the theory by actual work, until it was universally accepted.

The occasion of the first firing of this kind, was when he set up his howitzer on the 19th day of May, 1863, three-fourths of a mile from Fayetteville on the Oak Hill road. The Federal forces the year before had erected well-built and extensive earth forts on the heights at that town. Humphries set up his gun in plain view of the fort and fired through an opening cut in the woods. At his third or fourth fire he hit the flagstaff in the fort cutting the colors down. Then the fort answered him with artillery shell fire which was so accurate that he shifted his gun where it would be hid by the intervening wood and from that time to night he fired on the fort some sixty-odd times.

The Federal forces withdrew during the night but occupied the same forts again the next day, and the Confederate forces withdrew towards Beckley.

The other battle at these same forts at Fayetteville had taken place September 10th, the year before.

Prof. Milton W. Humphries, the gunner, became famous after the war as one of the great educators of the country. He was at Washington College the year the war opened, and finished there after the war, and became one of the faculty under Robert E. Lee. He finished his education in Germany at the University of Leipsic and served as professor in the Vanderbilt University, the University of Texas and in the University of Virginia, where he served for twenty-five years until his retirement in 1912. He was a native of Monroe County, a son of Dr. A. C. Humphries and Mary McQuain Heiner Humphries. He has attained fame as a writer and lecturer, gunner, Greek scholar, and as one of the greatest of chess players.

The year of 1862, the Confederates under Loring occupied the Kanawha Valley and held Charleston until October 8th. On September 13, the artillery of the Confederate forces fired on Charleston all day while Gen. Lightburn, commander of the Federal forces was getting his army out of town. On that day he crossed the bridge at the mouth of Elk River with eleven hundred wagons and then burned the bridge that car-

ried him over. While Loring held Charleston, innumerable wagons appeared at the salt works and hauled salt away. It was getting scarce in the Southern States.

Loring marched back to Lewisburg with his whole force for some unexplained reason. The Federal forces occupied Charleston again and held it to the close of the war. At Lewisburg Loring was halted and he returned but failed to take Charleston. His retreat from the Kanawha is about as hard to understand as that of Floyd's the year before.

The most reasonable explanation or conjecture as to Loring moving his army a hundred miles east on the pike to Lewisburg, and his frantic effort to get back to Charleston before the Federal forces occupied it is that Loring received a command from headquarters to report at Richmond that he read to mean to bring his army with him. So much for the vagaries of the English language.

From this year 1862, the West Virginia mountains, and especially this road, was to see a great deal of a hero of American history, Gen. George Crook, the "Gray Fox" of the Indian wars. He got that nickname from his shrewdness and by reason of the fact that he wore a beard that was very much the tint and general makeup of a fox's bushy tail. He was born in Dayton, Ohio. He graduated from West Point in 1852, and immediately joined his regiment in California and saw nine years' service in keeping the Indians in order on the Pacific Coast. When the war broke out he came east as fast as he could by way of Panama, and receiving a colonel's commission he joined the 36th Ohio Volunteer Infantry at Summersville.

The next May he occupied Lewisburg, with a brigade of troops. The Confederate force sent to dislodge him from Mercer County under Gen. Heth, though much superior in number and arms, was defeated and retreated with great loss. The reason ascribed by commanders on both sides was that Crook at the beginning of the winter had erected a large building and in it had drilled his raw recruits hard and the Confederate forces were undrilled. This victory made Crook and it worsted Heth, who was relieved of his mountain command.

The people of West Virginia after the war spoke often of the Gray Fox and he was universally liked and respected for his fairness and as a capable man. He saw service in all parts of the Virginias. He got to be major general in the latter part of 1864, and was placed in command of the Department of West Virginia, with headquarters at Cumberland. In the spring of that year he was placed in command of the Kanawha Division and he fought the battle of Cloyd's Mountain, and took and burned a bridge over New River, and lay at Meadow Bluff in Greenbrier county on the pike from May 19 to June 1, the day that his army crossed the Greenbrier River on the way to the Lynchburg campaign.

After the war Crook went back from major general to lieutenant colonel and went west to fight the Indians again, and it was this period of his life that so much has been written about him by the authors of the country, and it was during these years that his fame in the west kept his memory alive in West Virginia.

He was not only a great Indian fighter but he understood the Indian character and he accomplished more by peaceful settlement than by

fighting, though he saw much of that. He conquered the Snake Indians, the Apaches, the Sioux, and the Chiricahaus.

No story of Indian war for twenty years after the Civil War was considered complete without some reference to the Gray Fox. He was a quiet, soft spoken man, who dressed shabbily, and who knew the army from the ground up, and who inquired into the minute details in regard to his soldiers, their arms, stock, and equipment.

He had the distinction of working his way up to the position of major general the second time by a commission dated April 6, 1888. He died in Chicago in 1890.

In February, 1865, Crook was ordered to turn over the Department of West Virginia to Major General Benjamin F. Kelley, and take Sheridan's place in the Valley of Virginia. Kelley came to Cumberland and Crook started to Winchester. Captain Jesse McNeil's rangers had torn up the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the train backed into Cumberland. Crook went to the hotel where Kelley was stationed.

That night same twenty-odd of McNeil's rangers made a raid on Cumberland, and in the dead of night rode into the city then occupied by a Federal army and going into the hotel, woke up the two major generals and at the point of the pistol carried them off and delivered them to the Confederate authorities at Richmond.

I got the details of this exploit at first hand from Armistead Combs who was in the surprise that night, and according to his report they had no trouble in riding into Cumberland and up to the hotel, which was called the Windsor, the last time I stopped over in that city. The generals gave them no trouble, as they probably knew that there would be shooting and that death would be their portion.

This company was from Hardy County and knew all the ins and outs of the mountains, and riding with them was a man by the name of Charles J. Daily who knew all about the city and the hotel where the generals stopped.

When they delivered the major generals at Richmond, the Confederates wanted to trade them for all the prisoners in the northern prisons. The Secretary of War at Washington wanted to dismiss both generals but Grant would not stand for that. The Confederacy was on its last legs. Less than two months was to see the end of the war. The stage had been reached where it took a barrel of money to buy a barrel of flour, and a pound of money to buy a pound of bacon. But they made a quick trade with Crook, and by March 27th, Crook was on duty near Richmond in command of all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.

With only fourteen days of the war remaining, Crook managed to fight four battles, Dinwiddie Courthouse, Jetersville, Sailors Creek, and Farmville, and it was Crook's cavalry that held Lee on the 9th of April, when the advance of the infantry convinced him that his case was hopeless, and he surrendered to Grant. Crook's success started at Lewisburg and it carried him through to Appomattox.

It took more than the rugged mountains to awe Crook. He was the Gray Fox of the West. And nowhere did he have more friends and admirers than those who lived along the Midland Trail.

CHAPTER X

The Mouth of the Guyandotte River and the Trail to that point from the Mouth of Coal River.

The Midland Trail was an Indian trail and not a buffalo trail. No record of any kind is extant of seeing a herd of buffaloes in the wooded slopes of West Virginia. There were many cases of solitary wood buffalo, but they differed materially from the grass-eating buffalo of the plains, and they were solitary and not gregarious. The wood buffalo did not travel all over the country. They stayed where they were put.

The old Indian trail followed the Great Kanawha to its mouth, and across the Ohio River, and that is the line of travel that General Andrew Lewis's army took in 1774, in Dunmore's War.

When the white men occupied the country and it became expedient to connect Richmond and Staunton with the traffic on the Ohio River, there was a change made in the line of travel at a very early date.

The Indian trail was followed to the mouth of Coal River, at St. Albans, on the two thousand-acre Washington survey, and there the road branches off to the south to reach the Ohio River at the mouth of the Guyan River, and that is the way that State Highway No. 3, the Midland Trail, follows.

The road began at the important town of Guyandotte and reached the top of Allegheny Mountain at the pass near White Sulphur Springs. It is hard to say when this became the great highway, but it must have been as far back at 1800. There was every reason for taking the near cut through the hills to the Kanawha River at the mouth of Coal River. It was only about forty miles. For the boats down the river there were two great highways in the north, the Braddock road, and the Pennsylvania road. But for the boats poled laboriously up the Ohio River against the current, the deep inlet formed by the Guyan River, formed a most tempting and convenient place to branch off and use the great canyon of the New River, where the mountains were rent in twain, and which led to the metropolis of Richmond, and to the sea.

A great traffic was maintained on this road long before the James River and Kanawha Turnpike was incorporated. Guyandotte and Wheeling were the two principal towns on the Ohio in Western Virginia, handling the river travel and freight. It was this transportation problem that led to the founding of those ancient towns, Barboursville and Guyandotte, and to the formation of the county of Cabell, in 1809. William H. Cabell was governor of Virginia and the new county was named in his honor.

The first court was organized when Judge Coalter arrived at Barboursville one day, soon after the formation of the county. Barboursville was the first county seat. He reported that there was considerable debate and opposition to his mission, on the grounds that the inhabitants were of a mind to try to get along without a court or grand jury, and that they did not want any protection of that kind. But Judge Coalter proceeded to organize a court. This Judge Coalter was the Staunton attorney. He

was born in Rockbridge County and was a judge of the general court and afterwards a member of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia.

Edmund Morris was appointed clerk of the Cabell court and James Wilson, prosecuting attorney. Lawyers qualified to practice were David Cartmill, Henry Hunter, William H. Cavendish, John Mathews, Ballard Smith, Lewis Summers, and Sylvester Woodward, afterwards attorney general of the State of New York.

A hundred years ago, Guyandotte could not compare with the metropolis of Wheeling in size but it was its rival so far as an inland port was concerned. It had about eight hundred people as compared to Wheeling's five thousand, but it was the route that many chose for goods or travel who came out of the west headed to Richmond and the ports on the Atlantic Ocean.

The sign in which Cabell County conquers is transportation from the first. About fifty-odd years ago, the great railroad builder, C. P. Huntington, came by and he was intent on joining Cincinnati and Richmond by means of a railroad, with a side service to New York, and he picked out Cabell County as the spot for the halfway place, and that carried along the plan of making Wheeling and Guyandotte the two most important West Virginia towns on the Ohio River.

Guyandotte did not know what luck had come to her, for the place that Huntington took for the town of his name was miles away from the town of Guyandotte, but the time has come when the city has reached out and included that town in its improvements and is on its way to absorb Barboursville, and right the ancient wrong of taking the courthouse away from that ancient town.

We have five or six big cities in West Virginia but all of them except Huntington are old and go back to the days of Cornstalk, but Huntington only goes back to the days of Jesse James, and the good Queen Victoria. There on some broad level lands on the banks of the Ohio River so high that it fears no flood, the great railroad man Huntington, said there was to be a city, and after a time it grew so fast that it took in Guyandotte with its brick work and paved streets, and that in a way is the oldest part of Huntington. And the wayfarer should note that Guyandotte stood on its dignity, and advanced no part of the way to join up with Huntington. She waited in all calmness and dignity for Huntington to come and get her and envelop her with city improvements.

Jesse James was a great outlaw in the days gone by, some fifty years ago. He was a sort of Rob Roy and Robin Hood and Jack Cade combined. They used to sell his life in the shape of a subscription book. I can well remember how disappointed we children were when our minister father refused to subscribe to the life of Jesse James as represented by a book agent. They say that Jesse James ravaged as far east as Huntington, and that a robbery in Huntington was actually his farthest east. Last summer at Princeton, I ran on a tradition that one day Jesse James came there to consider the advisability of robbing a bank that stood there in what was a very small village then, and that having partaken of the hospitality of the president of the bank, he stayed his hand, and left it undisturbed.

In those days, Jesse James was a great lawbreaker and hero, but he would not amount to much in this day of bootleggers and other evils. He specialized in robbing banks, and he would ride up and get a bag full of money and ride away, but he would find his occupation gone if he lived today, and he would probably have to hold up a truck load of liquor or something like that if he had to make a living for his family.

Cabell (Kabble) County was formed in 1809, from Kanawha. It was at the time that William H. Cabell was governor of Virginia, hence the name. It was a fine large county to begin with. It ran from Mason to Giles, and with Giles and Tazewell to Tug River, and with Tug River to the Ohio River and up the Ohio River to the Mason County line. Wayne, Lincoln, Mingo, Wyoming, and other counties have reduced it to its present boundaries, but with it all it has kept the old road and the brightest jewel, the city of Huntington.

There seems to be no West Virginia historian who has called attention to the part that the port of Guyandotte and the road to the mouth of Coal River and to the Kanawha River have played in the development of southern West Virginia, which, much to the mystification of the great northwest, turned up a short time ago with more than half the people of the State.

So far as I know, it was Professor Brown, of the University, the geologist, who traced strata of the earth and took note of the way the streams ran, and how the land lay, who announced some thirty-odd years ago that Huntington was destined to be the big city on the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh.

First the flat boats poled up the river from as far south as New Orleans and found a harbor in the still water between the high banks of the Guyan River where it entered the Ohio, and later steamboats followed the same course, to connect with the carry-across the Appalachians, by way of the great watering place, the White Sulphur Springs.

Huntington is the big Victorian city of West Virginia. It grew without noise, fuss, or confusion until the time is near at hand if not already come when it can claim its six figures in population. Many of us who belong to the Victorian age are inclined to think that the world reached the high point of valor and endeavor during those halcyon years, and that the great events of the twentieth century are builded on the sure foundation of those years, of the good queen, who kept the noiseless tenor of her way and reigned for sixty-four years. The gentle lady who as the old Irishman said had shown interest in but one piece of music in her life, when the tune was traced down and discovered it was found to be "Come where the booze is cheaper."

But with all the overwhelming bigness of Huntington, Cabell is an important farming county, having still some two thousand farms.

Thomas Hannon was the first settler. He moved from Botetourt County in the year 1796, and settled up near the Mason County line, on what was called Green Bottom. Shortly after, Thomas Buffington settled at the mouth of the Guyan River.

The earliest reference that I find to Guyandotte River is in the journal of Floyd's surveying party who made camp at the mouth of the Great Giandot on the 27th day of April, 1774. The party was at that place

thirty-seven strong, having joined some other parties of surveyors. While in camp there four Delaware Indian men with fourteen squaws and some children came to the camp and told them that there was a party of about fifty Indians on the River below them. They stopped over on the 28th of April on account of rain and proceeded to the Big Sandy on the 29th. And Nicholas Cresswell notes in his journal that on the 10th day of May, 1775, that he passed the mouth of Giandot Creek coming in from the east. These journals both show that the stream had been named previous to the times, and that the name was in common use and intelligible to the people of that day and time. In 1756, almost twenty years before, Gen. Andrew Lewis marched an army of 418 men to the mouth of the Big Sandy River, a few miles below the mouth of the Guyandotte, and had marched across the headwaters of that stream from the place that he left New River. Either that or around the headwaters.

The first congressmen elected in western Virginia after the secession movement were: William G. Brown, Jacob B. Blair, and Kellian V. Whaley. These men served in place of the seceding members. They were electd in 1861. Congressman Whaley was commissioned a major by Governor Pierpont and authorized to recruit a regiment. Major Whaley made his headquarters at Guyandotte and up to November 10, 1861, had enlisted about 150 men. On that date a Confederate force under Jenkins and Clarkson of twelve hundred men made a raid on Guyandotte, and captured Major Whaley and a number of his men.

It was not much of a battle. There was some firing but no one hit. Major Whaley was firing a rifle but a soldier overpowered him and commenced talking about killing the damned abolitionist, but Col. Clarkson, of the Confederacy, rode up and told the soldiers to behave themselves, and that Major Whaley was a brave man and was to be well treated. The Confederates then moved rapidly towards Barboursville, where there were other prisoners and the whole command went on a forced march and landed about Chapmanville, in Logan County. The distinguished prisoner thought they marched about forty miles that day. The prisoners had to walk at first but later they were taken up behind soldiers on the horses.

During the day a messenger overtook the cavalry and reported that Col. Zeigler, of the Union Army, had taken Confederates prisoners and burned the town of Guyandotte.

By night, Major Whaley was turned over to Captain Witcher's command, and placed under guard of eight men in a house. He woke about three in the morning and found that all the soldiers were asleep. He took Witcher's hat and his own shoes, and stepped outside, ran to the Guyandotte River and swam across. He had gone about a mile when he heard the firing of guns announcing his escape.

He climbed a mountain by daybreak. He stayed all that day in a thicket of redbrush, walking most of the time in a path to and fro to keep from freezing. He had no coat and a cold wind was blowing.

When night came he started down the valley and in about two miles came on a camp of Confederate soldiers. He took to the hilltops. Next day on Harts Creek he came to a place inhabited by a family named Adkins. Here he got a boy to guide him to Keysers Creek for two

dollars. Arriving at Keysers Creek he found that he had but twenty-five cents, as all the rest of his money had been taken from him. He gave the twenty-five cents to Adkins and his shoes and took an old pair of moccasins the boy had worn. Whaley went on down the creek and barely escaped capture. He laid down behind a rail fence and a Confederate troop passed within six feet of him. He had been thirty-six hours without food. He went to the nearest house but could not get anything to eat. He offered the man five hundred dollars to guide him to the house of Absolom Queen. The man was a Union man but he refused from fear of the Confederates. He gave Whaley a blanket and told him how to find the Queen place.

When the got to Queen's he found a Union home guard of twenty men, and at last got something to eat.

Queen and eleven of his men then took Whaley, traveling only by night, to the Tug Fork of the Big Sandy River. They crossed over into Kentucky and stopped at the house of Roland Sammon. At night they floated in a boat down to the forks of the Big Sandy where they found about midnight the regiment of Col. Laban Moore, of Kentucky, also a member of Congress, and from there they went on to the mouth of the Big Sandy, where they were safe and were received with great rejoicing.

Whaley presented to each of Queen's men an Enfield rifle and a thousand rounds of ammunition and a lot of store goods. Absolom Queen was a veteran of the War of 1812.

The present limits of Cabell County were free from Indian raids, for the reason there were no inhabitants, but there was trouble along the border of the county as originally laid out. There was an Indian war road up the Big Sandy and the Tug rivers, on the line between Kentucky and Virginia, and over to the Blue Stone and the Roanoke settlements, that was used after the settlements in the Greenbrier Valley had blocked the Midland Trail to the Indians. Much of the trouble in the year 1774, in the summer, was occasioned by what James Robertson called the little straggling parties that came east on the Big Sandy route and killed the pioneers in their cabins. I think it was the road most used by the Mingoes that summer when Logan set out to kill and torture at least one hundred and twenty white persons, in revenge for the Yellow Creek battle.

There is one thing about Cabell County that I have always wanted to find out about, but nobody seems to know anything about it that I ask. It was reported over a hundred years ago that there was the distinct outline of an important prehistoric city, about eighteen miles up the river above the mouth of the Guyandotte on what was called Green Bottom. I understand, too, that the land was exceedingly rich and valuable and that the signs of the city were disappearing before the careful farming and improving that was being carried on.

It was said that this city had a frontage on the Ohio River of about half a mile, and that the streets were laid out in regular form so as to form a city with streets of about a hundred and sixty acres. The signs show that it was compactly built and that it was in most respects like the cities found in Central America which indicate a civilization whose other records have been lost in the passage of time.

The big mound farther up the Ohio at Moundsville, is another instance of this ancient people. The labor required to build some of these prehistoric mounds is comparable to the work that it took to erect the pyramids of Egypt.

If the place on Green Bottom was one of the ancient cities it is probably the one farthest north that has been discovered, as these are found in the southern part of the continent, as a general rule.

Cabell County is but a remnant so far as acreage is concerned, of what it was in the beginning, but it kept the tote road, that is now the Midland Trail, and the place where the big city, inconceivably fine and great, was to be built, so that she hardly misses the land that went to make up the rich counties carved out of her original boundary. Cabell is richer than ever.

One more thing. Cabell County was the point farthest north that wild cane grew in the United States, though it has long since disappeared owing to the importation of domestic cattle.

CHAPTER XI

How General William H. Powell won the Congressional Medal at Sinking Creek in the Civil War.

This story is not intended for the Midland Trail series, but it got back there of its own accord, and it belongs to that place in the west of Greenbrier County, where there is a sign "Sinking Creek."

This history business is like tracking game in the woods. One impression among many others on a game trail may cause the hunter to pause and examine it and decide that there is big game afoot, that will be worth while to follow.

And there is another way to put it. In a distant county last summer I saw an aged lawyer and passed the time of day with him, and inquired how everything was with him. And he said that he was like the rest of his profession and subsisted on the crumbs that fell from the rich men's tables.

In making up these chapters on West Virginia history, we have to depend upon fragmentary evidence and use the little odds and ends that have been preserved. It will not be that way in the future about the events that are happening every day, for there is a sufficient number of presses running in West Virginia to perpetuate them, but it is a question whether they will have the appeal that the traditions of a more primitive people have for their descendants.

What put me on inquiry in this instance was a medal awarded by Congress with this inscription: "The Congress to General William H. Powell, and 2nd West Virginia Cavalry Volunteers, Sinking Creek, Virginia, November 26, 1862."

I had heard of Powell and knew that the 2nd was one of the biggest regiments of West Virginia, with the longest continued service of any

troops of the Mountain State but I had never heard of any Sinking Creek affair and I went on a cold trail in an effort to run it down.

As I read the record the first name that it had was the 2nd Regiment Loyal Virginia Calvary which was the name when Governor Pierpont accepted their services in 1861 and mustered them in. Then after the State of West Virginia had been created and ratified by an act of Congress, the name was changed to the 2nd West Virginia Cavalry Volunteers. And if I am not very much mistaken it was a different regiment serving under the name of the Second West Virginia Mounted Infantry at Droop Mountain battle. That was the regiment that old soldiers say flinched on its way up Droop Mountain in a galling fire from Confederate riflemen, and were boosted back into line by the Tenth West Virginia Volunteer Infantry, under General T. M. Harris. They topped the mountain and were in at the victory, but that is only whispered, and there is no doubt that they reached the top and did all that was required of them.

The Second West Virginia Cavalry were mustered into service at Parkersburg and for four years were busy practically all of the time on Virginia soil. The first winter saw them with Col. James A. Garfield in Kentucky. They were here, there, and everywhere in the mountains.

In 1862, Lightburn commanded the Kanawha Division, with headquarters at Charleston, and on September 13, 1862, artillery was placed on the south side of the Kanawha, by the Confederates, and all day long the Federal Army was bombarded. Lightburn moved out with all bags and baggage from Charleston and never rested until he had nearly all of his army in Ohio. It was not on account of the cannonade, but because there was word that Loring was advancing with a vastly superior force against him.

The Second always prided itself on the fact that it did not quite cross the Ohio River. This was the occasion that Loring of the Confederates marched his army east and Lightburn marched his army west, each day widening the gap between them. Both thought discussion was the better part of valor and did not fight. When Loring got to Lewisburg, Echols took over his command and hurried the army back over the Midland Trail, but in the meantime the Federals came back and never after that gave up the Kanawha Valley. Loring's move is supposed to have been caused by an order from Richmond to come there, and that Loring thought it was an order to bring his army, when the order meant for Loring to report in person and leave his army to hold Charleston.

The Second had three colonels during its fighting years. Colonel William Bolles resigned June 25, 1862. Colonel John C. Paxton served nearly a year with signal success, but when he fell in with Edgar's Battalion on the Midland Trail near Tuckwiler Hill and lost a fight he was dismissed from the service May 7, 1863. And on May 18, Colonel William H. Powell was promoted and took the regiment over until October 19, 1864, when he was promoted to brigadier general. He was the hero of the regiment.

He was born in Wales and at the age of five years was brought to the United States. The family lived in Tennessee and Powell took up the profession of mechanical engineer and at the age of twenty-five years

he was employed to superintend the erection of a large plant near Wheeling known as the Benwood Iron and Nail Works, and from that time until the breaking out of the Civil War, found him engaged in some capacity or other in iron works in the Ohio River towns along the western border of Virginia.

In 1861, he recruited a company attached to and made a part of the Second, with Powell with the rank of captain. From the very first he made good as a commanding officer. He was promoted to major the first year of the war. The second year to lieutenant colonel. The third year to colonel. The fourth year to general. He was a steady fighter.

In 1863 he was captured at Wytheville, and he was confined in Libby Prison for thirty-seven days. Libby Prison was no first-class boarding house at the best and it is said that Col. Powell was given cruel and unusual treatment, even for that noted resort. It is said that he was confined in a cell in the basement, and that in that cell was no bed or bunk. The only food was corn bread, and his water supply was limited to one bucketful a week which was delivered to him in his dungeon on Sunday mornings. This had to last a week for drinking and washing. It soon became apparent that the Federal government was anxious to get him back and made many efforts to exchange him which were without avail until they offered Col. Richard Henry Lee, who was at Johnson Island, and that offer was accepted, and the exchange was effected. He was given a great reception by the people of Ironton, who presented him with a gold watch, a horse and equipment, a sword, and two revolvers.

In browsing through the dispatches printed in some one hundred and thirty-nine great volumes by the government, I think I ran on the reason that Powell had such a hard time at Libby. There was a dispatch from the Confederate general, Sam Jones, notifying the war office at Richmond not to exchange Powell for the reason that a soldier had informed the general that Powell had made an assault upon the soldier without cause, and that Powell was a dangerous man. Putting these things together it is a reasonable conjecture that there were special instructions issued both as to his exchange and treatment.

And as I searched through the records I came on some allusions to Sinking Creek and it became apparent that it was in sight of Cold Knob. Now Cold Knob is one of the high points in West Virginia mountains, and at first I could not tell whether it was on the Nicholas County side or in Greenbrier, but it must be in Greenbrier for there is where the big lime is and there is where the streams find the underground passages that cause them to be called sinking creeks.

About that time I had a business trip to make to Greenbrier County to have a conference with a lady who wanted to borrow enough to pay all her debts, and there I had no trouble to locate Sinking Creek. It heads in the forests to the southwest of Cold Knob, between the post office of Trout Valley and the town of Williamsburg, in what is called Sinking Creek Valley. It flows about half a mile west of Williamsburg, and about a mile farther down it passes under a natural bridge. It sinks at the Midland Trail on the Dick Watts farm about twelve miles west of Lewisburg. It comes to the surface again at Pierces Mill and empties into Muddy Creek which flows into Greenbrier River near Alderson.

Lightburn was criticized for abandoning the Kanawha Valley and he was relieved by General Gilmore, who assembled the army at Point Pleasant, and in a few days General Milroy took over the command, and a few days after that, General Cox came and made up the army and marched them back to Charleston.

Here he prepared to go into winter quarters and the Second was ordered into winter quarters at Fort Piatt twelve miles up the Kanawha River east of Charleston. This was in the last week in October, 1862. Then Crook took them over.

On November 23, 1862, the Gray Fox issued his special order at Charleston, to Col. John C. Paxton, commanding the Second Loyal Virginia Cavalry, to take all his serviceable men on the 24th to Cold Knob, in Greenbrier County, by the way of the Summersville and Lewisburg turnpike, leaving the Kanawha River at Cannelton. On Cold Knob they would overtake Col. P. H. McLane, commanding the Eleventh Ohio Infantry, which had been ordered to that point to reinforce the Second. From that position they were to proceed against the Fourteenth Rebel Virginia Cavalry in winter quarters in Sinking Creek Valley recruiting. Break up the organization if possible.

The Second must have been in prime condition both as to horses and men for they left early in the morning and rode through to Summersville, a distance of sixty miles, over rough roads by supper time. That night they camped at Summersville. They broke camp early on the morning of the 25th and rode towards Cold Knob, when it came on to snow and it was the beginning of one of the biggest snow storms ever in these mountains. The regiment was riding towards the uplands and the farther it went the worse the storm came on. In the smother of the storm they came upon a squad of Confederate cavalry and invited them to accompany them, which invitation was accepted. About mid afternoon somewhere in the tall timbers they halted to eat a bite and feed their horses and regard the blinding snow storm. Taking to the road again they forged ahead and somewhere between Summersville and the top of the mountain they made a bivouac for the night and got what comfort they could in the open in a snow storm. The next morning they broke the road and got to the top of a mountain. Now Cold Knob proper is a pinnacle in the Appalachians 4,318 feet high set opposite Grassy Knob, which is 4,390 feet. Between these two knobs the road tops the upland and passes them. These knobs form the gateway where the road begins to descend into Trout Valley, but to the west the road maintains its average altitude of four thousand feet for many miles. The man who goes over it first naturally expects a road that climbs a mountain to descend on the other side, but this is not so of the road between the railway station at Renick and the city of Richwood. About half the way between those points is in the clouds and the road followed one crest after another, until the weary and perplexed stranger to the route begins to think that he has traveled a hundred miles on the ridgepole of the world.

In the summer time it is a pleasure to dwell in these highlands. There the traveler feels the exhilaration of height. A man who has never been four thousand feet up in the air is in the position of one who has never

really breathed. But in the winter in a two-foot snow it is very different and very terrifying. It is no fit place to take your pleasure.

Colonel McLane's infantry had duly arrived and had been loitering along the primrose path of dalliance among the splendid cold springs of that high level. But when it came on to snow so fast and furious and the snow got so deep under foot, McLane decided to call the expedition off and they gathered their belongings together and as the Second with its fine horses and gallant men topped the rise, they met the Ohio troops going out and as they were allowed to depart in peace it is easy to be seen that the expedition was postponed until more suitable weather. The official dispatches do not read that way. Col. Paxton makes it appear that he allowed the Ohio troops to return to the lowlands, while the Second went on to give battle to the army. But it is safe to say that this report was not written until after Powell and his squad had pulled off their psychological exploit and had received the surrender of the Confederate regiment.

There are some things that do not fit in together. It is certain that a squad of twenty-two men took the Confederate regiment and came back with as many as twenty-two could drive without losing any. But I will never believe that the commander of the Second Regiment had any intention of attacking the Confederate's camp in the lowlands until after the Cold Knob road was open and free from snow. Technically the Second certainly did overcome and take prisoners the Fourteenth Virginia Confederates, but the Ohio regiment had been sent back to Summersville, and ninety per cent of the Second never did get near the camp of the Confederates. So handicapped was the squad that out of upwards of a thousand men that they surrounded, they got back to their regiment with but one hundred and eleven, as the official dispatch puts it. It does not say anything about the hundreds that simply spilled out of the hands of those twenty-two soldiers who had taken more prisoners than they could drive up the mountain towards a Federal prison.

I asked a lot of people in Greenbrier County about the Sinking Creek affair and I did not find but one person who had any knowledge of the occurrence, and that was James McClung, who pays attention to history. "Yes," he said, "they captured Uncle Sam Tyree there that day but he escaped." And I really think that about four-fifths of the prisoners either walked away or were excused.

It appears that while the Second lingered on the dreadful miles that lie along the top, that Major Wm. H. Powell and Lieutenant Jeremiah Davidson and twenty men rode on to the end of the road to the place where it pitches over the side lying next to the Greenbrier River. From this point the road descends rapidly until the fringe of the timber is reached, and from there a magnificent view of the Sinking Creek Valley on one hand is to be had, while on the other side and immediately before the observer lies the equally beautiful Trout Valley. These valleys in the summer time with their rich blue grass farms present a very lovely landscape view. The traveler on the Seneca Trail passing through Frankfort does not realize that beyond the hills to the west such peerless valleys exist. And they have a high altitude of twenty-five hundred

feet and more, and frost is no joking matter there any time in the summer.

While the blue-clad soldiers sat on their horses and gazed at the camp of their enemies silent upon the peaks of West Augusta, Powell spoke up and made a dare-devil proposition, that if the men agreed, they would simply ride down to that camp and arrest every one of the Confederate soldiers.

They were many miles from their command. The snow was deep and the day was bitterly cold. As they watched they saw two Confederate scouts pass beneath them and ride into the camp, slow and deliberate, showing that there was no intimation that the camp was about to be attacked.

Something went through that body of men that caused them to agree to Powell's proposition and the little squad came out of the timber and rode into camp, and when they had arrived there they called for the head man and assured him that if the Fourteenth would submit to superior force and surrender, they would be treated with consideration, and their lives spared, and that they would be protected from all harm and injury. And just as the sheriff in the play induces the bad men to give up their guns, so did the Fourteenth lay down its arms and agree to go home with the Federal troops.

I looked for a long time to find a report from the Confederate commanding officer concerning this act of more than Christian humility, but not a word could I find anywhere, and I wonder if any report ever did go into Richmond about it.

And I could see a glimmer of light as to what happened when the twenty-two soldiers tried to round up a regiment and drive them up the mountain. Right then is where the private soldier in the long line would take to the brush and make his way to the Big Levels of Greenbrier County where practically every home was supporting the southern cause. And that is the reason that by the time they joined the main command, but a hundred and eleven prisoners remained of the great herd they had started with.

The Gray Fox appreciated it, and from that time on Powell's advancement was rapid, and the Gray Fox did not forget the day. In 1889 when he had attained the rank of major general in the army, and was about ready to depart from this world, he wrote to Congress about it and Congress had the medal struck, and given to General Powell who had moved to Indiana and was still making iron. Crook said that he regarded the Sinking Creek bloodless battle as one of the most daring, brilliant, and successful expeditions of the whole war.

Years after Owen Wister wrote a story called "The General's Bluff," about a similar victory won by the Gray Fox with a handful of men against a great force of Indians.

CHAPTER XII

The Town of Ansted the Burial Place of Stonewall Jackson's Mother. One of the Notable Women of the Virginias.

The town of Ansted, Fayette County, lies in the curve of the road on the Midland Trail, on the brink of the New River canyon, close to the Hawk's Nest. It has been touched with the evidences of wealth that have come to the rich coal fields in the last two generations, but it has been able to keep to a greater extent than many of these poor little rich towns, that background of ancient worth and greatness, retaining some of the charm of a less complex civilization.

One of the things that is mentioned often by the visitors and tourists is that here is the last resting place of Julia Beckwith Neale, the mother of Stonewall Jackson.

In the well kept Westlake Cemetery on the hill, the grave may be seen. It is easily identified by a tablet on the railing around the grave, and the neat monument bearing the following inscription:

Here lies
Julia Beckwith Neale,
Born
February 28, 1798,
in Loudon Co., Va.
Married first
Jonathan Jackson
Second
Blake B. Woodson
Died September, 1831,
To the Mother of Stonewall
Jackson, this tribute from
one of his old brigade.

It seems that this monument was erected at an opportune time, for if it had been allowed to go much longer the place would have been hard to locate.* As it was, there were a number of living witnesses to the place. Especially is this true of Mrs. Elizabeth Singleton Hamilton, the grandmother of Mrs. W. H. Evans, who was a near neighbor of the Mrs. Woodson, who nursed her in her last illness, and who prepared her body for burial.

The time has come when there ought to be another line in the inscription and that is the name of the soldier whose thoughtfulness has helped so much to enshrine the memory of this noted American woman in the hearts of her countrymen and that name should be Captain Thomas R.

* Captain Ranson caused the stone to be erected many years after the conclusion of the Civil War; about 1906, if a letter from the donor is to be taken as correctly placing the date. General Jackson had some doubt as to the exact location of his mother's grave. In August, 1855, he made a journey to Ansted for the purpose of locating the grave and causing a suitable stone to be erected; later he wrote his aunt, Mrs. Alfred Neale, of Parkersburg: "The gentleman with whom I put up was at my mother's burial and accompanied me to the cemetery for the purpose of pointing out her grave to me but I am not certain that he found it."—B. B. S.

Ranson, of Staunton, Virginia. Captain Ranson was one of the finest gentlemen who ever lived, and this act is very like him.

I belong to the school of thought who believe that all great men owe their mentality including their immortal souls to their maternal ancestor. If you would know what makes a man great look for the woman. And the hic jacet of this country graveyard is best exemplified by Gray's Elegy. "Full many a gem, of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear; full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air."

There are two inseparable things, a great man and his mother. And that may not mean heredity so much as it may mean the first six years of a child's life passed in the association of a wise and brilliant woman.

The life of Julia Beckwith Neale does not sound like a happy one. Dead at the age of thirty-three years, twice married, with four children.

George Neale, an uncle of Mrs. Jackson, was an important citizen of Wood County, a county that was formed in 1799, about the time he moved there. Blennerhassett made his purchase of half of the island in 1798, and as George Neale spent the rest of his life in Wood County, there can be little doubt that he was there during the Aaron Burr excitement when that politician was mustering his forces to occupy lands down the river and was putting the come hither on the Blennerhassets. An indignation meeting was held at the courthouse of Wood County on account of the warlike preparations that Burr was making and it is apparent that the county was highly suspicious of the expedition. This meeting was in October, 1806, and on the strength of it three companies of militia volunteered and were organized to oppose the movement. This was probably caused by the effort made to recruit the citizens of Wood County to join the expedition down the river with the promise of a part of Burr's 80,000 acres of land, the men to be young, amenable to discipline, and each to bring a rifle and a blanket.

This action broke up the expedition and Burr and Blennerhassett being arrested and tried at Richmond came out of the trial broke. Blennerhassett came back after a year and found his fine estate ruined, his slaves gone, and his stock driven off, and his house wrecked. He left his estate in the hands of Col. Nathaniel Cushing on a rental contract, and shortly after notes of Aaron Burr indorsed by Herman Blennerhassett showed up in the courts and the property was sold. The first to purchase the island was John S. Lewis, a merchant of Philadelphia, and the property passed into the hands of George Neale, Sr., whose wife was a Lewis.

Julia was eight years old at the date of the Burr episode which shook Wood County and caused it to rise on the side of the United States. In 1820, she was twenty-two years old and was married that year to a young lawyer by the name of Jonathan Jackson. These Jacksons who have played such a large part in winning the west and holding it are all descended from one John Jackson, of Ulster, who emigrated to this country some time before the Revolution. He met a girl on board ship by the name of Elizabeth Cummins, and they were married and founded the Jackson family so closely identified with the history of West Vir-

ginia. They had a lot of children—George, Edward, John, Samuel, Henry, Elizabeth, Mary and Sophia.

John Jackson was one of the earliest settlers of the Tygarts Valley River, arriving there with his sons, George and Edward, in 1768, and following the Pringles on the Buckhannon River. He took up land at the mouth of Turkey Run on Buckhannon River, where the Pringles had sheltered the winter before in a hollow sycamore tree. His place was sometimes called Fort Jackson, but he was also one of the settlers who sheltered in the fort at Buckhannon. On one occasion, in 1781, just after the Tygarts Valley massacre, he and his son George were returning from their farm at Fort Buckhannon, when they were ambushed and shot at by Indians. George fired a shot at one Indian peeping around behind a tree.

George Jackson was a very prominent man and was a colonel of the militia. His son was Gen. John G. Jackson who married in the White House, Mary Payne, a sister of Dolly Madison, the wife of the President. His son was Gen. John J. Jackson, of Parkersburg, who appeared at Wheeling as one of the convention looking forward to forming the State of West Virginia. He was the delegate that thought they ought to put off decisive action until fall and all go home. It was corn planting time. His sons were Judges John J. Jackson, James Monroe Jackson and Governor Jacob Beeson Jackson.

Edward Jackson, the grandfather of Stonewall Jackson, married a Miss Hadden. He set up his plantation on the West Fork in Lewis County below Weston and close to Jane Lew. Here he established a noted mill and it is on this farm that the Four-H state camp for boys and girls is located. Edward Jackson was a surveyor, miller, and millwright. He represented Harrison and Lewis counties in the Legislature.

One of his sons was Jonathan Jackson who married Julia Beckwith Neale. In 1820, the year of his marriage, he commenced the practice of law in Clarksburg, and in four years the young couple were the parents of four children, the youngest being Stonewall Jackson, born January 21, 1824. In 1826, there was much sickness in the family, and Jonathan Jackson fell sick while nursing his sick children, and died. The family were left unprovided for. The mother kept school for three years in Clarksburg, but some notes which her husband had indorsed had to be paid and the family were sold out and the home went. This was in 1830. In that year the widow married Blake B. Woodson who was as poor as herself. He was a citizen of Lewis County. The newly married couple determined to go to the New River country. Woodson had a brother who lived on the James River and Kanawha Turnpike at Lewisburg, and Blake B. Woodson went farther west and made a home at Ansted. This home was poor enough no doubt, but Julia lived but a year or so after arriving there.

Before leaving the northwest she had left her children with her first husband's people.

Shortly after settling in Ansted, Julia fell a victim to tuberculosis from which she died on September 4, 1831. But before her death she was able to have her youngest son, Stonewall, with her, and there is no doubt of the truth of the tradition that Stonewall Jackson as a child played with the children at Ansted.

When the day of her funeral occurred, the minister was Rev. John McElhenny, the famous Presbyterian pastor of the Old Stone Church at Lewisburg, whose parish extended from the head of Greenbrier River to the mouth of the Kanawha.

There is a traidition that on the day of the funeral President Andrew Jackson was passing through Ansted and stopped and attended the services.* There is no reason for doubting the truth of this tradition. It was on the road that the President traveled to and from Tennessee, and the act is characteristic of the man. Fayette County was formed that same year, 1831, and Blake B. Woodson was made the first clerk of Fayette County.

These are then the short and simple annals of Julia Beckwith Neale, but those crowded years were full of sorrow and suffering. She departed this life not knowing that one of her children would be a man known throughout the whole world. Each year adds new lustre to his name. But for this son the name of the poor suffering woman who was acquainted with grief would not be exalted over that of her sisters.

The story of Stonewall Jackson has been often told but I take the liberty to here set down some of the things that I have heard about him that appeal to me very strongly. Whatever may have been the intention of his mother and step father to make a new home for him in the New River country, after his mother's death, his home was at Jackson Mill. Here he lived the outdoor life of the farmer boy, and his schooling was very desultory. He had a spirit of adventure in him that developed at a very early age for he was the original Huckleberry Finn of America. His brother Warren, two years older than Stonewall, and Stonewall himself, aged fourteen and twelve years, respectively, becoming dissatisfied with life on the West Fork, made a raft and floated down the rivers a thousand miles until they came to an island in the Mississippi where they camped a whole winter, and subsisted by cutting wood to sell to steamboats. But both fell sick of malaria. A steamboat captain finding them sick, took pity on them, and sent them home to the mountains of West Virginia.

When his mother left for the New River country, Stonewall was but six years old, and the distance in point of time between the West Fork and New River was farther than the distance between New York and San Francisco. But there is no doubt that the little boy was with his mother before she died, and that it was after her death that he came to live at the mill with Cummins Jackson.

The reason that Stonewall was with his mother is owing to the fact that he was first sent to the house of one of his aunts, and he did not like it there. His uncle-in-law had the reputation for being near, and no doubt the child did not find his surroundings pleasant. Anyway he ran away and showed up at the home of his cousin, the one that married Judge Allen of the Supreme Court of Appeals. The lady was kind to the young runaway but she told him that he ought to go back and stay where he had been placed. He said: "Maybe I ought to go back, but I

* President Andrew Jackson was in Washington at the time of the death of Mrs. Woodson, so there can be no foundation in fact to account for the legend. His presence is proven by letters written on September 5th from Washington and from other records extant.—B. B. S.

am not going to." I wonder sometimes how he found his long, lonesome way to the southern part of the State. But a boy at twelve years who could take his place as a business man on the Mississippi River, would find his way at six years to the home of his mother in the same State without much difficulty.

I do not propose to write a life of Stonewall Jackson. It has been done so often. But I beg leave to write a little about him without going into tedious details. I have often heard my father speak of him. When my father was a student at Washington College, Jackson was an instructor at the Virginia Military Institute, and the two school lots join. They were both Presbyterians, and worked and taught in the same Sunday School, and I have often heard my father speak of being there with him, but I never heard of Stonewall Jackson doing anything unusual or queer. I get the impression that he was a silent man—the kind of a man that it would take the sound of a battle to rouse. He was a praying Presbyterian and a military genius and a brave man.

The boy developed character at a very early age. General Jackson died before I was born, but I have seen and known a good many of his tribe, and I picture him as a powerful man mentally and physically. His grandfather, Edward Jackson, the Indian fighter, was a rugged mountaineer.

John Esten Cooke takes no account of the three long years that Julia Neale Jackson kept her babies under her roof at Clarksburg, tending to four little ones and keeping school. So Cooke makes out that he was constable at sixteen and immediately entered West Point, but Cooke's own record shows that Jackson was twenty-two when he graduated, in 1846, just in time to prove his courage and ability in the Mexican War.

Stonewall stayed with his uncle Cummins Jackson, at the mill for upwards of thirteen years, with the exception of the winter on the Mississippi in 1836. He was a hunter and a fisher. There must have been a great many fish in the mill dam in that day and time, for he let it be known that he would take orders for fish to be delivered as wanted in the nearby county seat, the town of Weston.

And just before he went to West Point, he was made a constable of Lewis County by appointment by the county court. About that time he had a chance at an appointment to West Point.

He had two powerful friends at the county seat in Jonathan M. Bennett, Auditor of Virginia, and Judge Matthew Edmiston, then a young attorney who had moved to Weston from Pocahontas County. These two and no doubt many other influential friends put forward the young man's fitness for an appointment to West Point. S. L. Hays, of Gilmer County, represented the district in Congress, and he gave Stonewall the appointment. Congressman Hays was the ancestor of the gentleman of the Tenth Legion, of that name, whom we still elect or defeat as the case may be.

Stonewall fought many battles and always managed to get the decision either by a knockout or on points. He had the country habit of early rising and he and his men knew how to get off quick on either a march or a charge.

His greatest feat was the manner in which he plucked victory from defeat at the first battle of Bull Run. This was near Washington, and the Federal commander had planned a play in the game that was meant to win. Having the Confederates stationed in an area that was to stop the advance of the Federal army, that army marched past them and pivoted on a point, so that the advance was in the shape of a fish hook, so to speak, and as they came marching back on the Confederates on their rear, they were sweeping everything before them, when they came to Jackson's Brigade. Jackson had his men charge in the bend of the hook and broke it in two, and then the Federals were scattered and the rear-guard put out for Washington as fast as they could lay their feet to the ground. Jackson tried to get a chance to march into Washington with them, but there was so much confusion, that the Confederates never got a command to pursue the fleeing army, and the one big chance of capturing the city of Washington was lost. I have often thought that if Jackson had it to do over he would have followed on his own authority. It was in this battle that Gen. Bee just before he fell dead on the battlefield said that Jackson was standing like a Stonewall. This was but half of it. He was like a ford—when he was still he stood, but when he went forward he went with irresistible speed and force.

CHAPTER XIII

The Battle of White Sulphur Springs in the Civil War When Averell Could Not Get Out of the Ravine.

Another article on the Midland Trail. I have written enough already to make a book on that highway and I have made only one round trip over it.

In recounting some of the Civil War activities of this region, it would not do to omit the greatest fight of all, the Battle of White Sulphur Springs, the time the Confederates built a fence across the road and said they should not pass.

On this road there were three battles at Tuckwiler Hill with but one name, and there was one battle at White Sulphur Springs, but it has three names. It has been called variously, Battle of White Sulphur Springs, the Battle of Dry Creek, and Battle of Rocky Gap. It lasted for two days in hot weather and it was a desperate encounter. Both sides had enough of it the first day, but both waited overnight to give the other a chance to withdraw, and when daylight came both armies were facing each other, and the battle was renewed, but the Federals had been getting ready to withdraw and retreat over the crest of the Allegheny Mountain to the east, so they fought for a while, until they could get their wagons loaded, and then they turned and went back the way they had come, fighting rear guard engagements for miles. But presently they came to some fine tall trees that the commander had ordered to be cut almost to the last blow, and as the last blue soldier passed, these trees came thundering down across the road as it lay at the foot of the narrow valley, and closed the road to travel for a day or so. The Federals made good their

escape on that retreat, save only one Pennsylvanian captain and his company. This captain instead of going into the fight where the bullets were falling like hailstones had turned to one side and finding a pleasant cove in which to shelter, he and his men were having a sound sleep when the withdrawing movement occurred. The Federals marched away and the Rebs came on and found the sleeping company and captured them.

And in one of the wagons was another gallant captain who in the excitement of the battle, had drunk too much whiskey, and he had been skidded into a wagon to sober up and wait for a general court martial. And in those wagons were a number of dead soldiers, including Von Koenig and McNally, two gallant officers who had died in the charge at the fence.

In May, 1863, General Averell was given command of the Fourth Separate Brigade in West Virginia, his orders being to sweep the mountain country clear of Confederate partisan rangers. Averell had won his advancement in the Indian wars in the west. He was a native of the State of New York. He had his leg shattered by a bullet in the fighting with the Navajo Indians in the year 1858, that put him on crutches for two years. A study of the tactics used by Averell and Stonewall Jackson will convince you that they were very much alike in their handling of troops, their quick movements, and their unerring judgment. They were both West Point men, and both elders in the Presbyterian Church.

When Averell got his brigade, it first consisted of three regiments of infantry, the Second, Third and Eighth Loyal Virginia, and of the 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and Ewing's and Gibson's batteries of artillery. It will be seen that this made a very fine little army of rifles, sabers and cannon to go rambling through the green valleys of West Virginia in the summer time. The first thing that Averell did was to buy each one of his soldiers a good horse to ride, something no other general in the mountains had thought necessary. It took no time at all to teach his soldiers to ride for every one of them had been raised on the back of a horse.

In the Alleghenies the mountains parallel each other like a lot of potato rows, and Averell could marshal his mobile force in some sweet spot near the Mason and Dixon line, and raid south through the troughs of the Alleghenies, passing from one to the other through the numerous gaps and passages that made the mountain country like a great maze. Averell's men were mountain bred and they took to the excursions that he laid out for them as to the manner born. Where other commanders had made little circles like the rabbit, the army of Averell swung wide like the red fox. A thousand miles was just a pleasure jaunt for the Fourth Brigade.

Averell started to organize his troops about May 16, 1863, and by July first he was ready to commence operations. Note that the Second West Virginia was a different regiment from the Second West Virginia Cavalry.

This was the season that Lee had led his ill-starred armies into Pennsylvania, and suffered his great defeat at Gettysburg, and was extricating himself the best he could by falling back towards the south in the broad valley between the Blue Ridge and the North Mountain. Averell's first work was to march east and watch the passing of the Potomac and to

hang on the flank of Lee's army and thus the month of July was passed, harrying the defeated Confederates. He wound up at Winchester on July 30th, and stayed there until August 5th, in the morning. Then he got ready to go about his work of putting the Confederate armies out of West Virginia.

So Averell went jimmying around with his mobile little army on the Western Waters and it must have been a pleasant experience to ride with Averell.

Leaving Winchester on August 5, 1863, he marched the army over North Mountain and arrived at Wardensville, and the next day to Moorefield on the South Branch of the Potomac, thirty miles farther. On this day they met with Confederates and on the main line of march, Captain von Koenig captured a lieutenant and ten men of Imboden's command. But a company of the Pennsylvania regiment that had been sent on to Moorefield by way of Lost River turned up minus thirteen men who had been taken over by the Confederates. In addition four Federals were wounded and three Confederates killed and five wounded. Averell halted at Moorefield two days and on the 9th he marched on up the river eleven miles to Petersburg. He was short of supplies and he waited here ten days. He was needing horseshoes and nails and ammunition more than anything else. He had thirty-five rounds of ball cartridges to the man and when the ammunition did not come, he decided to go on with what he had, and on the 10th moved his rear thirty miles to Franklin. On the 20th of August he marched twenty-four miles to Monterey at the head of the Potomac destroying the saltpeter works five miles above Franklin.

Court was going on at Monterey and the court was speedily adjourned and the court officers were arrested. Here it was found that Imboden had been in conference with General Sam Jones as to the chance of making an attack on the Federals at Petersburg, and Averell learned here that a Confederate army was strung out on the road to Huntersville for the purpose of intercepting him. The Confederates were advised that it was Averell's objective to reach what we now call the Seneca Trail and to march south on it until the Virginia and Tennessee Railway was reached and to destroy it and return. Therefore the Confederates had been marching north to intercept them, with Col. Jackson sent with a regiment to Back Creek in Bath County to keep them from turning off to attack Staunton.

The troops of the Confederates in Greenbrier County were what was known as the First Brigade, Gen. Echols, but commanded this week by Col. George H. Patton. A part of this brigade was Edgar's Battalion. In addition Gen. William E. Jones had a small force that fell back from Monterey before Averell. The First Brigade marched north on the Seneca Trail to the Little Levels of Pocahontas County.

On the 21st Averell started to Huntersville, and halted his main command at Frost, a distance of about twenty-four miles, while some of his cavalry drove the Confederates down the fertile Knapps Creek Valley until they reached the Northwest Passage or the Narrows between Huntersville and Minnehaha Springs, a gorge in the mountains through which the Marlins Bottom and Warm Springs turnpike passes. Here they took a stand and in that canyon a handful of men might hold an

army. Averell learning about it at Frost, on the 22nd, sent Gibson's Battalion down the Knapps Creek road to make it appear that it led the army. Then Averell with his main army crossed over by the Hill Country road through the Shrader settlement. This is the road that climbs over Michaels Mountain that we used to use when the fords in Knapps Creek were in flood. By this means Averell rode into the deserted village of Huntersville, the then county seat of Pocahontas County, in the rear of the Confederates who were holding the Northwest Passage. A squadron of cavalry under Col. Ohley was sent through the Narrows and found the Confederates retreating towards Warm Springs. They were overtaken at Camp Northwest where there was a rear guard fight as they ran and the fight continued until the Confederates were driven through Rider Gap on top of the Allegheny, the line between the States.

Camp Northwest was the first elaborate camp to be built in the Civil War. It was located on the White farm on the Warm Springs and Marlins Bottom turnpike and there were substantial log buildings and much equipment and a lot of supplies there. The camp was burned on the 22nd day of August, 1863. The commissary buildings, stores, cabins, blacksmith shops, wagons, rifles, and so forth were destroyed, and a large lot of plunder carried away. All the wheat and flour in the mill opposite J. A. Reed's house was also destroyed. That night the Federals camped at Huntersville and waited for two regiments that were marching to join the Fourth Brigade by way of Beverly, Mingo, Marlinton. These were the Second and Tenth Infantry. On the 24th Averell marched his army east 25 miles to Warm Springs, Col. Jackson and Gen. Jones retreating before them to Millboro. Averell rested that night at Warm Springs, and having cleared the county of Pocahontas of three Confederate armies that had been there a few days before, decided to do the same for Greenbrier County and turned his army south and marched by way of Covington to Callahans on the 25th.

To keep Pocahontas County clear he sent back the Tenth West Virginia which went into camp at Marlins Bottom. This Tenth West Virginia which watched at Marlinton during the week of the battle of White Sulphur Springs was probably the most distinctively West Virginian of any regiment organized in the Civil War. It was the regiment of Gen. Thomas M. Harris. At the outbreak of the war General Harris was a practicing physician of Gilmer County, and he canvassed twelve counties and raised this regiment and was commissioned colonel. He served with great distinction throughout the war and it was his command that fired the last shot at Appomattox. After the war he served on the commission that tried the assassins of President Lincoln.

At the time he was in camp on our farms at Marlins Bottom, he had with him his twelve-year-old son, who had a horse of his own and who rode as the mascot of the Tenth Legion. This twelve-year-old boy is none other than the Hon. John T. Harris, the stated clerk of the West Virginia Senate, and the most popular man in West Virginia. It makes no difference as to the political make up of the Senate, he is chosen year after year, and has served in that capacity for thirty-two years, having been elected seventeen times in succession. He remembers all about the green fields edged by the clear running streams at Marlins Bottom and

has planned to come here next year and cover the ground over which his regiment campaigned.

The Echols army having reached the Little Levels and hearing that Averell had cut away to the east through Riders Gap, concluded that he was making a detour to the east in order to come into the Greenbrier Valley at the place that the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway crosses the divide. In this surmise they were eminently correct. So they swung to the east and being mountain men, they found the way to intercept them. They turned and marched to the mouth of Anthonys Creek and across the bridge of the Greenbrier River and came out on the road that leads from Rimel to the White Sulphur Springs, and there marched south with Edgar's Battalion leading. When they reached the junction of the road with the Midland Trail they had sure information of the approach of the Federal army crossing the Allegheny Mountains. The Confederates built a fence across the Midland Trail from hill to hill, using all the fence rails that they could get convenient to that place. It was a strongly built barricade and it held through the two day's fight. The idea was that they should not pass. It was against this fence that charge after charge made by the Federals broke and failed. The Confederates were placed on the hillcrests commanding the barricade and they poured a devastating fire into every charge that was made against the fence. One charge was made with two men on each horse and that failed as the others had failed. I have talked to many men who were in that battle and they never could understand the persistence that the Federal troops showed to break through and charge the infantry posted on the hills. It seemed to them to be unnecessary slaughter.

Averell had moved at four in the morning and it was about nine o'clock that he arrived at the barricade across the road. His march lay through a narrow valley for about four miles from the foot of the mountain and his brigade occupied the road for about that distance. Von Koenig, the Pennsylvanian captain was in the lead, and he met his death in the battle. He was a brave and valuable officer.

The land was cleared and in fields at the forks of the road where the battle was fought. For perhaps a mile of the branch followed by the Midland Trail the land was open forming a narrow valley. There were a number of houses on the battle field.

The town of White Sulphur Springs lies about a mile west of the battle ground and there is a double valley extending north towards Pocahontas County and between the two valleys there is a dividing ridge, at some places approaching the height of a small mountain, and at other places it is worn down to very moderate heights. The Midland Trail at the forks of the road turns to parallel this rampart, and it was on this bulwark facing the barricade across a piece of bottom land that the most of the Confederate riflemen were posted.

The battle the first day commenced at nine in the morning and lasted to seven in the evening. It was the 26th day of August, and a hot, clear, summer day. The most vivid recollection that the Confederates have about it is the thirst that they experienced during that long day. They learned there to chew bullets and bits of gravel to endure the thirst.

The Federals got out their artillery and fired round after round. Their first work was to set fire to the Miller house with shells. Every now and then they would charge the barricade and be driven back. The Federals tried to flank the Confederates but the lay of the ground did not permit any wide encircling movement and whenever the Federals would climb one of the low ranges to get out of the little valley they were in, their movements could be seen and the Confederates would send out a force to meet them on top of the hills and there was nothing gained by that.

Both sides reported that they became short of ammunition. Averell had received a fresh supply of ammunition at Huntersville, and both armies had been moving rapidly and traveling light.

But there was so much powder burned in that long day's work that it is no wonder that the supply ran low.

Averell's hope was that some of the Kanawha Division, under General Scammon would be camping in the western side of Greenbrier County and hearing the cannon would come marching east over the Midland Trail.

Averell said that he had a column of horses four miles long in a narrow gorge and that added to his embarrassment in effecting any manevuer.

I think that there were two fences built across the Midland Trail that day. The Confederates were making a quick march to reach the forks of the road and Edgar's Battalion was in the lead and moving swiftly. When they got to the forks they marched up Dry Creek for about a half mile and built a fence and this was the fence that Captain Von Koenig first ran against in his position leading the Federal army and it is the one that was first charged. After a short time, and when the Confederates had built their much more elaborate stockade out of fence rails down where the valley opened out, the first fence was abandoned, and it was the second barricade that held the enemy.

It will be remembered that hundreds of the soldiers who were in that fight that day were from the Greenbrier Valley and those of us that knew these soldiers after the war have had a great deal of first hand information about that battle, especially about the repeated cavalry charges at the barricade where so many men were killed. And the Confederates always maintained that it was a desperate and useless sacrifice of men, especially the last charge that was made about four o'clock in the afternoon with two men on each horse. It looked to these Confederates who were pouring in the rifle fire that it was a great blunder on the part of some one.

Averell explains this charge by saying it appeared that he could get a part of his army over the low hills to his right so that they could intersect the Anthonys Creek road and march down in the rear of the Confederate position, and that the strategy was to make a desperate charge down the road and engage the attention of the Confederates by an effort to break the barricade, while the movement to the right was attempted. He says that the charge was splendidly made and splendidly supported by Major McNally's force; that they caused about three hundred Confederates to break and run at one point, but they were rallied and brought back by reserves. Averell said that he had issued commands for all the forces on the right to make a drive for the Anthonys Creek road, and that after the cavalry had failed, that he found that there had been no united effort

on the part of those companies to go forward while the charge was on, and that the effort failed. This will explain the reason of all the desperate charges during the day. It was to cover up the efforts made to get men to go to the left and the right in an effort to flank the enemy.

It was a day full of sorrow for Averell. It was his only defeat in some twenty-three engagements that he fought during his command of the Fourth Separate Brigade, but it was his first pitched battle. He lost about 150 killed and the Confederates about 60. Both suffered a large number wounded. The armies slept on the battle field. The next morning found no sign of Gen. Scammon coming from the west and the Confederates were as full of fight as ever, fighting as they did a defensive battle. After two mild demonstrations to cover his movements, Averell withdrew his troops back through the pass of the Allegheny and by way of Jacksons River, and Mountain Grove to Marlins Bottom where he picked up the Tenth and so on to Beverly. About Mingo they found a timber barricade but cut it away and reached Beverly by August 31st.

The battle can be plainly demonstrated upon the ground by anyone who has made a study of the dispatches from both sides, and it is well worth a trip to the White Sulphur Springs to see the lay of the ground and the nature of the contest.

CHAPTER XIV

The Battle of Lewisburg, the Fight That Won for Gen. Crook, the Grey Fox, Speedy Advancement.

They used to call it the James River and Kanawha Turnpike when it was little more than a trail, and when it became a broad highway surfaced and finished like a city avenue, they called it the Midland Trail. But in the Civil War it was in constant use by the contending armies. Most of the time these armies were able to avoid one another. Lewisburg is located in a long hollow place in the hills, and the road tops an eminence on each side. The Lewisburg people got used to the presence of soldiers, and they were accustomed to see the Grays disappear over the hill to the east, and westward look and the land was blue. Or if the Blues went over the western crest the eastern hillside soon was gray.

But once in a while these armies would stand still and fight. I have had a most trying time to get the battle of Tutwiler Hill figured out. A historian in one of the best known histories states that there was such a fight but that it was undecisive, both sides claiming it. I have come to the conclusion that there were at least two fights at Tutwiler Hill, as well as a fight between that hill and Brushy Ridge that many think was the Tutwiler battle, so it is not too much to say that there were three battles.

This hill is in the Richlands, one of the garden places of the State of West Virginia. The first disturbance was when the Second Volunteer Cavalry, West Virginia, was ordered to sweep the Grays out of Lewisburg. They rode with some other troops, and came in the night time.

Col. Edgar of Edgar's Battalion heard of the advance and moved his troops to the top of the hill and disposed of them on the top of that hill and along the rail fences. That was the evening of May 1, 1862. They waylaid the road nearly all night, and he had given the strictest orders not to fire prematurely, but along about the small hours of the night they heard the Blues coming and they approached riding four abreast, talking and laughing and not apprehending any danger. A Confederate Irishman could not wait and fired his gun when the Federals rode up and warned them. In the fire that followed, twelve Federal soldiers were killed and seven wounded. No casualties on the Confederate side. The Federals retired in disorder, and by the breaking of day, a courier arrived under a flag of truce and asked for truce and it was agreed that a cessation of hostilities was to last from 6 a. m. to 11 a. m. This was the morning of May 2nd. Col. Edgar of the 26th, says in his official report that Col. Paxton, the Federal commander took advantage of this truce, granted to take care of the dead and wounded, to extricate his army from danger of capture. He left his surgeon and some men. The Federal surgeon reported to Col Edgar that two men were so badly wounded that they could not be moved had obtained permission to stay at Mr. Tutwiler's and would Col. Edgar kindly lend him a surgeon to help amputate a leg, all of which Col. Edgar agreed to do.

Col. Edgar was a very gallant figure in the war. A native of Monroe and a highly educated gentleman, he went through the war much respected as a commanding officer. He fell badly wounded in the battle of Lewisburg. After the war he was president of a college in Alabama, and was offered the presidency of the University of West Virginia.

That there was a fight on Tutwiler Hill on the morning of the 2nd day of May, 1862, is proved beyond all doubt by the report of Col. Edgar printed in the records of the United States after the war. Now hearken unto the second fight at a place within sight of the first fight ten days after that. Bear in mind that we are talking about the eventful May, 1862, when a batle was staged in Lewisburg.

Just ten days after the first battle of Tuckwiler's Hill, the Second West Virginia Cavalry advanced again. This regiment had been divided into battalions. They joined the 47th Ohio Volunteer Infantry at Gauley Bridge, and marched to Meadow Bluffs in Greenbrier County. They attempted the same thing that Col. Paxton had failed to do, and that was 1862, when a battle was staged in Lewisburg.

Accordingly the cavalry was ordered to proceed during the night of the 11th of May under Major Hoffman and Captain Powell, over the road leading by way of Blue Sulphur Springs and to come into the turnpike at a point west of Lewisburg and between the Tuckwiler Hill and that place. Colonel Elliott marched his infantry along the pike. The orders were to join at daylight on the morning of the 12th of May. Edgar's Battalion and White's cavalry were camped in the fields on the west side of Lewisburg all about the junction of the roads. The two Federal forces arrived at the junction of the roads at the same time. During the night they had captured some Confederate pickets who had informed them of the position of Edgar's troops. Other pickets had escaped and informed Col. Edgar of the approach, and though it was still dark there

was no surprise on either side. The Federal forces charged the Confederate camp and those soldiers scattered and let them through so that no one was hurt in this battle. The Confederates retreated east and Captain Powell was ordered to pursue the rebel cavalry, and this was done with such promptness, that about daylight on that morning the people of Lewisburg were treated to a horse race on Main Street, the Confederate cavalry fleeing before the Federal horsemen. The chase was kept up to within a mile of White Sulphur Springs, and resulted in the capture of a number of prisoners. There was no number mentioned in the accounts that I found.

This was a second battle on the road just west of Lewisburg and there is no doubt about it. The Confederates prevailed in the first battle and the Federal forces in the second. These operations were leading up to a more serious encounter eleven days later.

After the second bout, the Federal forces returned to Meadow Bluffs, and the Confederates naturally gravitated back to Lewisburg, where they occupied the west crest, which belonged to them. It will be remembered that the year before that both Wise and Floyd had left the Kanawha Valley to be occupied by Federal troops, and that on the breaking up of winter, that the Confederate armies were anxious to regain that valley. Salt was manufactured there and it was a prime necessity. And the Federal forces by the same token were on their way to the east to whip Virginia back into the Union.

On the 16th day of May, 1862, Col. Crook, the Gray Fox, arrived at Meadow Bluff with other troops and proceeded to organize a brigade, the 3rd Brigade of the Kanawha Division, with three Ohio regiments and one West Virginia regiment. It has been stated that Crook had drilled his men hard the previous winter and that they were in fine condition. He moved forward quickly and marched through Lewisburg, the Confederates making way for him politely, for Crook had the first hard-boiled army that had as yet appeared on either side. They were winter drilled. They were allowed to march straight through on the pike until they came to Jackson River, and it was then discovered that there were no Confederate armies in that direction to be attacked. The only meat that they got that advance was six Moccasin Ranger captains, and the two officers and twenty-five men captured at Callahan Station. These fell to the Federal army as prisoners.

At Jackson River Crook learned that a Confederate army under Gen. Henry Heth was approaching the Midland Trail at right angles over the road that we now call Seneca Trail. This was the army that had wintered in Mercer County and they were coming to take over the Midland Trail and Kanawha Valley. Their line of march lay through Union and Ronceverte, and Crook saw that in marching east over the Allegheny Mountains that he had left the way open for a Confederate army to march between his brigade and the rest of his division at Charleston and other points west.

So he fell back quickly to Meadow Bluffs, passing through Lewisburg before Heth arrived. Close on his heels followed the Confederate battalion which took up its place on the eastern ridge overlooking Lewisburg.

At that time Lewisburg had a population of about eight hundred per-

sons and was one of the most important towns west of the Allegheny Mountains in Virginia. It had six stores, one newspaper, three churches and one academy. The Supreme Court of Appeals met in regular session there. It had a big brick tavern, and it was about as much like a city as was to be found on the Western Waters.

Henry Heth and George Crook, the leading characters in this campaign had been classmates at West Point. Lewisburg was to prove to be the place of trial by combat between the two trained officers, and was destined to see the defeat and ultimate end of Heth's military advancement, while, Crook was to commence there a military career second to none that was to continue through the Civil War and down to the year 1890, when he departed this life with the rank of major general, and fame that is as everlasting as the hills.

I have one document in my possession that indicates that Heth had arrived at Lewisburg over a month before in person and had looked over the troops at that place, for it is recorded that a delegation of prominent citizens from Pocahontas county had waited on him there and made complaint that while they were Confederates and for the south, that by an act of the Legislature of Virginia, authorizing the formation of companies of rangers or home guards, that Pocahontas County had been overrun by rangers and that the farmers of that county were being deprived of their horses and other property by their own rangers, and that unless the Commonwealth of Virginia could call off these dogs of war, they demanded the right to send for their young men then serving in the Confederate armies to come home and protect the farm from these depredations.

Heth required them to make the charges in writing which they did, the specifications being dated at Lewisburg, April 4, 1862, and signed by William Skeen, prosecuting attorney of Pocahontas County. He blames the hasty legislature that made the rangers possible, and the force that he complained of was the famous Tuning company, which was afterwards surrounded and wiped out in Webster County. He charges Tuning with killing three men, Arbogast, Buzzard and Alderman. With three robberies. Fifteen or twenty horses stolen. Heth forwarded the papers to Richmond.

On the morning of May 23, 1862, Heth marched his army by way of Ronceverte and in the early morn placed his line on the east crest just as Crook and his brigade came to the western brow and deployed to the right and to the left so that he formed a line of his hard-boiled infantry in a line along about where the woman's college buildings stand. Then, as now, two principal roads run north and south through Lewisburg. One runs by the courthouse and one by the military school. The one by the military school is about half way up the eastern hill, and at that time it had heavy rail fences on it. Heth has been criticized for not putting his infantry behind these fences. He had them much higher up. There was a great rye field up the hill from these fences and it was a forward season and it was high enough to hide a crouching man, and as they tell it to me, Heth's men tried to take advantage of this cover when it was too late.

There was heavy timber out towards Mr. H. Frazier's country place, and this was the only cover that Heth had, and that did him but little good when they crumpled up his right wing, and defeated him. The Confederates had some artillery and they fired many shots into the town. One shell burst in the vestibule of the Negro church. Another went down the chimney of the Cary home, and the Cary girls, the belles of the town, went to work while the battle was raging its fiercest, to carry out the debris, and keep the mansion from burning down.

Crook had built sheds for drilling his soldiers the previous winter and worked them hard. After the heavy firing began and the shell and minnie balls were raining down on his command, he moved the infantry forward and secured the road that leads by the military school, and his men sheltering behind the rail fences poured in a devastating fire on Heth's men at from two to three hundred yards range, and it speedily became so deadly that flesh and blood could not stand it and Heth's men turned and faded away towards Ronceverte, on the road on which they had so recently marched to the battle ground. As Heth so sadly reported to the war office, after being allowed to pick his place, and with a vastly superior force, he had been defeated.

When the Confederates gave way, then came the spectacular charge. It will be remembered that Main Street lies at right angles and across the hollow that is Lewisburg, and that for an hour or so, Gen. Heth had been rolling cannon balls down that street towards Crook, like a lot of bowling balls, but when the galling fire from the rail fences put him out of that, five hundred blue-clad cavalrymen charged the whole length of that street and hung on the flanks of the fleeing Confederates. That was the grand finale, and it was a day full of sorrow for Lewisburg, for it was solid for the south.

One of the charging cavalrymen rode too close to the edge of the road, and his horse slipped on a flagstone and fell sideways, rolling the rider over into the front yard of a residence, where he had to be helped up.

I suppose the only living man who saw that battle is Marcellus Zimmerman. He was eleven years old and was out in the center of the battle field during the whole fight riding a stick horse and playing that he was a horse soldier.

After the fight was over on that beautiful May morning, the work of gathering up the dead and wounded began. Many were found in the deep rye. Col. Edgar was shot through. His bloodstained sword is still to be seen in Ronceverte. The wounded were cared for by surgeons and the town people. The dead were laid out on the floor of two churches, the Old Stone Church, and the colored church.

In this short and swift fight lasting not over thirty minutes, the Confederates' loss was 80 killed, 100 wounded, 157 prisoners, 4 cannon, 25 horses, and 300 stands of small arms. The Federal loss was 13 killed, 50 wounded, and 6 prisoners.

The Federal cavalry drove the Confederates across the Greenbrier River at Ronceverte. Heth reformed his army at Union and rested there for a month, and Crook tried to bring on another battle on June 24th, at Union, but Heth retired over Peters Mountain.

At Lewisburg, the Federal troops that charged up the hill were three regiments of Ohio Volunteer Infantry, the 36th, 44th and 47th.

Among the Confederates at Lewisburg was the father of J. H. Buzzard, of Huntersville, who has held many important offices in this county.

Crook remained in Lewisburg for sixty days after the battle and then fell back to his camp at Meadow Bluffs.

Of all the battlefields that I have studied, I know of none quite so dramatic as Lewisburg. Fought in a mountain town, before breakfast, and combining rifle shooting, artillery fire, infantry charges, and cavalry, all in a sleeping little city whose inhabitants awoke to hear the cannon boom and the rifles speak, and who had no time to do anything in the way of escape until it was all over.

I see I did not finish what I started to say about the Tunings, the dreaded outlaws mentioned by Gen Skeen to Gen. Heth. These were three brothers out of the northwest who ravaged this section of the State for years during the war. The three brothers were Al, Fred and Jack Tuning. The name was probably Chewning. They had the settlers buffaloed and they would come to a farm with their followers and demand to be kept, and no one was brave or foolhardy enough to deny them. They harried the country for years, but finally they were surrounded by about thirty Federal soldiers on leave. The outlaws were in the house of James Dyer, on Gauley River, in Webster County. James Dyer was one of the best citizens. He was the first county superintendent of schools of Webster County. The Tunings attempted to run and Al and Fred were shot and killed. Jack got away and went to Ohio, where he landed in the pen. The Tunings were wiped out March 4, 1864.

Now as to the third battle of Tuckwiler Hill. Hu Maxwell says that on April 19, 1863, the battle of Tuckwiler Hill was fought. You will note that this was almost a year after the other battles. The Federal dispatches call this the battle of Brushy Ridge, a hill about five miles west of Tuckwiler Hill, and it is probable that it was fought between the two places, for the Federals rode into an ambuscade and suffered severely. Gen. E. P. Scammon in command of the Kanawha Division ordered Col. Paxton to reconnoiter Lewisburg, and as he rode with the 2nd West Virginia Cavalry, he encountered Edgar's Battalion and suffered a loss of fourteen men as well as losing a large number as prisoners. Col. Paxton, a gallant officer, on making his report to Gen. Scammon was summarily dismissed from the service by the irate general. Gen. Powell took his place.

Here is the truth about the Tuckwiler Hill fights. On one side in each one of the three encounters was the 2nd West Virginia Volunteer cavalry, and on the other the noted Edgar's Battalion. This is the reason that they run together in the minds of the careless historian.

CHAPTER XV

The Salt Wells of Kanawha Valley and Whether the Stream Ebbs and Flows Like a Tidal River. Some Say it Do.

Continuing to write unto you about the Midland Trail, which is the way I long have sought, I would remind you that it is a passway across the State of West Virginia from the crest of the Allegheny Mountains at White Sulphur Springs to the Ohio River at Huntington. It is a hard-surfaced road and is remarkable for its sudden and violent contrasts. One hour a tourist is in the city streets and in another hour he is in the midst of what looks like a wrecked world. It is the kind of driving where it is better to hug the bank than it is to hug your companion.

In a general way it is about the same kind of a march that the Revolutionary army made across the peneplain in 1774 when they were trying to cut down Cornstalk. It winds in and out and gives the tourist a great variety of sights.

It cuts the State of West Virginia in two so that about two-fifths of the State lies south of the trail, and that is where the people are congregating that make up the population of the State. We have been getting more numerous of late years. West Virginia has more people than had the combined area of Virginia and West Virginia in 1861, when the war broke out. Those old-time golfers who went out in '61 and came home in '65.

A generation ago Prof. Samuel Brown, the geologist at the University, explained very patiently year after year, to student ears that heard not, that the mineral wealth of the southern part of West Virginia indicated that the population would gradually center there, and to be more specific, he said that the time would come when the town of Huntington would be the greatest city between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, and that having attained an ascendency would thereafter maintain it. All this has come to pass.

And a man of a younger generation now is pointing out that there is untold wealth in New River coal in the county of Randolph, and his words will be remembered some day.

We are used to green fields and pleasant pastures in the blue grass section where I live, but down the State coal is king, and the concentrated extract of vegetation is what makes the country rich. I branched off the Midland Trail to go to Princeton and saw evidence of much mining wealth. The Virginian railway gives time for the grandeur to sink in for it takes about eight hours to win through from Princeton to Charleston. I made myself a nuisance on the train by trying to find out what watercourses I was following, for so many did not think it was of any importance. But you cannot know your West Virginia without getting a working knowledge of the watershed. As near as I could figure out we left the waters of East River and crossed over to dally with the headwaters of Bluestone River, and leaving that to cross the divide to the waters of Guyan River, where the city of Mullens sets in the forks

like the town of Durbin in the forks of the Greenbrier. Then to the waters of Coal River, Paint Creek, and other waters of the New River.

The streams I had learned from the pioneer reports and the maps. One day Congressman Taylor and I were rolling down the Midland Trail and when we approached the town of Malden, we began to inquire for the Burning Springs.

The Kellys Creek that I wrote about is still there. I wrote about it and then went to see it. The town of Cedar Grove is built there as is an old mansion house known as the Tompkins Place. The Journals of the officers in Dunmore's War would indicate that Kelly's cabin was almost exactly where the Tompkins house stands.

Col. Fleming says that nine miles below the mouth of Kellys Creek the burning springs were to be found. He observed that they were on a high bank and consisted of two basins some three or four feet in diameter, and these were filled with water. When he came there he found the basins full of black water that had a greasy taste. It boiled and bubbled some three or four inches above the surface, without either emitting air or heat so far as he could see. The springs had no apparent outlet but the water seemed to escape by soaking through a fattish earth. From them there was a descent to a miry place of fat, black mud where there was a fallen tree and grass. The water as it boiled was black and had a slight sulphur smell.

He flashed a torch over the water at a distance of four or five inches and the flame communicated itself to the surface of the water and burned with surprising force, like a cooking fire of ash wood. After burning a long time the water heated and evaporated. After a time the party tried to put the fire out but was not able to do it. They piled grass on it and it consumed the grass.

The other day we could see no sign of the burning springs but we did not have much time to look for them. Two citizens resting by the roadside said they knew about as much about them as anyone and that they did not know whether they could be definitely located or not, but that tradition said that they were near a certain stump of a tree that stood near the river.

Another traidition says that in the olden times it was a favorite place for boatmen to camp as they could cook by the fires.

Another ancient account says that the burning spring was about eighty yards from the river bank in alluvial soil. In 1842, in boring for salt, the depth of a thousand feet was reached. This was the record for a deep well at that time and a copper pipe was inserted to shut off the surface water. The salt water and gas flowed into the cistern sixty feet above the surface of the river. One well was obtained that spouted a stream of mingled gas and salt water thirty feet in the air, and this when lighted at night made a brilliant display.

The Big Lick was somewhere about five miles above Charleston, that is, above the mouth of Elk River and this is the place that the first well bored by white men for salt was located. That was in 1809. It was the place that the Indians used to make salt. That the Indians made salt here rests on the fact that remains of rude pottery vessels were found here in great abundance which would indicate that they were used to boil

and evaporate the water for salt. At a garage on the Midland Trail above Montgomery, the proprietors being of the class that hankers after things that others idle by, have been collecting flint and celt Indian relics, and they have a bit of pottery picked up on the Kanawha River.

About a hundred years ago close by the Big Lick was a rock called the pictured or calico rock; on it the Indians sculptured many figures of animals and birds and other records. Unfortunately it was needed to make furnace chimneys and the rock was destroyed.

It is a pity that the sign was not allowed to stand. It was of the kind known as petroglyph or rock carving. In this case it was probably a set of symbols carved in the rock and colored. They have about given up the idea that these writing were made to preserve wise thoughts or historic happenings. In the case near the Big Lick salt spring belonging to a very fierce tribe locally referred to as the Salt Indians, it might be inferred that a loose translation of the petroglyphs was something like this: "Notice. This is private property. No trespassing by hunting, fishing or making salt. Keep off. This means you."

There is a tradition of a bearded gentleman from New England who was traveling along by the salt works boring where a well was spouting finely. He had heard that such wells were often accompanied by a flow of gas that could be ignited. He got hold of some fire with his flint and steel and touched the well off and was badly burned, and had to lie up for repairs at Charleston for a long time. It is related that the owner of the well being a good deal damaged by the fire visited the injured man for the purpose of collecting from him, but the stranger was such a pitiful sight that he forebore to bother him about it.

It has not been so very long since wagons went down from the Greenbrier Valley to the salt works on the Kanawha for salt.

It is generally conceded that the original name among the white people for the Great Kanawha River was Wood River, named in honor of Gen-Abraham Wood, whose place was Fort Henry, at the falls of Appomatox River where Petersburg, Virginia, is located. He was a great Indian trader and explorer and was the first to discover that the Great Kanawha River cut all the mountains in two. He had probably mapped the river correctly as early as 1654. His was the name it bore for many years. A great river, four hundred miles long, rising in the State of North Carolina and flowing northeast for a hundred miles and gradually turning to the west and finally running true to the dip of the strata northwest to where it joins the Ohio. It is said the word Kanawha means the river of the woods. The trouble about the mutters that pass for words in a savage tribe is that they can be construed to mean almost anything, and the fate of the word lies in the ear of the hearer. The white men have almost a hundred ways to spell Seneca, and finally they adopted the spelling of the name of the ancient philosopher.

I got out my books to see if I could check up on the meaning of the word and it looks to me that it means the river of the great elms, and that is not so far from the river of the woods.

Now since I made a few observations about Batts and Fallam, I have been over the ground again, and I am about ready to abandon the northern route and come back to my first conclusion that they came over the

southern route. It is somewhat puzzling to follow them. But it is possible. For they kept a journal of each day's travel, and I am about ready to adhere to the belief that they pursued a line of march along Indian paths conforming very closely to the line of the Virginian railway from Roanoke, Virginia to Deepwater, West Virginia, only that they came to the Great Kanawha River at the falls. The terrain at the village of Kanawha Falls answers the particular description that Batts and Fallam give as to the place where they took possession of the Mississippi Valley in the name of King Charles the Second.

When Batts and Fallam made a solemn report that the water in the Kanawha River ebbed and flowed with the tide, we took it for granted that they did not know what they were talking about, but when I got down there the other day, I found that there was a belief that there was some sort of an ebb and flow of the tide, but I do not feel at liberty at this time to give the name of the observers. But there are more things in this world than are dreamed of in your philosophy, Horatio! Therefore, the attention of those uninteresting men, the exact scientists, is invited to this phenomena. I would not care to have the weight of such worlds of science upon my back. I would rather be a dog and bay the moon.

I have not even a jibboom to go searching for tides, but I offer a few golden thoughts on that subject. In the first place the river lies east and west and the moon or whatever it is that affects tidal rivers may coincide with the orbit of its axis in such a way as to magnify its circumference and produce an oscillating isochronism. Who can say?

But in the days of the early salt wells there was a phenomena that has never been satisfactorily explained but which may have a bearing on the ebb and flow of the tides of Kanawha. In those days the salt wells and they were there by the hundreds, fifteen miles on either side of the stream, were bored by going from three to five hundred feet below the bed of the river. The surface water was then carefully excluded by copper pipes which were well wedged into the solid rock, and the result was that the salt water, the desirable commercial fluid would at all times maintain a level with the river of fresh water. When the river rose the salt water in the tube, maybe hundreds of feet from the water's edge would rise like mercury in a thermometer and would subside with the stage of water in the main river. This is given as a historical fact in sober histories, and is not more wonderful than the tides of Kanawha. It may have some bearing on the subject.

No one knows quite so much as he thinks he does, so do not dismiss these dull scientific musings in disdain.

The river was first named from Gen. Abraham Wood, and about that man there is high color and romance. He was about ten years old when he stowed himself away on a ship called the "Margaret and John," sailing out of old England and he was landed on our shores at Hampton Roads in 1620. Up to 1645, he cannot be definitely traced, but he shows up in 1646 as the commander of Fort Henry an outpost of Virginia. It appears that from 1607 to 1644 our pioneer ancestors never left the hearing of the sea, but that about 1644 the Indians killed so many of the first settlers, that it became necessary to fortify against them and that

the plan was to erect strong forts at the falls of each of the rivers. Thus Fort Byrd was built at the falls of the James at Richmond, and that town was thus begun. Another was called Fort Henry at the falls of the Appomattox River, and that in time became the city of Petersburg. Wood commanded there. The Indians were subdued and westward the star of empire took its way. After a few years Virginia found it burdensome to maintain these forts and a bright idea was given to some ancient statesman, that these forts could be well treated as concessions to Indian traders, and in this way the watch and ward would be kept without expense to the State. And it was done.

Wood got Fort Henry. He had a wonderful trade with the Indians in south and west. He went through the woods at first himself, and I see no good reason to doubt that he reached the Great Kanawha in the year 1654, in person. That was the reason it was called Wood River.

But in 1671, when Batts and Fallam were sent across the mountains, they said it was a pleasing though dreadful sight to see the mountains and hills as if piled one upon another. Rest easy Captain Batts. It has the same effect today upon the lowlander.

Wood was a man of sixty-one years and he was sending out agents to trade for him. Furs became a great source of gain. Dryden wrote in 1672:

> Friend, once twas fame that led thee forth,
> To brave the tropic heat and frozen north,
> Late it was gold, then beauty was the spur,
> But now our gallants venture but for fur.

One of Wood's agents captured by the Indians was horrified to see them singe the fur of a beaver to eat it, and that was somewhere in the neighborhood of the Shawnee towns in Ohio.

Wood was not on good terms with a tribe that lived on the Great Kanawha about fifty or sixty miles above its mouth. He called them the Monetons but who are classed as Mohetans, a cognate tribe of the Tutelo, the tribe of the great chief Nastybone. These Mohetans had moved over from Roanoke to the salt springs of Kanawha. Batts and Fallam found a bit of level land where they had once lived at the Falls of the Kanawha, but it was overgrown with locust, and other growth that causes some historians to put the expulsion of the Indians from the Western Waters in the year 1656, by the Five Nations. But be that as it may, a strong colony of Mohetan Indians still lingered around the Big Lick just above Charleston, for Batts and Fallam were afraid to go closer to them than the falls in 1671.

In 1674, Wood sent James Needham and Gabriel Arthur into the Indian country south of Fort Henry to trade, and they got along pretty well until some of the tribe of Indians went to the far south and were killed for their furs by white men. Needham was killed by the Indians in retaliation, and Arthur was tied to a stake and fire set around him, but at the last minute he was saved. He conformed to the life of the tribe and later he went on a ten-day journey to visit the Mohetans at the Big Lick. Here he was allowed to swim in the river several times and he

found that it was fresh water, but he observed that it ebbed and flowed. He reported that it was the same river that Batts and Fallam had visited higher up on its course.

When the Indians took in their furs to Fort Henry they took Arthur with them, and he was able to relate the fate of his companion, James Needham. Wood writes: "So died this heroyic Englishman whose fame shall never die if my penn were able to eternize it. He had adventured where never Englishman had dared to attempt before and with him died one hundred and fourty-foure pounds starling of my adventure with him. I wish I could have saved his life with ten times the vallue."

I am getting this Midland Trail and its history somewhat straightened out in what I am pleased to call my mind.

When we consider that this great mountain country tributary to the Midland Trail has been the scene of the lives of millions of people. When it was freely predicted by historians and writers not more than a hundred years ago that this country would never be inhabited, on account of its rough and mountainous surface, and that only the bear and the other wild animals would ever be found here. When we remember that this rugged land has given to the country great men, beautiful women, and richness beyond computation, it is apparent that it affords an inexhaustible subject for books, and that the best that the most voluminous writer can do is but to mention a few among a myriad of subjects which add to its renown.

I was moved to make the Midland Trail a subject, because so many other writers have been affected the same way, but who were not able to continue any considerable length, probably owing to the immensity of the supply of material. And I find that I have used my space up without making more than a beginning.

PART II

THE SENECA TRAIL OR THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

The sparkling streams that wend their ways
Through pleasant valleys, fair and bright,
Woods where the flickering sunbeam plays,
The peaks lit by the morning rays,
That sweep away the night.

The cliff that rears its frowning face,
The driving snow, the storm's wild strife,
The somber, serried heights that space
The confines of a rugged race—
They weave a spell on life.

O West Virginia, thy good name,
Thy people breathe in love and pride,
The glory of thy days and fame,
Shines with a steady glowing flame,
Time cannot dim or hide!

O mountaineers who rule in stead,
Of those who lived to make men free,
Each mountain peak that lifts its head
Is towering over gallant dead,
Who left their work to thee!

The time may come and that not long,
When greed and hate their deeds complete,
Humanity from out the throng
Looks to the hills to right the wrong,
And raise her to her feet.

INTRODUCTORY

The Seneca Trail is the name that has been given to the great highway running from the north to the south boundary of West Virginia, through the trough-like valleys on the eastern border of the State.

Three rivers lying end to end water these valleys, Cheat River, Greenbrier River, and Bluestone River.

It takes its name from the warpath of the Seneca Indians as formed after the treaty of Albany, 1722, had confirmed the act of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, making the Allegheny Mountain the division line between the lands allotted to the Indians and the lands that could be settled by the white people, a line that was observed with more or less fidelity until the Revolution.

A well-traveled road was established by the Seneca tribe, the most powerful of the Six Nations, over which they traveled from the waters of the St. Lawrence to the northern part of Georgia, and as this followed their eastern border in West Virginia, they were at all times informed of the acts of the bold white settlers in breaking the agreement to remain on the east side of the divide.

The old warpath is still visible in many places. In a general way it follows the highway, first on one side of it and then the other. In many places the two roads occupy the same space.

These articles touch some of innumerable incidents that occurred in the region served by the trail. As long as they are, they are as a drop in the bucket of the rich history of this road.

CHAPTER I

The Seneca Trail connects with the Wilderness Trail. Captives of Abbs Valley.

When we get the Seneca Trail opened up the Greenbrier Valley will come into its own in this way, that we will be in close touch with a country that has been close to us but closed against us by the mountains. We will be open to the southwest portion of Virginia and in touch with Tazewell, Russell, Grayson, Washington counties. Our own kind of people. That throws us once more convenient to the Wilderness road of song and story that Daniel Boone blazed into the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky. The Greenbrier Valley settled up with pioneers first and the lure of the setting sun led the pioneers that felt crowded west. They did not go as we go now towards Cincinnati for that was a country strongly held by hostile Indians. We found a way to slip between the dangerous Cherokees of the south and the Shawnees of the Ohio country through Kentucky. And in doing this we would work down through the southern end of the Valley of Virginia. Pretty soon there were enough people to justify a county. A lot of them stayed on the Holston on the border of North Carolina, but many of them took the turning to the right and settled Kentucky, and while the fate of the Kentucky settlement hung in the balance many years, the inevitable retreat of the victorious Indians took place before the endurance of the white people. So they cut off a county from the lower side of Botetourt County, and called it Fincastle. That took a part of West Virginia, South West Virginia, and all of Kentucky. A big lot of territory later surrendered to North Carolina, and Tennessee was also included.

It was settled and managed largely from Staunton. Col. Wm. Preston was the colonel of that county. He lived in Staunton for the most part and made frequent trips to Fincastle County. Michael Price seems to have established a home down there, center of a Welsh community. It was on Toms Creek, then if not now, Montgomery County. Preston would make appointments to meet persons at Price's. They were no kin to me. They had this set of Prices up for being loyal to the crown, whereas all of the Greenbrier Valley Prices were fighting for the Republic.

The Bluestone River that flows so far to meet the Greenbrier River leads into Tazewell County, and Road 24 ought to give us a chance to explore that Bluestone River country. I would not be surprised to learn in a few years that next to the Greenbrier that the Bluestone River country will be very important and well known to us.

At the head of the river is Abbs Valley, the scene of the tragedy concerning the Moore family. In 1775, James Moore, Jr., settled there. He was born in Rockbridge County, then Augusta. His father was an emigrant of the Lewis colony. Moore moved to Abbs Valley with his wife and a family of three small children. The land was rich and in nine years he prospered exceedingly and had as many as a hundred head of horses and other stock in proportion. The first nine years were passed in peace and safety, but in 1784, his second son James, fourteen

years of age, was sent to a distant pasture to bring in a horse. While on his way he met a party of three Indians—a chief named Black Wolf, so called from having a black beard, and two Indian boys. They were Shawnees.

At our house there used to be a little book called the "Captives of Abbs Valley," and it made a deep and lasting impression on my young mind. I remember that it said that when they moved there in the spring of 1775, that they could carry little or no flour and meal and that to get bread they had to wait until the corn ripened. The nearest thing to bread that they had to eat was the breast of wild turkey. I think it was in this book that it was related with great fervor how provisions of all kind had about disappeared when a fine buck deer showed up one Sunday morning, and though the necessities of the family were great, they could not bring themselves to fire a gun on Sunday. But it pleased fate to make the deer repeat his visit on Monday when it was duly slain. It never occurred to me to pity the poor deer.

But the thing that impressed me most was the perfectly delightful adventure that young James had by being captured by the Indians and carried away on a march of twenty days to the Chillicothe towns and being adopted into the Indian tribe. According to our way of looking at it he was in the best of luck. The chief, old Black Wolf, had a time with the three boys. They not only killed deer but they got some buffalo. They all had big loads to carry and did not carry meat. So when it came on to rain they were three days without food. On the fourth day they killed a buffalo and made broth out of the paunch and broke their fast that way. At Chillicothe they traded James Moore to a sister of Black Wolf for a horse, and it was not a good horse at that. He lived with the Indians then and had a good time. In the same way I used to envy Robinson Crusoe and greatly desired being cast away on an island.

James Moore remained in the Indian country for years. There he discovered his sister, Mary Moore, in rags and destitute, a prisoner.

On the 14th day of July, 1786, occurred the massacre and capture in Abbs Valley. It was during wheat harvest. About thirty Indians crept close to the house and fired. Two children, William Moore and Rebecca Moore, were bringing a bucket of water from the spring. They were killed at the first volley as was Alexander Moore, a child, playing in the yard. Mrs. Moore and Martha Ivins shut the door of the house. Another occupant was John Simpson, an aged man in bed sick. A bullet through the logs killed him. The Indians cut the door down and took prisoner Mrs. Moore, Martha Ivins, John Moore, Jane Moore, Mary Moore, aged eight, and Margaret Moore, an infant. James Moore, the father, ran to the house and was shot as he crossed the fence and fell dead with seven bullet holes through him.

The Indians then went towards their towns. The baby was killed by dashing its brains out against a tree. The boy, John, was tomahawked because he was too weak to travel. When they reached the towns, Mrs. Moore and her daughter Jane were tortured, both dying a dreadful lingering death. It appeared afterwards that the reason of this cruelty was the appearance of a war party of Cherokees smarting under defeat

and determined to put to death the first white persons they could lay their hands upon.

Mary Moore retained a copy of the New Testament all through the period of her captivity which lasted three years. The brother of Martha Ivins, Thomas Ivins, having made his way through to Detroit, was able to secure the release of his sister and Mary and James, and they all came home to Rockbridge County by way of Pittsburgh in one party.

Martha Ivins married a Mr. Hummer. They moved to Indiana. Two of her sons became distinguished Presbyterian preachers.

James Moore grew to manhood in Rockbridge County and went back to Abbs Valley where he raised a large family. He was a prominent and respected citizen and a leading member of the Methodist Church.

Mary Moore married Rev. Samuel Brown, pastor of the New Providence Church, the Church with a History. Mary Moore Brown lies in the graveyard of that church. She had eleven children all of whom were noted for their devout religious lives. Five of her sons became Presbyterian ministers.

Mrs. H. W. McLaughlin, the lady of the manse of New Providence Church, is a lineal descendant.

We have all been taught to revere the name of Mary Moore. Some day a historian will arise who can do justice to the theme and who can form the gallery of fame of the great women of the mountains of pioneer times, and among those names will be the names of Mary Moore, Margaret Lynn Lewis, Mary Vance, Elizabeth Dunlap, and many others who have been too long neglected and obscured by the fame of the fighting side of the house.

CHAPTER II

Battle of Droop Mountain. Tenth West Virginia saved the day. See Blue Book 1926 for another Chapter.

If this article had a head it would be called the Confederate Alibi. It is about the battle of Droop Mountain and the fight was won on points by the Federal forces. But it was a convention in the Civil War practiced by both sides to magnify a victory and minimize a defeat. In this way both sides kept their courage up during a four-year period of great tribulation. The Confederates blocked the road and the Federal army made an attack and drove them from the position. Or rather the Confederate army withdrew gracefully and intimated to the Federal army that if it wanted that place they could have it. It had ceased to be either safe or comfortable.

In November, 1863, there were no considerable Confederate forces anywhere in West Virginia except in the Greenbrier Valley. That was held by the Confederates from its head to its foot some one hundred and seventy miles on the Virginia frontier, protecting Virginia from attack from the west. General Kelly in command of the department of West Virginia gave orders to General Averell at Beverly and General Scammon at Charleston to send armies to meet at Lewisburg and drive the

Confederates out of the valley of the Greenbrier and to go as much farther as they, in their discretion, deemed expedient.

Averell took his army over the Seneca Trail and Scammon sent General Duffie over the Midland Trail, and they met by appointment in Lewisburg, November 7th, and found one Confederate army over the border.

Averell came into the county by the Staunton & Parkersburg Turnpike and turned south at Travelers Repose. At that time the Confederate troops were stationed as follows. At Glade Hill in the upper part of the county was Captain W. L. McNeel's company. At Edray Captain J. W. Marshall was in charge of a detachment watching the Marlins Bottom and Huttonsville turnpike. Colonel W. W. Arnett had a regiment at Marlins Bottom in comfortable log houses getting ready to winter there. Colonel W. L. Jackson had the main part of his regiment, the Nineteenth Virginia Cavalry, at Mill Point. Colonel W. P. Thompson was away with a portion of this regiment on an expedition to Nicholas County and had got as far as the foot of Cold Knob in Greenbrier County. General Echols had the main part of the troops at Lewisburg.

McNeel's company discovered the advance in the upper part of the county and a messenger was dispatched at once and he brought intelligence of the movement to Arnett at Marlinton. Averell moved quickly and but for the courier getting through he would have surprised the Confederates in their camps. As it was, the McNeel soldiers got too close and four of them were captured and one wounded. That was John Adam McNeel, whose horse was shot down and the soldier got a broken leg out of it. The main camp of McNeel's company was cut off and they escaped by going up Galford's Creek and crossing the Allegheny Mountain to the waters of Back Creek. They continued south and had got as far as Callahans, in Allegheny County before the battle of Droop Mountain was pulled off.

Arnett got his regiment out of Marlinton by the skin of his teeth, as it was. He sent off a horse soldier hot foot to Captain Marshall at Edray to come on, telling him that he was going to barricade the road on Price Hill, and for him to march on the back road and come to the pike at Mrs. Kee's. This place was at the top of Price Hill. Arnett cut a lot of trees across the road and dug some of it away on that sliding hillside.

The exciting days for this neighborhood were Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 4th, 5th, and 6th of November, 1863. Then it was that the biggest battle ever fought in West Virginia occurred.

Arnett pulled his freight at sun down on Wednesday, and Colonel Ohley moved into his deserted log cabins at dusk.

There is only one road between Marlinton and Mill Point and Averell with his main army at Huntersville had laid a plan to capture Arnett's force by sending Ohley down the pike to get Arnett started south, while Colonel Harris moved his forces down Beaver Creek to get ahead of him by blocking the road at Marvin Chapel where the two roads unite. The strategy of Averell would have succeeded but for Col. W. P. Thompson's efforts. That morning Thompson had been recalled from Cold Knob with his cavalry and was unsaddling at his old camp at the John S. Kellison

farm, when W. L. Jackson's courier rode up and told him to hold the Beaver Creek road. Thompson immediately took a squadron of his cavalry and hot-footed it to the Beaver Creek country. This was a narrow road used for years as a short cut from the Little Levels district to the county seat at Huntersville. Thompson got several miles up that road and spent a pleasant evening in cutting trees across the road and falling back and firing as he fell back so that the Federal army was considerably delayed in getting to the fork of the road, and Arnett got by.

On this expedition, Averell had with him some signal experts, the art of signaling then being perfected by the experience of the armies in the Civil War. It was arranged that the main corps would stay at Huntersville, while other signal troops would go on to Marvin Chapel where they would use rockets to communicate the position and success of the movement. At Huntersville, Merritt went to the top of the knob to observe the signals and Dernicke went on with the troops to report. It was arranged that the rockets were to be sent up at 8 p. m., and Merritt waited on top of the knob until 10 p. m. and seeing no rockets, he went back to headquarters. It afterwards appeared that Dernicke was not able to send up his rockets until 11 p. m. and they were not observed at Huntersville, though the Confederates saw them red against the sky. They were a sort of a new departure in mountain warfare. Thompson and his blockading tactics had interfered with the march so much that the army was three hours late.

Thursday was Mill Point day. Mill Point has never been given the credit for the baptism by fire that she had that day because what occurred next day at Droop Mountain, five miles south, has overshadowed it to such a great extent. There was enough powder burned that day at Mill Point to fight a great battle. The Federal armies were at Stephen Hole run and on the hill between that run and Mill Point. The Confederates formed a battle line along the banks of Stamping Creek for a mile or more and their artillery was on the hill just south of Mill Point. When the guns began to thunder it occurred to Jackson that his battle line was just the right distance from the Federal batteries to be in range of grape shot and he withdrew his army by having them slip silently up the stream until they were hid by the bend of the mountain, and he took them out by the flint pits.

And having gotten his troops under way he looked up to the long smooth summit of Droop Mountain and decided to take his stand there, and by nightfall he was in camp on the crest looking down on the Federal army as they kindled their fires in the broad fields of the Little Levels.

On that Thursday, the Federal troops at Marlinton got word to cut out the blockade and move on to Mill Point and before they left they burned the log cabins that the Confederates were to winter in. The fire wall of one of those cabins is in my front yard. My father would not allow it to be disturbed in his lifetime and it will be preserved. A few years ago we found a big machete buried there.

On Thursday, too, General Echols at Lewisburg, heard that they were converging on him from Charleston and from Beverly and he got busy. He sent a regiment west on the Midland Trail to hold Duffie and got his

army to move to Pocahontas. That day he marched his men fourteen miles and went into camp at Spring Creek. The arrangement was to reinforce Jackson who was to fall back until Echols could join him. They were from nine in the morning until night marching that fourteen miles to the Seneca Trail and had covered but half the distance to the battle ground.

That night messages were received by Echols to the effect that the Federal army was much larger than they had thought at first and that the north was red with camp fires and that there would be a battle the next day where the pike came to the top of the mountain. And this was no night to sleep; so Echols got his forces under way by two in the morning and reached Droop Mountain at nine the same morning. This was a record march. Twenty-eight miles over mountain roads in twenty-four hours is making good time for the first day out. But when they came back that same night they made it in eleven hours. These mountain troops had marched fifty-six miles in forty-two hours and wasted seven hours in fighting a battle. And they were still going strong when they passed through Lewisburg on their way back, for they never even hesitated, Duffie being due there that same morning.

It is no wonder that after General Sam Jones had telegraphed to Richmond that Echol's brigade had been nearly destroyed, that General Echols and his officers should have felicitated themselves on the fact that they had got away practically intact, and that most of those missing men who had been scattered in flight had reported within a day or two for duty.

Edgar's Battalion had been dispatched from Renick over the back road which he held during the fight and he extricated his army without the loss of a suspender button.

Echols reported that the only trophy that the Federals could boast of was the capture of a brass cannon.

I have heard about this cannon all my life. It was a twelve pound brass howitzer. Howitzer from a foreign word meaning sling. This cannon was the pride of the army. The soldiers said that every time it was fired it called for the "First-born!" It had been injured at White Sulphur Springs in that battle the previous summer. In the hurried retirement from the field at Droop Mountain it was attached to the limber and the pintle hook broke. Then it was lashed to the limber and the gun carriage broke down. It was lifted from the gun carriage and placed in the limber chest and the limber broke down under the additional weight and the cannon was then hid in a morass on top of the mountain, such places as are generally referred to as bear wallows. Old soldiers have spoken about this to me and were always on the point of going to hunt for it, but so far as I know it was never found.

Most of us have grown up with the idea that the Confederates neglected to guard their left flank and that they were surprised and flanked and that was the reason that the battle was lost. But a study of the official dispatches on both sides does not bear out this theory. It seems that no less than four detachments were sent against this attack from the west and that the soldiers fought a long and bloody battle in the thick forest and undergrowth on the flat top of the mountain extending for a

mile or more as level as a floor from the fortified places by the pike clear back to the Viney Mountain.

And what is more, instead of being surprised by the flanking movement, a Confederate soldier fired the first rifle shot on that flank. This soldier said that they were lying in the woods watching for the Federal troops to advance and that the first that they saw of them was when a Federal soldier showed his face over a rail fence. "Shot him square between the eyes and he squealed like a pig." This was the first soldier killed at the battle of Droop Mountain.

Colonel Augustus Moor, of the 28th Ohio regiment, and Col. T. M. Harris, of the 10th West Virginia, were the commanding officers who made that fatal and deadly attack on the left flank of the Confederate army and it was not so much finesse as hard knocks that drove the Confederates in upon their center and disorganized the plans so that there was nothing to do but to run.

Moor went the long way round and Harris joined him somewhere near the Dar Place, so named after Abraham Dar, a pioneer. Moor did not move before daylight, as reported, on this encircling effort. He marched down from near Mill Point to Hillsboro before daylight, but he was still at that town at nine o'clock. Then being in plain view of the enemy on top of the mountains, he received orders to go round them and he was in a broad, open country, and the question was how to get out of there without being observed?

He said that he went northwest taking advantage of woods, hollows, rail fences, and every other thing that could hide them. He had his men trail their rifles. He must have struck the Viney Mountain somewhere back of Captain McNeel's for he said that after getting on the mountain that he marched for one hour due south, when he arrived at a fence. The main crest of Droop Mountain runs north and south for more than a mile, but there was continual fighting on the full length of this ridge, 3100 feet in elevation. He says the Confederates raised at this fence at a distance of not more than twenty-five or thirty yards and poured a devastating fire on his men. That this was the critical moment of the day. He intimates that if his men had broken at that surprise the battle would have been lost. The men were commanded to lie down, and in a few minutes Col. Harris's regiment joined him on that top and they went forward, fighting every inch of the way in thick brush. They must have fought it out in the brush for something like a mile, for they finally arrived at the "cleared hill where the rebel artillery was." When Harris came up he passed through Moor's regiment and formed by inversion on his right, and battle front as they moved forward through the woods was very broad. Just behind the Confederate fortifications a road comes in which intersects the Lobelia-Jacox road and this flanking movement debouching from this road added to the horror and confusion of the Confederates.

Moor says that just as he reached the cleared field that the dismounted men joined him on his left and so they took the Confederate works, but as he emerged from the woods the artillery had already limbered up and started for the pike. This accounts for the fact that the Confederates

were able to bring off their batteries, even the piece which demanded the "first-born."

I think that the battle hung in the balance as the fight went on in the flats west of the pike. The Confederate commander knew of the importance of that movement. He sent Captain Marshall's force in there first. It was reinforced by Colonel Thompson and some more companies of the same regiment. Then the Twenty-third Virginia Battalion was ordered into the woods on the extreme left to support Thompson. Then Patton says: "The action became very heavy in that direction." Then Colonel Gibson with four companies of the Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry (Cochran's regiment) were ordered into the woods where the killing was going on. And finally a picked body of troops from three companies of the Twenty-second, including Capt. Jim McNeill's Nicholas Blues, were placed under Capt. John K. Thompson and they plunged into the fatal woods and by a desperate charge actually stopped the advance and threw back the front, but the next wave went over them and they got to the pike in time to see the Confederate army streaming out towards Lewisburg and fought a stern chase battle with them for hours.

Capt. John K. Thompson received his third wound in that battle. That was where he lost his eye. He was mentioned in the dispatches for his bravery and his courage. He said that it was the hottest fire that he ever experienced. Captain Thompson lived for many years in Putnam and Mason counties. He was noted for his wisdom and intellectual culture. He was the owner of one of the big farms facing on the Kanawha River. Was marshal for West Virginia, chairman of the Republican party in the State. He never married.

Another West Virginian who was desperately wounded in that battle was John Y. Bassell, sixteen years old.

Captain Marshall and Captain Hutton received honorable mention in the dispatches. Also Lieut. John J. Beard.

It was a more far-reaching victory than the Richmond government was willing to admit. For it was the last stand in a way that the Confederate States made in West Virginia. The retreat took them well down to Dublin, and no rebel army was assembled in West Virginia after that time. That was the turning point of the war so far as the mountains were concerned. When the Federal army returned to Beverly they went over the Seneca Trail and as they approached the top of Elk Mountain beyond Edray they were fired on from the woods by a troop of about sixty Confederate soldiers. Bushwackers they called them. The army was halted and a company climbed up the mountain on the right of the road, and another company climbed up to the pass on the left and by the time they all got to the top, the Confederate company was going down the hill on the other side. But they ought not to call them bushwackers. The most of the battle of Droop Mountain was fought in the brush so thick that all of the movements of the troops engaged were obscured from view, and the issue of the battle hung on a hair.

You might travel the world over and not see as fine a scene as is to be obtained from the battle field of Droop Mountain. You see the mountains, the smiling plain, and the river. There above the clouds are to

be seen in the latter part of the summer and early fall the famous cloud seas of the Alleghenies. Some time or other when West Virginia is willing to devote some small part of her time and earnings to history and her good name, the citizens of West Virginia will make here a park like that of Gettysburg, and other battle fields, and when they do they will have one that excels all of the rest in natural beauty and scenic value.

With the exception of Point Pleasant which has been thus honored there is no place in West Virginia more deserving the attention of her citizens.

CHAPTER III

Stephen Sewell in whose honor many places in West Virginia were named. See his cave by highway near Mill Point.

Word came that the road work at Stephen Hole Run on the Seneca Trail had destroyed the cave in which Stephen Sewell lived in the Indian days, so I hot-footed it down there to investigate the rumor and was delighted to find the cave was still there. The big limestone cliff a couple hundred feet high faces the State highway about three hundred yards distant. It is of the Big Lime or Greenbrier Limestone and many thousand tons have been blasted off the face of the cliff for use in surfacing the road.

The quarry is where the main spring issues and what gave rise to the report that the cave had been blasted out was that at the point the work had been going on the cliff overhung and formed a kind of shelter from a rain, but it in nowise filled the specifications as a den or habitation. It would be like living out of doors. The real cave is set high upon the cliff some two hundred yards south of the works, and it is safe for many years to come. It is not at all likely that it will ever be needed for road work.

Stephen's Hole, as it is called, overlooks the little valley and is a hole in the wall that encloses the whole of the upper part of the valley. It is in a similar position to Cluny's Cage, that Robert Louis Stephenson tells us about in "Kidnapped," which was the hiding place of Cluny MacPherson at the time he was outlawed for the part that he had taken in the war against Cromwell in favor of the exiled Stuart kings. It is in the top of a cliff and hid by the trees and timber.

Stephen Hole Run, or Sewell Run, as it was sometimes called, is a little spring branch crossing the highway a mile north of Mill Point. At this point the road to Huntersville branches off to the east and descends the little valley to Greenbrier River, where it crosses at the mouth of Beaver Creek, up which it goes. This was the old time near cut to Huntersville, in the days when it was the county seat, and the river was low enough to ford. Above the road the run has formed a bog of a few acres in extent, and the bold clear stream that issues from it is from everlasting springs and does not vary much in volume the year around. In the old days there was a well-founded belief that if horses afflicted by the scratches, an affection of the skin in the fetlock, were watered and

their feet washed in this little stream that they would be cured, and it was the custom to bring horses there from the surrounding Levels community.

In the tourist day that is coming it will be the regular thing to halt the car at this point and the visitors will walk some three hundred yards and climb up the declivity that brings them near the top of the cliff and inspect the cave. It will also afford them the boon of the finest drinking water, as cool and clear as is to be obtained in this world of ours.

I have never seen a cave that was so well suited for a habitation as this one. On climbing to the level of the opening, first is found a smooth platform sort of place perhaps thirty by forty feet in size. Next is a great roof or portico which shelters a large portion of this terrace, with an out-curving roof perhaps ten feet high. Then in the wall is a room about six feet wide and ten feet deep, with a low ceiling. A fire across the opening would keep this little retreat comfortable in the coldest weather. Back of this room is an opening of unknown dimensions but extending well back into the cliff. It is very dark there and would not be suitable for living rooms but would be an ideal place to store food and supplies. The front room is fitted with a level floor, and being open to the outer air is in good condition now without a particle of fixing to afford a comfortable place to sleep and take shelter. No stream issues from this cave, and there is no current of air. It is an ideal place for camping and it is one of the sights of the county.

If you have occasion to visit it, follow the path up by an old abandoned sawdust heap. The place is on Dr. H. W. McNeel's farm, the top of the cliff being the dividing line between his farm and that of F. W. Ruckman. Perhaps if you go into the cliff you will be on the Ruckman land as well as the McNeel land.

As is the case of every man who has ever cleared and reclaimed land, I am something of a landscape gardener. As you drive through these pleasant valleys, you should remember that it was the man with the axe whose vision splendid and whole arises. So I see great possibilities in that little cave which has not been much more than a waste place so far. It has been talked of as a place to grow water cress, and there have been some slight efforts to transplant wild cranberries into the bog part of the shut in place. On every side is rich farm land, but the cove has been unused except for some indifferent pasture, which in a section so solidly bluegrass has not been much esteemed. With very little work there could be a little lake formed here of clear pure water. It would be surrounded by beautiful grassy shores and beetling crags would overlook it. There you would have grass, water, and a precipice in close harmony, and it would be one of the beauty spots of West Virginia. The highway would skirt one side of the park, and Sewell's everlasting house would look down on it. It would be just the right distance, eight miles, to make an attraction for the town of Marlinton, and it would be an objective for drives from Lewisburg, Ronceverte, White Sulphur Springs and Hot Springs, Virginia.

I have been weighing the somewhat slight evidence that has been left of the pioneer Sewell. He came here with Jacob Marlin in the seventeen-forties, both of them long hunters. I am now informed by competent

authority, Hon. Boyd B. Stutler, the historian, that long hunter is not a synonym of a tall man, but was a term to distinguish the professional hunter, who crossed into the forbidden lands beyond the mountains for months' stay, as compared with those who took a week or so for the purpose of providing their winter meat.

He owes his fame like Marlin and every other notable to the fact that his name got into print and was preserved in that way. Owing to this fact he and Marlin have come to be first English settlers of the Mississippi Valley. Their permanent camp was where the town of Marlinton is located and where they were found by Gen. Andrew Lewis. Marlin survived the French and Indian war, and lived to the end of his life here. He married and had a daughter who married a Drinnin, and he has descendants here now.

Marlin and Sewell had the experience of men who are too closely associated. They quarreled and Sewell left the cabin and took up his abode in a hollow tree. The two places were separated by the crystal waters of Knapps Creek. Both the cabin and the tree dwelling were located in the narrow pass through which Knapps Creek breaks through to reach the Greenbrier River. This stream flows between two peaks or headlands marking the gateway to the great Knapps Creek Valley, one a spur of Buckley Mountain and the other a spur of Marlin Mountain. These peaks have never been given names, and it is now proposed to name them Mary and Elizabeth, after Elizabeth Dunlap, and Mary Vance Warwick.

The people of this county have specialized on the name of Marlin, and have allowed the people in a distant part of the State to use the name of Sewell. Thus Sewell is remembered by Big and Little Sewell mountains, Sewell Creek, Sewell Valley, the town of Sewell, and one of the measures of coal of the New River section, known as the Sewell seam.

It is the common belief based upon a tradition, that Stephen Sewell left Marlin here, and moved to Sewell Creek which flows into the Gauley River, and that he was there killed by the Indians. As a defender of traditions, I am sorry to say that I have come to the conclusion that Sewell never lived farther west than the cave at the run that bears his name in Pocahontas County, near Mill Point.

That he lived on the waters of Gauley is due to a statement prepared by Col. John Stuart, the grand old man of Greenbrier County, in the year 1798. And it is based on his report that Sewell moved forty miles farther west and lived on a creek that bears his name. It is not at all likely that Sewell lived on Gauley or any point west of the Greenbrier Valley prior to 1756. David Tygart had to leave the nearby valley of Tygart's Valley River in 1754, and he is undoubtedly the original settler west of the long intervening valley of the Greenbrier.

At the same time, it is probable that Sewell ranged widely and Sewell Creek could well have been named for him. But we have definite history of the time and place of his death. It occurred on the 11th day of September, 1756, on Jacksons River, near Fort Dinwiddie. In 1750, Dr. Thomas Walker, an explorer towards Kentucky, crossed the Greenbrier River at the mouth of Anthonys Creek and noted that he had word

of white settlements higher up on that river. He referred to people living at or near the mouth of Knapps Creek.

The next year the Lewises were settling whites on the lands surveyed for the Greenbrier Company. The war clouds began to gather in 1753. France claimed all of the land drained by the Mississippi. In pursuance of this claim they commenced the erection of a fort at Pittsburgh. Governor Dinwiddie in 1753 sent George Washington with an ultimatum to the French to abandon their claim to Fort Duquesne, to which the French gave no heed. In 1754, Washington fought a losing campaign and reached some agreement with the French at a place called the Great Meadows or Fort Necessity, near Brownsville, Pennsylvania. Later in that year the Indians killed the Files family at Beverly, the first settlers to be massacred by the Indians in the French and Indian war. The next year the settlers on the frontier felt reasonably safe while Braddock was forming his army but even before his defeat in July, 1755, the Indians were killing on the Holston River and on the headwaters of New River. The first effect of Braddock's defeat in this section occurred just about a month after that time, when the Indians appeared at the mouth of Knapps Creek and killed twelve persons and took eight prisoners.

This raid ended the hostilities for the year 1755. But in February and March, 1756, they broke out again.

This was caused largely by the unfortunate expedition led by Gen. Andrew Lewis in the winter of 1755-56 against the Ohio Indians. He marched an army of 418 men clear across the State of West Virginia to strike the Indians in their towns on the Ohio. It is called the Sandy Creek Voyage. It resulted in disaster and the men suffered from want of food and from the cold weather. The survivors got back in March, 1756, but a good many of the party perished in the wilderness. There never was any way to tell whether they perished from want and exposure or whether the Indians killed them.

That was a bloody summer on the waters of New River and Roanoke River, but the settlements between here and Staunton were not disturbed until September, and the pioneers had gotten careless and caused the authorities a great deal of apprehension. It is certain that a big company of soldiers were garrisoned here in 1756, but must have been recalled before August 12th. It is likely that from that time on Fort Dinwiddie twenty-five miles from Marlinton, on Jacksons River, was the fort on which the settlers relied for protection.

The way I read the record is that about September 11th, Indians appeared in the territory protected by Fort Dinwiddie, which included what is now Pocahontas County, and that they raided the settlers for four days, the 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, at which time they withdrew with their prisoners.

During that raid they killed twelve persons, wounded two, and carried off thirty-five prisoners. It is practically certain that these persons were killed and captured at their homes, for there is no evidence of any fight at the fort. In fact on September 11, 1756, when the Indians were engaged in killing the settlers in the Greenbrier Valley, the outskirts of the territory guarded by Fort Dinwiddie, the military officers of Augusta

County were holding a court martial to excuse certain citizens from serving in the militia.

It is a fair conjecture that the Indians killed Stephen Sewell at his cave residence on Stephen Hole run. His home was in sight of the war road, and the raiding party would naturally come from the south, and by his hole in the wall. So passed Stephen Sewell. It is presumed that he was not married. He was from New England and had been in the Greenbrier Valley for perhaps ten years or some such time.

If he was not killed in Pocahontas County, he was killed in Bath County, on Jacksons River, but Col. William Preston who recorded his death laid all of the casualties of this raid on Jacksons River, though the chances are that the people were surprised in their homes some distance from the fort.

It was in this same raid that James Mayse was killed and his family taken prisoners. It is also known that when the Indians came back from the raid that they came down through the Narrows and by Marlinton, and that they were closely pursued by the militia of Augusta County; that the Indians were overtaken at this place, and that one of the first things the Indians did when they found they were being followed, was to kill a baby, and its body was found and buried near where the courthouse stands; that when the whites got to Marlin Ford that the Indians were just getting out of the ford and that they had a lot of horses with them; that after the firing the Indians fled towards the mouth of Indian Draft, and that a small boy by the name of Joseph Mayse, riding a horse, was pulled off by a grapevine, and the Indians were not able to harm him, and that he was carried back home, and became a very prominent and useful man.

So taking the rule that when a pioneer was killed by the Indians, and there were thousands of them so killed, the presumption is that he was killed at his own home, it is likely that Stephen Sewell was surprised some morning about daylight at his cavern as he stepped forth to greet the sunrise, and shot down, killed and scalped.

The measurements of Sewell's abode are as follows: The roofed terrace or portico, twenty-nine feet long by ten feet broad, with the projecting roof eight feet in the clear. The hall bed room in which he slept and which could be made snug and warm by hanging a bear skin as a front door, is thirteen feet deep, six feet six inches broad, and four feet and eight inches high over the part used for sleeping with an offset where the ceiling is seven feet eight inches high in a two-foot passage. The place is neat and dry and clean. Just how far back the passage extends which forms a rear room we do not know, but with a flashlight it was easy to see a high passage about two feet broad and very high winding back into the mountain.

Governor Dinwiddie had a fit when he heard of the great losses in the Indian raid of September, 1756. On the 30th day of September he wrote that he had ordered one-third of the Augusta militia out to protect the frontiers as well as militia from other counties, but they are such a dastardly set of people that he is convinced that they do not do their duty. They have neither courage, spirit, or conduct.

I have seen the date of the raid in which James Mayse was killed

given as 1765, but this is an error caused by the transposition of figures. There was peace in Augusta County with the Indians from the year 1764 to the year of 1774; the date of Dunmore's War. It was during that period that so many persons moved into the Greenbrier Valley that there were enough to form a county in the year 1777, and that is conclusive proof of the peace that this valley enjoyed after Bouquet's treaty, until the breaking out of the war over the surveying parties sent out in the early part of the year 1774.

There is not much known about Stephen Sewell's life and character. The subject is one that historians have dodged and if they have mentioned him at all it is only for a few words. For a man who has left his name on so many important places in West Virginia, it is strange that some effort has not been made to make him a well known hero. It is well established that he lived at two places in the Greenbrier Valley, but it is doubtful whether he ever lived farther west, when we consider the date of his settlement here, and the date and manner of his death. Walter Kelly, killed by the Indians in 1774, at Kellys Creek, is probably the first settler of that part of the Kanawha Valley. He had been there at least a year before he was killed. There is no reason for believing that there was a settler in central West Virginia as early as 1756. And if he had been he would not have been killed in a raid on the Fort Dinwiddie settlers. You can take your choice between a stream eight miles west of Marlinton and the other eighty miles west.

CHAPTER IV

Flint Pits at Mill Point. Here General R. E. Lee camped in 1861.

Being in need of a gun flint, it occurred to me that perhaps Barlow & Moore, at Edray, carried them in stock and I phoned to the store. The young lady who answered the phone, hearing that I wanted a gun flint referred it to the proprietor. A. R. Gay is the Barlow & Moore of this generation, trading and doing business under the old name. He assured me that he could supply the demand and sent me down a gun flint, once a staple article of commerce in these parts but not active for the past hundred years.

The Times office has an old flintlock gun with the date, 1742, carved on the stock. It is in perfect condition. When the hammer falls it falls with great force. It gives a blow like a carpenter driving a tenpenny nail. They do not make such hammers these days. It falls like a thunder bolt. The flint is the tip end of the hammer and it hits a steel elbow which is thrown forward by the force of the falling hammer and a spark is produced by the same motion that uncovers the powder pan. They gave way to the percussion cap, invented in 1820. The flintlock won the war of the Revolution. But I doubt very much that a gun flint could be procured in any store in the United States other than Barlow & Moore at Edray. It is the same store where I bought a set of frizens.

I have never seen a flintlock gun fired and I do not propose to carry

the experiment that far, but it was a great weapon in its day. I wonder if the gunsmiths ever made their flints here? I imagine not, for they were cheap. A flint maker was called a knapper and one workman could turn out about three thousand in a day. For something like fifty years after the use of the flintlock had ceased in England and America, the gun flint continued in trade, large quantities being sold in Africa and in the eastern countries which continued to use the device for discharging the gun.

Flint is very plentiful in this valley but it is not in demand. Our flint quarries or flint pits have not been worked for several hundred years.

The flint that is found here is a very superior quality and is found in conjunction with limestone. The nodules have the elegant local name of nigger-heads. The geologists do not agree as to the way that flint is formed and that gives to us that follow the loose trade of writing a chance to get in some fine work in the way of conjecture. I think it is the same process that forms the fossil. Let us deduce a few things. Focile is the French for flint. When the flintlock was adopted in France they called the arm a fusil and that became English language meaning a gun. And by the same easy deduction our other word fossil. A fossil is formed by animal or vegetable matter decaying and leaving in the mud a cavity mold. The mud hardens into rock and the cavity remains. Then through the pores of the stone the hardest and most minute particles of silicon work their way and fill the cavity and form the fossil and this stone so formed is the hardest kind of stone.

Limestone was formed under the sea, a comparatively soft and porous stone. Cavities were left and these fill with fine particles of silicon, or call it sand for short, for silicon next to oxygen is the most plentiful constituent in the earth's crust.

But us scientific boys are hard to follow, but if you have come this far, please bear with me for a few more minutes, and then take your little hammer and begin to knock on the nearest nigger-head to your house.

This limestone as it forms develops cavities. In this section they seem to have ranged generally in size from that large enough to contain a cocoanut to that of a hen's egg. That is the size of the best quality of flint. Those very large nigger-heads are apt to have streaks through them.

These cavities being left in the limestone, and nature having millions of years to do it in, and abhoring a vacuum, proceeded to fill it up with filtered sand. It can well be seen that those particles that made their way through many feet of limestone, those resolute atoms, would form a stone of hardness next to that of the diamond.

Now take the next process. Limestone erodes and mingles with the dust. Thus limestone soils are the most fertile. The soil is formed. Many feet deep in places. Rich garden spots in limestone regions. But the flint would not yield to the dissolving process. It would last millions of years after the limestone was gone. But in the rich soil these nodules would lie like raisins in a loaf of bread or even form a layer at a certain depth as if the raisins had sunk to the bottom. And the primitive

man like the American Indian to whom gold was nothing, would seize a good big nodule with all the joy of a California placer miner finding a nugget of gold.

How men change! The farmer quarrying lime for his kiln will toss into the discard the precious flint and use the softer limestone.

The other day a party of us went to the flint pits and observed the work of the Indians and the work of the palefaces in the same field. Around the recent working were found large numbers of the pear-shaped nodules. They were covered with a dirt-colored husk, but under this husk was a solid mass of black flint that flaked off under the hammer.

There is something peculiar about the fire in flint. It is the home of the fire. The spark that is produced has real fuel qualities. It is fire itself and lasts a perceptible length of time, not a glow but a burning fire.

When the nugget is first flaked off it is of a very dark color, has a certain amount of moisture and is easier worked than after it has been exposed to the air.

This flaking process is a work that the ancients were skilled in and it meant arms, and tools, and weapons to them. One day when I was experimenting with the freshly opened mass of flint, I took a bone stylus formed from the handle of a toothbrush and shaped out an arrowhead in a few minutes. It was not much of an arrowhead, but if it is ever picked up from the soil it will pass for one for it has the serrated edge from the conchoidal fractures occasioned by the pressure. But I have a more wonderful thing to tell. The flint flaked, and split, and fractured into all shapes and sizes, and I picked up a bit about as big as a silver dollar, nearly square, on one edge, thick as the back of a knife blade and on the opposite edge as thin as the cutting edge of a knife blade.

I said to Parson Cleveland, who was researching with me: "I believe I can shave with this piece!" And so said, so done. I shaved a place on my wrist with a good deal of success. It did not pull but cut the hairs very cleanly and nicely. It can be said that it shaved better than a knife and not so good as a razor. If you do not believe me, ask the parson, or better still, try it yourself.

Then I got the vision of what it meant to the primitive man to have flint. It must have been the highest form of wealth. In the Appalachian Mountains, it would be flint. In the Rocky Mountains, obsidian, volcanic glass. In other parts of the country, perhaps, it was jasper, hornstone, agate, bloodstone, or onyx, but wherever it was used it was one of the chalcedonic group to which flint belongs. But hold on, cut out obsidian from the chalcedony, for obsidian is formed by heat like modern glass.

To the Indian, gold was trash. It was too soft. He had no use for it. He had no iron. Though strange to say the eastern Indians had found out that iron pyrites and flint would make fire, and they used in some places what was the equivalent to flint and steel and tinder box.

To get edged tools that could be used as weapons, as knives, and as augers, it was necessary to get flint, and if you lived far away from the limestone ledges, then expeditions had to be made to go after flint,

or it would have to come to the tribe in the course of trade. The Indians down about the mouth of the James made beads out of sea shells, and this was wampum or money. With it they could trade for flaked flint from the limestone country at the head of the river. And in Crabbottom, at the head of the James River and the head of the Potomac River (and they both head on the same farm) are extensive flint pits from which many a ton of flint has been carried away.

Indians did not wear beards as a rule. They were not afflicted with hair on the face to the extent of the palefaces, and to see an Indian with whiskers was as rare as a day in June. But at the same time without the flint cutting edge the Indians would have presented a hairy appearance. They also shaved the skull, leaving the scalp lock for the benefit of anybody that would take it. And every Indian carried a knife. If he did not have a knife. how could he dress a deer, or do any of the many things about the camp requiring this universal tool? He might bite off the scalp lock as was sometimes done when the warrior was entitled to a scalp and had mislaid or lost his knife. We all find these knives constantly lying around on the fresh plowed field and call them spearheads. All bosh! Who would be caught carrying a spear through the thick brush in this country? Those are knives. And sometimes those knives were worked with such art that they were worth as much in the Indian nations as the fine diamonds are in our nation, and with a great deal more reason. I have seen these knives in the great collections like the Smithsonian that show like fine jewels, and one can well believe that they constituted wealth to the savage possessor.

The gimlet was a common instrument from flint. The gimlets are picked up constantly. The handles in all cases were wood attached to the flint blades by rawhide put on wet and which bound it like iron when it had dried.

The Indians were no mean surgeons, and there are many instances of trephining brought to light by the finding of skulls that have been preserved. In the days of the war club one of the dangers of life was a broken head, and if a gent got a blow on the head that dinged it in, he suffered from pressure on the brain, and he lay unconscious and at the door of death unless the pressure could be relieved. Then came the medicine man and with a sharp bit of flint he uncovered the skull. Then with another bit of flint, he cut through the skull and made a circle and lifted out a bit of the skull about as big as a half-dollar, and cleansed the wound, and sewed the scalp together, and the patient woke up and got well. If I remember the treatise right, there was one skull found in South America which showed that at three different periods in life the patient had been trephined for head injuries. It was apparent that he had continued to fight and get knocked on the head and to undergo operations. As the bone grows and has a tendency to close, it was apparent that the three injuries were the result of three battles separated by years, as shown by the growth of bone.

Catlin says that the Indians used a bone punch to shape the flints and other historians agree that bone was used for the shaping of arrowheads and knives and other manufactured articles. Historians seem to agree, too, that the mountain Indians living in a region where flint

abounded, manufactured large quantities of flint weapons and tools and traded them to the Indians on the seacoast for wampum and shell.

By far the most common form is the arrowhead. It was in constant use and most easily lost. And as the color of the chalcedony varies in the different parts of the country it is interesting to note in finding these arrowheads what part of the country they had been carried from by the human being who last used them.

I have made two visits to the flint quarries or flint pits on Stamping Creek, near Mill Point. These workings are in sight of the State highway known as the Seneca Trail on Tom Beard's land and about a half a mile back of his residence, in a fine blue grass pasture. There must be several hundred of the pits. I tried to count them but I lost my notch stick pretty soon, and wherever I went I found a new set of them.

The most remarkable is that part of the range that has been called the Rich Garden for the past hundred or so years. It is pasture land now, but Uncle William Beard farmed it for a number of years. It is a depression in the hills and a little stream sinks out of sight in the lowest part of it. Though the land has been plowed many times the pits are plain to be seen. At first sight it looks like a place that had been a village where houses had been set close together, walls touching, and under each house there had been a cellar. This little hollow in the hills owes its great fertility to the disintegration of the limestone, and there can be little doubt but that a large number of boulders, or flint nodules were deposited there and that the Indians worked the land to the depth of some ten to twenty feet to get the deposit of flint.

Near by are piles of round river sandstone or hammer stones and the books say that near these flint quarries these hammer stones or nutcrackers are invariably found. M. D. Dunlap used to live on Stamping Creek and he used to tell us that these hammer stones were to be found in great quantities there.

Here was Pocahontas County's oldest industry. Here the red men came from the far countries with their spades made from the antlers of deer, elk, and moose, and staked their claims and worked them and carried back to the flint workers the precious nodules secured by the expedition.

One who knows the geological formation of the State of West Virginia would read the sign as follows. The tidewater Indians would obtain their supply of flint from the quarries in the limestone country east of the Allegheny range, such as are to be found in Crab Bottom. It is not likely that they would seek their treasures as far west as the Big Lime of the Greenbrier Valley though freight tariffs and differentials in the shape of wars and treaties might throw the trade to the Greenbrier Valley instead of to the Valley of Virginia.

It is more likely that the northwest Indians from the counties as far as Ohio and Marshall would find it convenient to send their young men in the country of the Big Lime to get flint.

This seems remarkable that Indians would travel some two hundred miles for flint when they were within two thousand feet of the Big Lime at home, but this is explained that it was two thousand feet straight down in the ground and that they had to follow the streams on the sur-

face of the earth until they found a place where it was within digging distance.

Let us go back to the scientific section again. Indians had no iron. They had a little copper in some distant parts of the country. None here. Some think that they knew how to temper copper until it was like steel. I do not think so. It does not lend itself to that. If it did it would not be copper.

For cutting tools, and general use, they depended upon flint. If they had had glass, it would have supplanted flint to some extent, but they did not have that. So they had to have flint. At the same time that they used flint for the every day wants of the farm, and house, and the weapons, they had another set of tools used, referred to as axes. These were used for flaking the flint in the first instance and reducing the nodules to many fragments.

We have a number of these axes or celts. They are made out of greenstone or diorite, an igneous rock formed by great heat. Volcanic origin. The edge was formed by grinding and the stuff is hard. They are generally called tomahawks, and that is an abused work like spearhead. Tomahawks were war clubs and nearly always made out of wood. Something after the order of a croquet mallet. The axes were used to reduce the flint to fragments.

The importance to the Indian nations of a flint supply can be gathered from an account of a meeting of the common council of the Powhatan Confederacy in the year 1609.

There were present chiefs from the thirty tribes ruled over by Powhatan, principal chief, and King of Virginia by appointment of his royal highness, James I, of England. My grandfather Powhatan was presiding, wearing his crown of good English gold, but I am not so sure that he had any pants on. Probably not. The question of the army and navy bill was being considered and it appeared from the report of the monitor of the flint warehouses that the supply of flint was running low, the main reason being that the Delaware nation who controlled the Crab Bottom flint pits had refused to accept the legal ration of three feet of wampum for one back load of flint, and were demanding four feet of wampum. No flint had been delivered for some months and the customary expeditions had not been set out because of the movement to put up the price of a prime necessity.

Thereupon the gentleman for Pamunkey arose and said that he desired to offer a resolution, that whereas, the Erie nation produced a high quality of flint from their pits in the Little Levels, and that by going by the southern route it was no farther than the Crab Bottom pits, and whereas unlimited loads of flint were offered at the legal rate, be it resolved that the Delawares be told to go to thunder, and hereafter that flint of standard weight and fineness be procured from the Eries, in the Little Levels. Carried with a whoop.

To see the flint pit of Pocahontas, get permission from Tom Beard to tread down his grass, go into the Stamping Creek gateway road, circle the high grassy knoll and there you are. It is a beautiful place, and the workings are well defined and easily identified.

CHAPTER V

Marlins Bottom ancient name for Marlinton. Before the railroad was built.

In 1751, Gen. Andrew Lewis came to Marlins Bottom and found Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell abiding here without families. One had the cabin and the other had a hollow sycamore tree. They were more comfortable apart. During the long hard winter they had tired of the close association and had separated. Lewis came here on the first day of April. He and others with him were working out a scheme to get a foothold in the Greenbrier Valley, on the Indian reservation. The choice places on the Shenandoah, the James and the Potomac rivers had been taken up. Old Virginia was getting crowded. It was an ancient and honorable colony looking back proudly upon its record of progress for one hundred and forty-three years. The white man when it comes to owning land has a modest desire only to own the land adjoining his'n. That is all he wants, and what he wants he takes, and justifies himself after the event. The people east of the Great Divide, especially those who attended court at Staunton, knew about the rich lands west of the mountain. They hunted in the forbidden lands. Men wanted for legal offenses found safe refuge beyond the border. And the general spirit of unrest and expansion forced them over the crest of the mountains.

When land was so plentiful in the old days, the custom was established of allowing the settler to take public lands by the acre and to allow him to lay it off in any shape he desired, and the desired location. The Virginia surveys present crazy quilt effect, and even today there are vacant lands that have never been taken, and they are called Waste and Unappropriated.

That word appropriated is a pretty good word for the plan of acquiring land on the western waters. At Marlins Bottom there were six or seven hundred acres of level land formed by the Greenbrier River and the streams that enter the river at this point. Andrew Lewis had the first go at it. Jacob Marlin and Stephen Sewell belonged to the Daniel Boone type that did not bother to take title to the land they lived upon.

So Andrew Lewis took first choice and he surveyed a boundary containing 480 acres, and went away and left it to ripen into a grant. This survey was respected and the settlers that stole silently into the pleasant valley made their homesteads on Stony Creek and the waters of Price Run, just outside of the 480 Lewis Survey, but it is on the Lewis Survey that most of the thriving town of Marlinton is built, on the oldest and best title in West Virginia, as the saying is.

Gen. Andrew Lewis set his compass on top of the leading ridge that runs down from the point just back of the courthouse towards Pine Crest. At one place this ridge gets so low that Knapps Creek laps the top of it in its highest flood stage but has not quite broken across it. From that point he ran towards Huntersville to take in a fine terrace known as the Hamilton field and then a short line of 22 poles towards

Marlin Run. Then a line of 112 poles, about a third of a mile, crossing Marlin Run to the two oaks at the point of the hill, one still standing, widely known as King George's Oak, the Charter Oak, Member of American Hall of Fame for Trees, and the Corner Tree and so forth. Then he went north on the side of the hill about five rods above the edge of the bottom, to a point up towards the coal tipple, on the upper end of the tannery holdings, or as we called it when I was a boy, the Ingen Patch. Then he crossed to the west bank of Greenbrier River with a line 40 rods long. Then with the river to the mouth of Stony Creek 136 rods. Then to the west to the foot of the hill just about where the Warwick road leaves the turnpike, then with the foot of the mountain turning back in a southerly direction to the river at the island, and then with the river by the county bridge, the mouth of Knapps Creek to a point at the lower end of the McLaughlin or McClintic bottom, the corner of the town of Marlinton, and then across the end of the bottom to the foothill at the C. & O. Railway, and then a straight line through the low place in the ridge to the beginning point.

Lewis and others had a plan to colonize this valley under the name of the Greenbrier Company and that partly succeeded. But the king got suspicious of a description of land that lay north and west of the Cowpasture River. According to his view it should have been limited to the Allegheny for its western boundary. In the meantime a lot of us came in here the next four years and stirred up trouble with the Indians and started the French and Indian war. After they had defeated Braddock, the Indians raided this community at Marlins Bottom and killed and captured eighteen persons. That was August 12, 1755. Lewis had been here in a kind of a fort called Fort Greenbrier just before and after the date of Braddock's defeat, but he had taken some Indian prisoners at this place and marched them to Fort Dinwiddie on the eastern side of the Allegheny.

The king fought all efforts to settle the western waters for thirty years. And the Indians raided, and fought, and slew and tortured the palefaces without cessation, but they could not keep back the constant and increasing tide of white men who broke across the barrier, as Roosevelt describes with so much detail in his "Winning of the West."

Lewis made at least four military campaigns in that time on the western waters. Braddock's war, the Sandy Creek Voyage, the capture of Fort Duquesne, and Dunmore's war.

Finally four years after Virginia had become an independent state, and called herself the Commonwealth of Virginia, Lewis got his deed. Thomas Jefferson, Governor, reciting that Lewis had made composition with the commonwealth by the paying of two pounds and two shillings, he was given a grant or deed for 480 acres of land at the mouth of Ewings Creek by virture of a survey made on the 11th day of October, 1751. That was on the 2nd day of June, 1780, and students of history will observe that the Revolution had been about won by that time and that American land hungry people were eating a little further back on the hog. Thousands of these surveys and settlements that the king had refused to grant, were perfected in a wholesale way by Thomas Jefferson as governor. And right there and then he got the idea which

he afterwards carried into effect as President of the United States of selling all public lands by squares and sections, and not according to the irregular sides occasioned by the idiosyncrasies of the land-looker.

Andrew Lewis was a general in the Revolution. He was much honored and respected. A tall commanding figure of a man. As the Indian chief said he shook the ground when he walked. He departed this life in 1782, leaving a will by which he devised a great many tracts of land to his children.

The 480 acres on both sides of Greenbrier River at the mouth of Ewings Creek he willed to his son, John Lewis.

John Lewis died the next year, 1783, leaving the 480 acres to four of his children: Andrew, Charles, Samuel, and Eliza. Eliza conveys her interest to Samuel.

Samuel, Andrew, and Charles Lewis sign a title bond to Jacob Warwick, my great, great grandfather. He assigns the title bond to my great grandfather William Poage, junior.

William Poage had in addition to this tract, adjacent land sufficient to make up something like two thousand acres and he cleared and established a large farm at this place. He was one of the charter members of the court that formed Pocahontas County and was sheriff of the county. He was a very large, heavy, fat man, a jovial disposition, and very popular. His father was William Poage, senior, who lived in the Levels and who survived his son. His father was John Poage of Augusta who was a member of the first legislature of Virginia, after the date of the Declaration of Independence, and his father was Robert Poage, the immigrant, who could claim to belong to the aristocracy of Augusta County, by reason of having paid his passage money in advance.

William Poage, Senior, was in Dunmore's war and in the war of the Revolution. William Poage, Junior, was a major of the war of 1812. In 1827, there was a celebration at his plantation and there was a kind of a banquet. Anyway, there was a good deal of drinking. One of the party had a great idea to propose the toast to Major Poage congratulating him that it was his forty-fifth birthday, and that from that time forth he would not be liable to be called upon for military service. This was drunk with great zest and Major Poage got up from the table and walked toward the barn. He stepped on a corncob which caused him to fall heavily and he so injured himself by the fall that he died.

His first wife was Nancy, one of the daughters of Jacob Warwick. From this marriage there were four daughters and one son. Rachel married Josiah Beard. Sally married Alexander McChesney. Mary married first Robert Beale and afterwards H. M. Moffett. Margaret married James A. Price. The son, Col. Woods Poage, married Julia Callison. My great grandmother Nancy married for her first husband, Thomas Gatewood, and they lived at Marlins Bottom. One son, Andrew Gatewood, was born. He got the Glade Hill farm at Dunmore for his share at Marlins Bottom. His wife was Sally Moffett. Their daughter, Hannah, was John W. Warwick's first wife. Their only child was Mrs. Sally Ligon.

William Poage, Junior, after the death of his first wife married for his second wife, Polly Blair, who survived him as a young widow, with-

out children. For her second husband she married Big-foot Wallace, one of the heroic figures in the history of Texas, a contemporary of Sam Houston, the president of that republic, and one of the founders of that State.

William Poage, Junior, had a number of slaves, one of them was the late Wesley Brown, who departed this life some years ago aged near a hundred. The Poages imported an iron cook stove and set it up as an improvement on the open hearth process. A number of neighbors had come in to see how the invention worked. Wes, the slave boy, had gathered a lot of buckeyes and put them in the stove. When the stove was well fired up it exploded with a great noise and was a total wreck. Wes said that he took to the water birch coverts along the river and hid himself away all day.

Major Poage made a will leaving the Marlins Bottom lands undivided, one-half to Woods Poage and one-half to Margaret D. Price, both infants. Soon after their inheritance came into effect, Josiah Beard as next friend instituted a suit to enforce the title bond and possession and the papers were drafted by an excellent lawyer by the name of Reynolds. The court decreed a deed and William Carey executed it. Then a short time after that the land was divided between my grandmother Price and Woods Poage, my grandmother getting all the lands west of the river and all the land north of Main Street as now located and twenty acres south of that street. The road used to run through a lane across the bottom to a ford in the river at the mouth of Price Run, and the present location is due to the bridge that was built in 1851 at the end of Main Street.

The next move in the title was that Woods Poage sold to my grandfather, James A. Price, his half of the lands, and this gave the Prices 2,211 acres holding in and around Marlins Bottom. My grandmother would never part with an acre of her land and in that way she maintained her position as a woman of property all her life, and showed her wisdom. She had a theory about land that has been remembered to this day, and that is that there was not an acre of worthless land—that every acre was valuable for some purpose or other. My grandfather disposed of his Marlins Bottom tract, the Woods Poage farm, to Dr. George B. Moffett, a well beloved county physician. Dr. Moffett had married Margaret Elizabeth Beale, the daughter of Mary Vance Poage by her first marriage. Dr. Moffett had lived at Huntersville; then at Marlins Bottom; then at Hillsboro. His last years were spent at Parkersburg.

It was at Marlins Bottom that James A. Moffett, son of Dr. Moffett was born. James A. Moffett in after years became the president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, and was president of that company at the time it had its famous hearing before Judge Landis, when he imposed a fine of twenty-nine million dollars. This decision was reversed by the Supreme Court of the United States, but the Standard had to fee some lawyers of renown and I have heard that the compensation was considerable. There is not a shadow of a doubt that James A. Moffett was born here at Marlinton. He said so himself and I have stood with him on the site of the ancient house on lower Camden Avenue. And

my father had a distinct recollection of the day that James A. Moffett was born, and remembered wading the river to see the new baby.

The only time that the Lewis title was ever questioned or attacked was in 1828, when Margaret Tharp laid a survey for a patent of 165 acres on Still House Run and Greenbrier River, at Stillwell. This took in the Joshua Kee bottom, and interlocked with the extreme southern end of the Lewis survey of 480 acres, involving a part of that bottom, some twenty or thirty acres, perhaps. Alex Lamb got his title or went into possession of it and my grandfather Price brought a suit in ejectment against him, under the quaint old rule of using fictitious names. The suit was styled Peter Fairface versus Jonathan Badtitle. Grandpa was Peter Fairface and Alex Lamb was Jonathan Badtitle. Lamb lived on the Jericho place afterwards with my grandfather so I suppose the suit did not destroy the friendship between them. Josias Shanklin, county surveyor of Greenbrier County, was sent to make the surveys, and he established the Lewis lines. There was very little variation of the needle for that survey was made so long before the date of the true meridian that one movement of the magnetic pole offset the contrary movement beginning in 1810, if you know what I mean. If not look it up, as I do not have time to stop and explain.

Shanklin was considerable of a surveyor. He constantly refers to Knapps Creek once called Ewings Creek. As a matter of fact he gets the name wrong after all, for it was changed from Ewings Creek to Knapps Creek in honor of a settler by the name of Napthalium Gregory and it should be Naps Creek. You might as well write Knapoleon.

The jury found for the plaintiff and the title of Lewis was confirmed. It has always been a matter of satisfaction to the people here that when they started in to build a fine city on the banks of the river and in the hollow of the hills, that they had the oldest and best title in the Mississippi Valley to offer to the investor.

Dr. Geo. B. Moffett in his turn sold the southern half of the survey and the surrounding tracts to Hugh McLaughlin, Esquire, and that is the way the McLaughlin family came here.

When the town site was proposed in 1891, as the last of the Virginia boom towns, the title was in Wm. H. McClintic, Wm. J. McLaughlin estate, A. M. McLaughlin, S. D. Price, Wm. T. Price, James H. Price and Levi Gay.

These were all farms. There was no commercial activity whatever. Huntersville was town to us. Edray and Buckeye were the nearest stores. We had a one-room school. In the eighties we formed a debating society to meet once a week. There is where the Rev. Dr. H. W. McLaughlin, one of the great orators of the South, made his first attempt at public speaking, and showed some signs of stage fright. Uncle Sam Price was the moving genius in the forum. We debated one night in the eighties: "Resolved that the county seat should be moved from Huntersville to Marlinton." It was a one-sided, unilateral discussion, no one taking the negative. At Uncle Sam's suggestion I sent the topic and the news of the meeting to the Pocahontas Times, then published at Huntersville. The proposition was treated with silent contempt, but as has been remarked so often, many a true word is spoken from the

chest. Within five years the voters of the county had moved the county seat from Huntersville to Marlinton, where the Prices and the McLaughlins had lived so long in the swamps that they had become webfooted according to a canard of that election.

In the beginning, and down to recent years, Marlins Bottom where the waters meet was a great place for game and fish. The contour of the country threw great numbers of deer into the runways here. Windblown sea gulls settled and all kinds of wild geese and ducks. Bear and panthers have been seen here in the memory of Henry Cleek, who is visting back from Florida. He was kind of raised at the old Price place.

He went one morning to feed the horses early, and his attention was attracted to the baying of hounds. Grabbing a mountain rifle, he went to the river and found in the river near the end of Twelfth Street, a big buck deer bayed. He shot it in the head and knocked it down. Putting down his rifle he waded in and was about to bleed it, when the buck came to life, and attacked him. The boy was able to fight his way to the bank where he was treed in a clump of water birches opposite F. R. Hunter's and C. J. Richardson's residences. And the buck walked about those trees for more than an hour with fire in his eyes, until old man James Henry Price came silently along the rail fence and shot the buck and killed it.

It was not by accident that Marlinton became the metropolis of the Tenth Senatorial District. There are only two low gaps in the great Allegheny, one the Rider Gap, and the other the Frost Gap, and both of them lead into the Narrows, as the Northwest Passage just east of Huntersville was called by General Andrew Lewis. And all the waters from these gaps lead to the Greenbrier River, the first large stream to be reached after crossing the divide.

There is a tradition, which is as worthy of belief as any of the traditions, concerning the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe, and that is that this is the farthest west reached by Governor Alexander Spotswood, in his expedition west in the year 1716. The trophy that he gave to every member of that expedition bore this inscription: Sic juvat transcendere montes. (This he swears to cross the mountains.) I think he actually crossed the mountains, and not the Blue Ridge only.

CHAPTER VI

One of the Able McLaughlins from the Country of the Seneca Trail.

One fine day I returned from a tour in West Virginia, having addressed eighteen county teacher's institutes from the pawpaw to the pine. I came home a physical wreck caused, as I verily believe, by my efforts to keep up the heads and the eyes open of thousands and thousands of teachers, with my naked and perspiring soul. Mentally speaking it is a good deal like driving a swarm of bees across the plains and never losing a bee.

I felt too sick to prepare an article, but in a past winter's day I had

prepared a sketch of "An Able McLaughlin" for the West Virginia Review which I intended to submit to mine own people through the Pocahontas Times:

Some years ago I was in New York just after the book of the year, "The Able McLaughlins" came out. We Pocahontas County people seized it sooner perhaps than the average reader because it described our clan of that name so well. In the big city in the marble halls one day I was in society up to the saddle girth and acting as pretty as I knew how. I was introduced to a beautiful lady, a Miss McLaughlin. "Ah," I said, archly waving my little finger, "One of the Able McLaughlins?" "No," replied the lady, "Adam McLaughlins." "Ho," I said, "From the Cow Pasture country!" And it was even so. The world is a small place, ain't it? Way up there above the Mason and Dixon, I met a girl from home. Adam McLaughlin and I were boys together.

This assignment is about another Able McLaughlin, one of the big preachers of the country, Rev. H. W. McLaughlin, D. D., Superintendent of the Country Life Department of the Presbyterian Church, recently established by the General Assembly.

Dr. McLaughlin was born at Marlins Bottom, now Marlinton, in the year 1869. He was the oldest child of A. M. McLaughlin and Mary Price McLaughlin. He received some desultory instruction in the free schools. There was a one-room schoolhouse and a four months' school term. He got some inkling of the classics from his uncle, Rev. Dr. Wm. T. Price, who lived on the adjoining farm. When he was nineteen years old he was inducted into college life at Hampden-Sydney College, where he speedily developed into a brilliant student and graduated as an honor man in 1893. Having been chosen for the ministry, he followed his college course with the customary three years at the Union Theological Seminary.

His first work was in Fayette County, West Virginia. He was then pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Hampton, Virginia, during the Spanish-American War. Here he worked with Dr. Calvin Dewitt among the sick and wounded soldiers at Old Point Comfort, which marked a practical beginning of Red Cross work among soldiers. He then became pastor of Liberty and Baxter Churches in Pocahontas County, West Virginia. In 1902, he was abroad making a tour of the Holy Land, the Mediterranean countries, and England. Then he became pastor of the Stuart Robinson Memorial Church in Louisville, Kentucky, where he remained for six and a half year. While here he became associated with Alice Hegan Rice, author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in carrying on the philanthropic work of the Cabbage Patch Settlement House at Louisville.

He then became pastor of the New Providence Presbyterian Church of Rockbridge County, Virginia, and served as such until the year 1925, when he became the head of one of the departments of the General Assembly. The New Providence Church is a famous institution in the annals of the Scotch-Irish in America. It is the largest Presbyterian Church in the open country in Virginia. It was organized in 1746. It is the principal source of the educational impulse which has resulted in that great institution of learning, Washington and Lee University.

Dr. McLaughlin was married August 31, 1897, to Miss Nellie Swann Brown, seventh daughter of Rev. J. C. Brown, of Malden, West Virginia, and granddaughter of Rev. James M. Brown, once pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Charleston, West Virginia, and a great granddaughter of Rev. Samuel Brown and Mary Moore, the Captive of Abb's Valley. To this union were born nine children, all of whom take to learning as ducks do to the water, who are ornaments to the various institutions of higher education where they have been students. Rev. Samuel Brown was in his life time for a long period pastor of the New Providence Church.

I have got tired writing these statistics and with your permission I am going to wander around for awhile. I would like to bring up the question of how much luck has to do with the lives of successful men. In this case we are discussing a man who picked out for himself the best of fathers and the best of mothers, the best of wives, and the best children. How could it be otherwise, that everything that he did should prosper? But a discussion of that sort of force leads into ways that we know not, and we will not dwell on it. One thing is certain, that something must have been done in his connection that pleased the Lord, for this cousin of mine has been granted a full and satisfactory life and he has not reached the zenith of it.

Great men come from the mountains, and it looks sometimes like it was absolutely necessary for the germ of greatness to find fertile soil, that the subject must be placed in a one-room school in the country.

Let me quote from an article by Dr. McLaughlin, in the "The Biblical Review":

"On the eighth of June as I was passing through Charlottesville, the university town of Virginia, I met my friend the county agent. He introduced me to the teacher of the Men's Bible Class of the leading Baptist Church, who said: 'Yesterday I had an interesting experience. I had seventy-four men present and took a census to find out from whence they had come. Sixty-nine of the seventy-four had been born in the country'."

Forty years ago the McLaughlins lived on one side of Greenbrier River and their land came down to the river on the east side. The farm we lived on, that is the family of Rev. Dr. William T. Price, my father, came down to the other side. The houses were about a mile apart across the bottoms, and when the river got very high the waters extended from one house to the other. The generation before, Henry's father, Andrew M. McLaughlin, had married Mary Price, my aunt, the result of a boy and girl courtship, lasting during the Civil War, when our community seemed to be continually on the firing line. The Greenbrier bridge at this place seemed to be the local Mason and Dixon line within the county.

Andy McLaughlin, when I first remember, was the prosperous farmer of the county. He was a powerful man and a great manager of men. I worked for him a lot myself and I remember his faculty of getting the greatest amount of work out of his men and making them like it. At that time the community of Marlinton did not have even a store. It was forty-six miles from the railroad. The streams were pure and the boundless continuities of shade covered the land. We used to say that

Pocahontas County was the pearl of the Alleghenies, where the men were all true, the women were beautiful, and the fishing was the finest in the world. As a fact we did not know our luck. We hankered after railroads and cities and towns and thought we were shut in. We did not realize that there was a lot of sin and misery shut out.

There were three of us boys about the same age. My brother who is now Dr. J. W. Price, Henry McLaughlin and myself. We were workers in the fields and made a pass at doing all kinds of work. Henry excelled in caring for sheep and he was lucky with them, and any man that can bring sheep to fruition has untold wealth in that quality. We three boys turned our thoughts to matters of public importance. I know that we did not consider ourselves young or immature. We had access to books and periodicals, and we passed on matters that occurred throughout the world with a good deal more thoroughness than any of us do now. We come from a reading stock of people and it was not remarkable that reading being the only connection that we had with the rest of the world that we were readers, and that is why we had the world at our feet.

I think it must have been an unusual one-room school that we all attended, for I counted up the score the other day and out of twenty-eight children, twelve of us had broken into the professions.

The imagery of the Bible likens the work of the pastor with that of the shepherd and those words are interchangeable in the English, German and romance languages. Henry McLaughlin who, as a young boy, knew everyone of three or four hundred sheep by their faces, has never gotten far away from the care of live stock. He owns the Maxwelton farm, out of Lewisburg, and is known all over the world as a breeder of polled shorthorns and Hampshire sheep. He is equally at home in the pulpit and in the bull-pen. He sits with the righteous and the just in the highest church courts and chancelleries. Makes a quick change and appears at the Chicago live stock occasions and talks the language of the breeders.

The McLaughlin home was a big rambling farmhouse by the road. It had been built in three parts, the additions coming as required and there was a lot of porch room. It was a great stopping place for travelers passing on the long roads in the mountains. They would make it suit to stop over night there. There was plenty of room. The barns and stables were commodious. And the long dining table was full every meal. Not the least of our resources in those days was the fine pack of deer and fox hounds. The splendid fishing. By every field there was clear water swarming with fish easier to take than the domesticated animals of the farms. It was an ideal life. Books counted for more than in town. My Aunt Mary McLaughlin, Henry's mother, was one of the most diligent housewives that I ever knew, but she was one of the most delightful readers. She always managed to lose herself each day in a book for an hour or two's surcease from the cares of life, and float away for a brief season to the islands of the blest. Such mothers inspire their children. I belong to the school of thought that holds that we owe our temporal and spiritual salvation to our mothers.

there had to be rules against reading all night, the exception being a concession when the child had the tooth-ache. This orgy of reading was guarded against by limiting the candle power. Sometimes we could beat the rule by demanding that we be allowed two candles to improve the illumination, and then burning only one at a time.

The two families were almost the same as one. One thing I remember with a great deal of gratitude was that I could always depend upon my Uncle Andy's for a square meal, the picking being somewhat meager in the minister's family. Another thing it was the point of contact with the world, and the only one I had. Ministers, judges, statesmen, lawyers, and every class and condition of people who passed through the county were to be seen and heard at that hospitable mountain home.

A. M. McLaughlin was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for some forty years and he made a teaching elder of his son. He bred back through several generations to the highlands of Scotland. He was a Scottish chieftain, and he talked like a Highlander as recorded in the Waverly novels.

As I remember it, the county did not approve of Henry McLaughlin entering the profession. When he went to college at Hampden Sidney, it was considered that a very fine live-stock artist was being sacrificed to the cause of higher education.

It is a matter of congratulation that he has shown the wisdom of the move by becoming a power in the Southern Presbyterian Church.

After he had been at college for a couple of years there came a time when things broke loose at his home. It was in the days of the Virginia booms which were exemplified recently in Florida. Though far removed from the railway, it occurred to some optimistic West Virginians that Marlinton was a very good place for the Virginia fever in real estate to cross the crest of the Allegheny, and the McLaughlin farm was sold for a town site. The great engineer, Mr. Venable, of Charleston, came and laid off the town of Marlinton, and in the excitement the county seat was moved from Huntersville to the new town, and then the bottom fell out and we had to wait ten years for the boom to get under way.

In 1890, the McLaughlins emigrated to Greenbrier County, purchasing the great blue grass farm at the cliffs at the place now called Maxwelton, the place that Dr. McLaughlin owns as his stake in West Virginia. And there the McLaughlins set up another home and center of hospitality. And naturally a church sprang up there, and there the old chieftain and his wife are buried. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them. The chieftain chose for his epitaph one line: "A ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church."

Maxwelton braes are bonny, and the name is a compliment to a beautiful lady, Dr. McLaughlin's sister Annie, Mrs. J. D. Arbuckle, of Greenbrier County.

The home place fell to Dr. McLaughlin and it is Maxwelton stock farms, the head and front of the polled shorthorn breed, that makes it a well known name in such distant lands as the Argentine, or in South Africa.

Between a mixed descent of Scot and Welsh, Dr. McLaughlin has more

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One of the faults I find with the modern system of intensive education is that it does not encourage reading. As I recalled our boyhood

of the characteristics of the Scotch in appearance and in traits of character. A big Scotchman, and in the pulpit to the manner born. After he had been ordained a few years, he came back to the old homestead at Marlinton, and preached in the church, and he made a good impression on his boyhood friends, with the power and beauty of his sermon. We had heard about him, but that day we heard and approved his oratory. He belongs in the pulpit.

Another Scotch trait, is his attitude towards education. The Scot knows how to take care of his money until it comes to educating his children and then he will sell the last button from his coat, and with nine children to put through college, he has his work cut out for him. You heard this one about the Scot? He said that he could not smoke a pipe—when he used his own tobacco he packed it too loose, and when he smoked his friends' he packed it too tight.

Last summer, Dr. McLaughlin's oldest son, Rev. John Brown McLaughlin, a theological student, appeared here and preached in and about Marlinton during the vacation and the people received him gladly. It looked to some of us oldtimers like time had turned backward in its flight. He was the same big, powerful, broad-shouldered six-footer that his pa was when he went forth from Marlin's Bottom to work his way up the ladder of fame.

This is a whale of a biography. I have been thrown between the two standpoints of a genealogist and a historian and have not succeeded with either end of the subject. And then, too, we are not to call anyone blessed until he is dead, and at the age of fifty-six, Dr. McLaughlin is just coming into his estate. He is a powerful influence in the Southern Presbyterian Church, and the Southern Presbyterian Church at the present time is acting like the old guard of the solid south, that dies but never surrenders. Even our Methodist brethren, who used to stand like a stonewall for the lost cause have shown signs of relenting. As time goes on a good many of us unreconstructed grow less solid from the ears up.

My mind goes back to the days of the tallow candle, and the readers each with his tallow candle in one hand and the book in the other. And I introduce you to Preacher McLaughlin, the product of that school. And here is to his good health, and his family's good health, and may they all live long and prosper.

CHAPTER VII

Battles of Marlins Bottom and Huntersville.

There used to be a covered bridge at Marlinton across the Greenbrier River. It was built about 1851, and it was the sop to the Cerebus who was guarding the treasury when great turnpike schemes were being carried out in Richmond. This was one of the bridges that came through the Civil War. Armies marched back and forth over the bridge and it figured in battles and retreats, but as it happened, the critical

occasions did not occur in time of flood except once, and that was during Averell's raid, and then they kindled a fire that my grandma Price was able to scatter.

Before it was torn down, I went across it one morning and saw an old Confed examining the walls. It was my very good friend, James Schisler, of Greenbrier County. He said he was looking for the loophole that he had used during the war.

As near as I can figure it out there was but one time that they had a battle here at Marlinton, during the Civil War, though it was for months at a time a fortified camp. And I never understood the nature of the controversy at that time, and I am pretty sure that none of the local people here on either side ever understood it. All they knew was that there were soldiers stationed at the bridge and suddenly the bottom was full of blue coats and there was much firing and cavalry charging and an awful racket, and the Confederates retreated west and south, and the Yankees went away.

Dr. George B. Moffett was here that day. He was the father of the president of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the one that the umpire fined twenty-nine million dollars. That president said that the fine did not hurt so much as the attorneys' fees that the company had to pay.

Dr. Moffett withdrew that day. In telling about it afterwards he said: "Well, I thought I had a fairly fleet horse, but with all those bullets flying around me, it seemed like Gizzard could not run at all."

Col. Gratton Miller was here that day. He told us children about it forty-odd years ago. He said that he ran through the bridge and got so much dust in his lungs that he could not run and he dared not stop. "Why could you not stop?" "Because I had to run or get shot in the back." So it is to be presumed that he was moving rapidly.

But after so long a time I think I have been able to figure out what the fuss was about, and if you will bear with me as long as the tale unfolds, I will try to pass it on to you. That is the reason I would rather write than speak. In writing I am not interrupted and I do not suffer from the sight of weariness.

The day that the Yankees and Confederates sowed the bottom with minnie balls was January 3, 1862.

It will be remembered that the war broke out in 1861, and that for a time Pocahontas County was the objective of both armies. That is the glorious year in the history of this county. The strength of the militia just before the war was six hundred and fifty, and yet before June 10th, over five hundred had entered the Confederate army from Pocahontas County. Robert E. Lee spent something like two months here in the summer of 1861, between Huntersville and Linwood. His exact whereabouts during that time can be traced by the letters he wrote during his stay in this county.

There had been considerable fighting in Tygarts Valley as the Confederates fell back before McClellan and Rosecrans. The Federals dug in at Elkwater, and Lee fortified the passes through Valley Mountain and Middle Mountain. The Federals had fortified White Top of Cheat Mountain on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. Lee tried to get

Loring's army across the Cheat country and they got lost in the wilderness. If he had got that army in behind the Federals who were at Elkwater, it is to be presumed he would have attacked in the front.

It is pretty plain reading between the lines that Lee was worried about not having word from Loring about whether he had got across or not, and sent Maj. John A. Washington with a handful of men to reconnoiter and see if he saw a Confederate army marching up the river by some hook or crook. And Washington kept looking and looking in vain for such a force and got so near the fortifications in trying to discover the lost army that he was fired upon and killed.

Then Lee pulled up and left in the fall and the troops settled down for the winter. The Federals were at Beverly, and Huttonsville, White Top and Elkwater. The Confederates were at Bartow, Top of Allegheny, Monterey, Huntersville and Marlins Bottom. On the Marlins Bottom and Huttonsville Turnpike the Confederates had fallen back to this place and farther east. The Federals had been stopped in two severe battles on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, one fought at the fording of the East Fork of Greenbrier River, on October 31, 1861, and one at the Top of Allegheny on December 13, 1861. In addition to that there had been two skirmishes at Travelers Repose, at that same ford, one October 3, 1861, and one December 12, 1861. We had six battles in that one year in Pocahontas County. That is counting the battle of January 3, 1862.

At Huttonsville that winter the 25th Ohio was camped, and with them was Maj. George Webster of that regiment. General Milroy was in command of the forces at that time and he conceived a plan to let the young major have a chance to lead a small army into the Greenbrier Valley by the way of the Old Field Fork of Elk to Marlins Bottom, it having been about two weeks since he found the upper road across the Greenbrier Valley blocked at Top of Allegheny.

Webster entered upon his campaign with enthusiasm and he executed his orders with neatness and dispatch. His little army was made up of 400 soldiers from his own regiment. They marched by the Elk Water fort and there he picked up 300 men from the Second West Virginia, and at Linwood he was joined by a little troop of 38 of Bracken's cavalry. He had loaded up his supply wagons and the army of 738 men moved south into the country of the rebel angels. He started from Huttonsville, December 31, 1861, at 1 p. m. The road follows the Tygarts Valley River to its head at Mingo, and from there it crosses over the Valley Mountain where it strikes the upper waters of the Dry Branch of Elk at the post office of Mace. The road descends a little along the foot of the great Cheat Mountain, whose southern end faces this little valley. The road then climbs again for part of a mile to the gap between Cheat Mountain and Middle Mountain. Then down the long slope by the camp that General Robert E. Lee had vacated some months before. Then down the Big Spring Branch of Elk to the Hugh Sharp place, then across a divide to the waters of Slaty Fork of Elk by L. D. Sharp's store, and then across another divide to the Old Field Fork of Elk, so called from an old Indian field near Mary's Chapel. I remember Dr. Lacy's dilemma when he came to change the name of this chapel, from Saint Mary's Chapel,

about the time it was dedicated in 1888 to Mary's Chapel. The original name did not appeal to the old ironsides.

The route lay up the Old Field Fork of Elk for seven or eight miles and when Webster's army reached the place that Crooked Fork of Elk turns to encircle the upper reaches of Gauley River, they found the timber barricade cut into the narrow defile the fall before when Lee's army withdrew from the waters of Elk to the waters of Greenbrier. This barricade was a formidable one, for the trees were all cut for more than a mile. I remember it very distinctly. Webster reached this blockade on the evening of January 2nd, and there were so many trees across the pike that he concluded it would be impossible for him to cut them out so that his wagons could continue to go forward without losing too much time. So he parked his wagons there and left a squadron of fifty men to guard them.

He found a path to the left, on J. C. Gay's side of the blockade and he climbed to the top of the mountain in that way, early on the morning of January 3rd.

When Webster got to the top of Elk Mountain on the Gay place he could look down on the valley of the Greenbrier like whatyoumaycallhim looked down on Italy from the Alps. He could see the tents of the winter camp of the company who had started to winter on the Ingen Patch, that part of the city limits now occupied by the Union Tanning Company. Another company (Louisiana) was camped down the river on the west side where the old Price place is. They had cut every tree on the plantation of any size except a walnut and a hickory that the children begged the colonel to spare.

Marlins Bottom was fortified against invasion from the north. The old pike came up a little hill and dropped down to the bridge head. On top of this hill was a cannon. A part of embankment can still be seen. On the east of the river on the bank was a trench for rifle fire extending the length of the Tannery Row of tenement houses, with another cannon styled where there is now a big oak where the road topped the bank from the Marlin ford. These fortifications commanded the turnpike at a distance of some four hundred yards and made the road extremely dangerous as a passway.

Webster marched his command down Elk Mountain through the loyal village of Edray, across the flats to Drennen's Ridge, and down that ridge into the rebel settlement of Marlins Bottom. At or about the mouth of Stony Creek, a mile above the bridge, he stopped long enough to send his squad of cavalry across the river at the Gay place, and they galloped down the east bank of the river and came out on the bottom land and to the Huntersville road, firing and acting outrageous, while Webster's infantry came down the west of the road. The cavalry cutting in behind the Confederates caused them to stampede and most of them made it across the bridge to the west side and they all fled south and west into the woods. This engagement while a very noisy one resulted in no loss by death or wounding on either side.

And it hardly halted the advance of the Federals. They crossed the bridge and advanced on Huntersville, six miles distant, driving before them some mounted Confederates. Huntersville was the county seat of

Pocahontas County, and was located about four miles from Camp Northwest. It had seen some big armies during the year 1861, and when Lee left everything in charge of Loring, the Confederates made Huntersville their headquarters for all their activities in this part of the county.

Webster had left Captain Johnson with fifty men to guard the wagons at the barricade. So now he left Captain Williams and fifty men to guard Greenbrier Bridge.

When Webster arrived at the ford of Knapps Creek at the place where J. H. Buzzard lives, he found the Confederate cavalry on the south side of the creek in a level bottom field with Knapps Creek on one side of them and their line extending up and over a hilly spur that jutted out into the field, the line crossing the turnpike. Webster sent a detachment up the mountain to turn the Confederate's right while the rest of his command marched upon their front and the firing became general on both sides. But the Confederates perceiving that the Federals on the north side of the creek were encircling them, fell back and formed a new line of battle across the pike and along Cummings Creek near the town. The pickets coming in from Marlins Bottom had reported the Federal force to be about five thousand men.

Webster crossed at the ford at J. H. Buzzard's and topped the little spur and finding that the Confederates were in battle line on Cummings Creek, he sent two companies to his right through the woods on the hillside, and the Bracken cavalry to swing far to the left towards the bank of the creek, and the rest of the troops advanced forward. After some firing the Confederates mounted their horses and retreated to the town, and as the Federal troops entered the town from the west side, the Confederates left by the east side.

The number of Confederates engaged at Huntersville was about four hundred regular cavalry, several hundred citizens of the county, recruited the day before, and two companies of infantry.

In the meantime, at Camp Allegheny, Gen. Edward Johnson was filled with apprehension. This was the Kentucky general. An old lady told me that his ears flapped when his horse trotted. General Johnson's scouts had reported the forward movement of the Federals as being 5,000 men, and Johnson figured out that they would circle around by way of Huntersville, Frost, and Crab Bottom, and detach him violently from his base, at Monterey.

The troops at Huntersville fell back to Monterey. The Federal loss was one man shot in the arm. The Confederate loss was one man killed and seven wounded. At Marlins Bottom all that they lost was their wind.

When Webster marched into Huntersville he found it deserted. Not a soul was living there. The courthouse and jail and stores, and houses were all empty. War had come too close to them, and the county seat and largest town of the county was abandoned by its population. It remained in this condition for most of the war, and the soldiers used the Presbyterian church for a camp, and the houses were abused. Windows were broken and the doors left swinging, and an old timer told me that this, the scene of much social life and gayety, became one of the dreariest sights that he had ever observed.

A civilian came to the Webster command and told him that the people had moved out and taken their belongings with them because the Confederate general had told them that if his army was beaten, the town would be burned.

When the town was captured January 3rd, large army supplies were found stored there. There were 350 barrels of flour, 150,000 pounds of beef, 30,000 pounds of salt, and large quantities of sugar, coffee, rice, bacon and clothing.

Not being able to move anything, fire was set to the stores and they were destroyed.

Then Webster turned and marched his men back to his wagons that night in the sleet and driving rain, having fought two engagements, and marched something like twenty-eight miles on foot. That was a big day's work. It took an hour and a half to drive the Confederates a mile, and he was in Huntersville two hours destroying rebel stores.

It is no wonder that the local people did not understand the movements on that day, for the Confederate commanders did not know what was happening to them. Webster's return march from Huntersville was what they had not counted on. They went on the basis that a big army was on the move, and looked for it to go almost any way but back. They figured on a march to the White Sulphur Springs, or on the Central Railroad at Millboro, or to Monterey.

But the little Federal army marching so jaunty with their young commander had no notion of penetrating farther into the strongholds of the Confederacy than any Union army had reached up to that time, and he had swept the country clean as he went along and extricated his army with much neatness and dispatch. The 4th and 5th of January, were spent in marching back from the barricade to Elkwater. On the night of the 5th they were in the fortifications at Elkwater, where they were royally entertained by the soldiers at that camp, and on the morning of the 6th they were in their old headquarters at Huttonsville. They had pulled out on a Tuesday and they got back the following Monday, and it was as fine a little campaign as ever a set of youngsters put over. Maj. George Webster, of the 25th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers, Commanding Huntersville Expedition, was there and back again, with all his men and horses intact, having carried fire and sword into a hostile country, and marched 102 miles in six days. And he threw a scare into the Confederates that made their lines quiver from Huntersville to Winchester, and from Camp Allegheny to Staunton. Scouts rode headlong in every direction carrying dispatches. They seemed to have agreed on the strength of the Federal army as being 5,000 men instead of the 738 that it actually was.

The same week of the Huntersville expedition, Sutton, the county seat of Braxton, had its awful time. In that town a Federal company was stationed under Captain Rowan. The town was attacked by 135 Confederates. The Federal company retreated to Weston, and the Confederates burned the town and took what commissary stores they found there. Colonel Crook with four companies went in pursuit of the Confederates (claimed to be irregular soldiers) and killed six, and dispersed them in the Glades. On the 30th, Colonel Anisansel organized an

expedition of two regiments and marched them to the Glades in Webster County and killed twenty-two and burned twenty houses. This was about the time that Webster was operating in Pocahontas.

Before Webster marched out of Huntersville that rainy day, he nailed the Stars and Stripes to the top of the courthouse and left them flying, with their bright colors against the sodden sky.

There was another skirmish at Marlins Bottom, April 19, 1864. Capt. J. W. Marshall's company of the 19th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., came upon a company of Federal soldiers, identity unknown, and chased them north towards Edray.

CHAPTER VIII

Battle of Duncan's Lane fought on Stony Creek near Marlinton. Important Services of State Troops to the Union.

Hearken unto the battle of Duncan's Lane. The story of that battle has never been printed before. It is ignored by all histories of the war. Until late years it was not a subject of frank and open discussion by the people of this county. Time cures all things. There are still living a number of men who participated in that fight, and I have talked with men on both sides recently and after so long a time this historic event, which had been so nebulous, came out clear and distinct and I will endeavor to state the case.

At the West Union schoolhouse at the foot of the mountain, on the road that leads to the Williams River country, in 1864, lived Henry Duncan, in a double log house on the headwaters of Stony Creek. The house was opposite the mouth of a draw or hollow leading off at right angles toward the south, and up that hollow lived William Beverage about a quarter of a mile distant. A pass-way was used up that hollow to reach the Griffin place, and the homes of people living on Days Mountain, and on over to the headwaters of Dry Run, a branch of Swago Creek. Part of the passway between the Duncan place and the Beverage place was fenced on both sides in 1864 as a lane. It was this lane that gave the name to the battle.

The State was formed in 1863, and in the early part of 1864 a regiment of state guards was formed at Buckhannon, and of this regiment Pocahontas County furnished one company, captained at times by Capt. Sam Young, a minister, and later by Capt. I. W. Allen. Captain Young preached at the sulphur spring on Stony Creek (Ellis Sharp's) on May 3, 1854, and made an appointment to preach there again in forty years after. A great concourse of people gathered there in 1894 to keep the appointment, but the captain was dead. Eleven survivors appeared at the meeting.

This regiment had its headquarters in 1864 at Beverly. These state guards were gallant soldiers and were exposed to all the perils and privations of the Civil War. It is not too much to say that they performed service attended by unusual dangers and hazards, and it is a matter of general regret that they were not recognized and rewarded by the Federal government after the war, for however home guards in uninvaded states were placed, those in West Virginia were real soldiers.

In 1864, the Union depended upon the result of the presidential election, as a peace party had set out to defeat the election of Lincoln, and if this had succeeded the erring sisters would have been allowed to go in peace, and the United States would have disintegrated.

The dauntless Averell and his mounted infantry, like a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire to the Confederates, had conquered and subdued West Virginia for the Union. He was ignominously discharged in Septemper, 1864. The county of Pocahontas, in the fall of 1864, was controlled by the Confederacy. It was determined, however, by the West Virginia authorities to hold an election for president in this county, and arrangements were made to open the polls at Edray. And the Pocahontas County State Guards company was detailed to bring that election off. They marched on foot from Beverly to Edray, a distance of fifty-four miles, coming in by the way of Elk River, and arriving a day or two before election. It was recognized that it was a dangerous expedition, sending one company into Pocahontas County.

The company camped near the headwaters of Elk on the way in, and one of the soldiers, Washington Neff, obtained leave of absence to visit his wife who was stopping at William Gibson's. Here he was captured by a squad belonging to Captain J. C. Gay's company of Confederate scouts, and was taken as a prisoner to the headquarters of that company, at the farm of Samuel Gay just above the mouth of Stony Creek. That night in attempting to escape, Neff was shot and killed. The prisoner had laid out Private Bennett with a stone and had been shot as he fled near the ford in Stony Creek.

This word had reached the company at Edray. Capt. Sam Young was in command. Capt. I. W. Allen was there, too. Nearly every member of the company was a Pocahontas man. Already apprehensive of the danger of being in the heart of a Confederate county, the death of Neff must have impressed them with the dangers of their position. The polls were opened under the oaks standing in front of the William Sharp house, near the big spring. The soldiers all voted irrespective of age and a number of citizens of the vicinity, and the vote was solid for Abraham Lincoln for president.

Aaron Moore was chosen as the messenger to take the vote into the northwestern part of the State, where the existence of the government of West Virginia was recognized, and the company of soldiers prepared to act as his guard. William Hannah was one of the commissioners of election but he had the uniform of a soldier. It was decided not to attempt to return by the pike to Beverly, the road now called Seneca Trail. The return was to be made by crossing the river at Marlins Bottom, by Huntersville, and the Hill country, by Dunmore and Greenbank to the Staunton and Parkersburg pike at Travelers Repose and across Cheat

Mountain. The company marched four miles south to Marlinton and when they came in sight of the bridge they saw a Confederate soldier at the end of the bridge on horseback. This soldier saw the Union soldiers at the same time and whirled his horse and galloped back through the bridge. This was construed to mean that he was a picket and that he had gone to notify southern cavalry of the advance of the northern soldiers. Upon a council of war it was decided to take to the mountain and make a detour in the direction of Williams River in such a way that cavalry could not follow them. They realized that they were a small company of men in a country that was hostile to them, and that they might be killed by an ambushed force at any minute.

It turned out afterwards that the soldier at the bridge was not a sentinel, but was a deserter who was making his getaway to Buckhannon, where they saw him a short time after.

The little army turned up Price Run and from there climbed Bucks Mountain through the grass lands until they reached the fringe of trees near the top, and there they took some cold food from their haversacks and lay down to sleep without any fire whatever.

They were stirring before daylight and marched to the head of Dry Run and called at the house of Peter Beverage, a Union man, and there got something to eat, and then proceeded by the way of the Griffin Place, to William Beverage's place. William Beverage was a brother of Peter Beverage, but was a Confederate in sympathy, and a non-combatant.

Here there were bees, and the little army feeling safe from possible pursuit, commandeered a bee gum or hive full of honey. It was the first week of November and the hive was heavy with honey. The soldiers made the farmer give them buckets and they proceeded to fill the buckets with honey, preparing for a mid-day feed.

In the meantime, the Confederates had been laying plans to capture the Union soldiers sent here in such a small force to beard the lion in his den. Capt. J. C. Gay, holding a commission as captain under the Confederacy, with authority to guard the border, was the ranking officer in this emergency; he augmented his force by summoning to his headquarters at his home, at the mouth of Stony Creek, all Southern soldiers who were at home on furloughs, and his command was made up of about half scouts and half soldiers on furlough.

Godfrey Geiger says that he and his brother, Adam Geiger, were called from their home at Stony Bottom and that they reached headquarters at the Gay farm about dark on the day of the election.

The company was made up there and moved before daylight the next morning, and took the trail of the Union soldiers on Bucks Mountain and found where they had bivouaced in the edge of the woods. They then went to William Kinnison's on the mountain to get some bread but before any could be prepared they heard the northern soldiers' platoon firing at Peter Beverage's near by, and they did not wait for anything to eat.

They hung on the trail slowly which led through the woods for the most part, until they came to the open grass land around William Beverage's, and there they saw the Union soldiers in the act of taking the honey from a bee hive. The distance was about three hundred yards.

The order to fire being given, a volley was let off, the result of which was a general scattering of the blue coats for shelter. Some went to the hillsides on either side of the hollow. Some went down Duncan's Lane, and sheltered in and behind Duncan's house, and some to the knoll commanding the mouth of the hollow where West Union schoolhouse stands and in this way gave battle and returned the fire.

Aaron Moore with the election returns ran up the hillside, and Godfrey Geiger says that he would most certainly have been killed if it had not been that he was in citizen clothes, the rule being to shoot no one not in a uniform.

At or about the first fire, Bernard Sharp, of the Union army, a son of William Sharp, of Elk, and a brother of Silas, Harmon, and Hugh Sharp, fell mortally wounded. He was shot through both hips. Godfrey Geiger says that he was carrying an army gun called a musketoon, which took a paper cartridge. That he went into the fight with three charges and that he would have been out of the battle but for the fact that he got a supply of cartridges from the battle field after the first volley, the Union ammunition just suiting his gun. Godfrey Geiger says that his was a long range gun, and that he saw Captain Young in the passage way between the two parts of the Duncan house and that he shot at him. That Captain told him afterwards that the ball cut away his clothes across his chest. The bullet was recovered after the war from the log where it had lodged.

The two little armies having taken shelter continued to fire at each other for something like an hour and a half, and neither side making a charge, the Union soldiers gradually withdrew and made their way by little squads to the original rendezvous at Beverly taking with them the result of the election.

When it became apparent that the Union army had retired from the place, the Confederates went on down the lane, and came on Bernard Sharp, and carried him to Henry Duncan's house. It was apparent that he was near death, but they sent for a doctor and did what they could for him, but he expired in a few hours.

The Union soldiers wounded were John Armstrong, Moffett Walton, John E. Adkison, William Kinnison, James L. Rodgers, received serious wounds. Moffett Sharp shot in the mouth.

J. R. Moore, who was under fire from the first, says that no one was hit at the first fire, that is the firing that occurred while the Union soldiers were getting the honey for lunch in William Beverage's yard. I think this is correct. I think Bernard Sharp was hit in the hips with a mountain rifle ball while he stood behind a tree, returning the fire of the Confederates. He was a fine, tall, slim young man, and his untimely death was greatly regretted.

The wounded soldiers were taken to a cave near James McClure's, under the shadow of Red Knob, and concealed, and they were treated with great kindness and consideration by the McClure family.

There was no one hit on the Confederate side. The Confederates turned back at Henry Duncan's and they took from his farm a bee gum and bees which they carried to William Beverage to replace the one that he had lost to the Union army. There seems to have been no cause for

this other than Duncan was for the Union, and Beverage was for the Confederacy.

I have talked with Register Moore and Peter McCarty, soldiers of the Union, on one side, and Godfrey Geiger, soldier on the Confederate side. Godfrey Geiger was in some of the biggest fighting of the war. George McCollam was eight years old and he has a vivid recollection of the soldiers returning from the battle field, shouting and victorious. He was at his Aunt Ruth Kee's on Bucks Mountain; George M. Kee, a wounded Confederate soldier, being at home.

It is probably impossible for complete lists of the soldiers to be obtained at this late day and time, and the names here given are those furnished by survivors of the affair.

Union soldiers: Capt. Samuel Young, Capt. I. W. Allen, Lieut. Wm. Kinnison, Corp. John Armstrong, William Hannah, William Gay, George Cochran, Clark Dilley of Ewing's Battery, Jeremy Dilley, Sheldon Hannah, Clark Kellison, Newton Wanless, Moffett Wanless, James L. Rodgers, Aaron Moore, J. B. Moore, Henry Pugh, William Simmons, John E. Adkison, Peter McCarty, James Rider, Aaron Kee, Columbus Silva, Henry Sharp, George McKeever, Moffett Rodgers, Hanson Moore, and Moffett Sharp.

Confederate soldiers: Capt. J. C. Gay, James Shannon, Jacob Simmons, Michael Willerton (one armed soldier), Godfrey Geiger, Adam Geiger, Azri White, Bax White, Charles L. Moore, Mathias Moore, James McLaughlin, George H. McLaughlin, Charles Jackson, Jacob Beverage of Clover Creek, Harvey Lindsey, Geo. Simmons, Hiram Dorman.

There can be no question but that there are many names omitted on both sides. It was not a battle that would be reported in detail to the war office of either country. And though I have known the most of the soldiers mentioned above intimately, it was not a case that was discussed freely in the olden days. It was only when the story of this battle was about to be lost to history that I gathered some of the salient facts in connection with it, and fortunately I was able to talk to soldiers who had been in it.

As a battle it does not rank high in the national issue to be decided other than it had a direct bearing on the election of Lincoln the second time. If he had been defeated, it would have been a long farewell to the greatness of America. But it was not in the plan of Providence for him to fall.

As a part of the travail of West Virginia in her birth throes such contests as these, occurring in the border counties, are of the greatest importance.

I have never been able to understand why the home guards of West Virginia were not pensioned and rewarded like the rest of the volunteer army. To belong to a state guard company in West Virginia and preserve the entity of the state and to assist in every military movement within the borders of the state, was a service of the greatest peril and importance.

I have heard that the troubles in the way of this recognition, was the stand that the all powerful Grand Army of the Republic organization took in the matter. And I can see how a home guard in New Hamp-

shire, for instance, would never hear a shot fired in anger, and might not have the right to as much consideration as the soldier who faces death at the call of his country. But the West Virginia state guard carried his life in his hand during the fourteen months of his active service, and many perished in the discharge of their duties.

The formation of the state guards seems to have released in a great measure the Army of West Virginia for service in the Valley of Virginia and beyond the Blue Ridge. In April, 1864, the state guards were organized and took charge of the danger zone in West Virginia, and in May, 1864, the entire force of the Army of West Virginia, as the regulars stationed in the mountain state were called, were on the move to report to Gen. Hunter at Staunton in a movement against Lynchburg, Virginia, and from that to the end of the war at Appomatox, the Army of West Virginia, fought on the other side of the mountain, with the exception of a detour on a retreat from Salem to Martinsburg by way of Lewisburg and Charleston, from June 29, 1864, to July 18, 1864. The policy of West Virginia for the last year of the war was given over to the state guards, and I feel that they have not been given due credit for their courage and fidelity and efficiency. In peace they seem to have been forgotten, and their signal service ignored. They have not been treated as well as Confederate soldiers, for most of the Southern States have taken very good care of destitute Southern veterans.

The home guard movement should not be confused with the home guard companies formed on either side at the beginning of the war in the West Virginia counties. These un-uniformed patriotic citizens represented the sentiment of their respective sides, and played important parts in the earlier stages of the contest, and they all practically formed or entered regular companies in a very short time.

The West Virginia guards had all the standing of regularly sworn defenders, wearing the uniforms of their country duly authorized by law to lay down their lives for the Union. Unfortunately they became confused with the more peaceful organizations of other states and suffered neglect and ingratitude. Students of history are invited to study the record. They will be convinced that a very important body of Union soldiers failed to receive due recognition after peace was declared.

I am glad to be able to present to you the salient facts of the battle of Duncan's Lane, as an example of what might be expected as a part of the day's work from the West Virginia State Guards who fought a good fight, and finished the course, and who failed to receive the extra compensation after the war was over.

Pocahontas County, West Virginia State Troops:

Adjutant or mustering officers:

Claiborne Pierson, commissioned August 8, 1861.

John Sharp, commission ordered September 30, 1863.

Captain William King, commissioned order of November 6, 1861, to rank from September 28, 1861.

First Lieutenant David King, commissioned November 6, 1861, to rank from September 28, 1861.

Captain Samuel Young's Company compiled from roll dated February 4, 1865.

Captain Samuel Young, commissioned as captain ordered under date of August 29, 1864. (Order Book 6.)

Enlisted men: Benjamin A. Arbogast, sergeant; John H. Armstrong, sergeant; Alexander Atchison, Reuben Buzzard, George S. Cochran, sergeant, Thomas Cunningham, Jeremiah Dilley, Martin C. Dilley, William A. Gay, John S. Gibson, sergeant, Jonathan J. Griffin, Jesse Gregory, Morgan Grimes, William B. Hannah, Aaron Kee, George W. Kellison, John Kellison, William C. Kinnison, Peter McCarty, William McCarty, George W. McKeever, Aaron Moore, Hanson Moore, Harrison Moore, John B. Moore, Washington Neff, Henry E. Pugh, Moffett Pugh, Geo. M. Rogers, James L. Rodgers, Martin B. Sharp, Henry D. Sharp, Milton C. Sharp, Columbus C. Silvey, William Simmons, ——— Sines, John H. Simms, P. A. Smith, John U. Wanless, Newton Wanless, William M. Wanless.

Captain Isaac Allen's Company, Pocahontas County Scouts:

Captain Isaac W. Allen, commissioned captain of Pocahontas County Scouts to rank April 4, 1864.

Enlisted men: Benjamin H. Adkinson, Allen Arbogast, D. M. Burgess, John F. Clutter, Clark C. Young, B. B. Garvey, John H. Grimes, Samuel Grant, Robert F. Green, Adam Gregory, George G. Griffin, Joseph H. Hannah, Michael Hass, Kane W. Hinkle, William E. Johnson, John McLaughlin, Joseph Rapp, Esq., Christopher C. Silva, John M. Slaten, David Sullivan, Marcus G. Waugh, Solomon Westfall, Jacob Weiford, Robert N. Wilkins, J. B. Wright, Esq.

It will be seen from the above list that in regard to the Union troops in Pocahontas County during the Civil War two companies were recruited after the formation of the State in 1863, in this county, and that Capt. Sam Young commanded one company and that Capt. I. W. Allen was the ranking officer of the other company. In the lists given above it will be noticed that two names appear in both companies, that of Christopher Columbus Silva and that of John H. Sims. With these exceptions the companies are not the same. This explains the seeming discrepancy of the common belief that there was but one company of home guards with two captains.

The lists here given are more nearly complete than any that have heretofore been published, and they are secured from the department of history at Charleston, but there are names missing. For instance, the name of the late Sheldon Hannah is not listed. He belonged to Captain Young's company. I got his statement last winter. He had stopped on the march to Edray in November, 1864, to stay all night at his father's house on the Old Field Fork of Elk, and on Monday morning he woke up from a good night's rest in the barn to find that nine or ten soldiers of the Confederate army, under Capt. J. C. Gay, were searching the place for him. He was well concealed in the hay and though the soldiers searched the barn they did not find him. He escaped to the woods. That squad of Confederates marched south on the Seneca Trail but did not go through Edray, and Sheldon Hannah paralleled their march and joined Captain Young's company at Edray, and was in the fight at Duncan's Lane.

Nearly all these soldiers have passed on. I knew most of them. With-

out exception they were righteous and upright men, and leaders in the moral life of the county, and as far as I can recall them they were nearly all of them devout men. On account of the division in sentiment in this county, it suffered far more than other counties north and south. In many instances, brothers fought on opposite sides. I remember hearing much about the war at first hand and did not have sense enough to set it down. It was a subject that was avoided on account of the intense feeling that survived the war. A strange condition arose directly after the Civil War. The restoration of civil rights to the Confederate soldiers resulted in turning over the State government to them and for more than twenty years the Confederates ruled the State and most of the counties. I can remember the blue army overcoats that came out of the war which were worn by Union veterans. It used to make the Confederates grit their teeth when they saw the blue overcoats. And I have heard Confederates speak of the coming in of the first grand jury after that war, when the blue overcoats predominated and it looked like a squad of Union soldiers. And it was a day full of sorrow for the Confederates for most of the prominent Confederate warriors were indicted upon charges ranging from murder down. In fact, if you will examine the list of men indicted for murder just after the war, you will find that it reads like a register of the aristocracy.

But the resentment occasioned by the war became somewhat mellowed by the wisdom of the leading men and a condition of toleration was produced and while the soldiers continued to vote the way they shot, it was no more than healthy rivalry, and they worked together very well.

When Private Washington Neff was taken prisoner on Elk in November by the Confederate soldiers he was marched with them to their camp at the Samuel Gay farm on the river above Marlins Bottom. This is where Marlinton is built. Up the river on the west side the farms lay in this order: First the Price farm, then John Gay's place where the fair ground is, and next the Samuel Gay farm, now the Carter place. Above this the bottom land on the west side is pinched out by the river and then for a distance the bottom lies on the east side. Capt. J. C. Gay was a son of Samuel Gay and the rendezvous and camp was made on the home place. Captain Gay was assembling his company of enlisted men and commanding all Confederate soldiers home on furloughs to report for duty, to repel the invasion of the county by the Union company of State troops which had been sent here from the headquarters camp at Beverly to hold the presidential election in 1864.

They captured Neff who had obtained leave to go to William Gibson's to visit his wife. The Gibson place was in sight of the Hannah place. The fields joined, so it is probable that the same party attempted to capture Sheldon P. Hannah.

Neff was marched over Elk mountain under guard and was held a prisoner at the camp above the mouth of Stony Creek. It was a night with a bright moon. Some time during the night the soldier Neff, asked to be taken out to answer a call of nature, and he was guarded by Private Bennett. Bennett was close to him, and when Neff arose, he came with a large stone in his hand, and with it, he struck his guard a terrible blow on the head, and Bennett went down and out, and the rest of the

camp thought he had been killed. Neff took to his heels and got well away, and would have escaped if he had taken to the woods, instead of pursuing his way along the road.

Captain Gay was asleep, but he roused instantly and saw Bennett lying there apparently dead with a broken head and the prisoner gone. He grabbed his army revolver and without dressing and in his stocking feet, he ran down the river bank, through the fields, keeping well away from the road which led along the foot of the mountain. In a few minutes he came to the ford in Stony Creek where the Warwick road crosses and there waited beside a rail fence. The John Gay farm house and buildings lay on the road between where he waited and the camp that he had left. In a short time the watch dogs at John Gay's barked and that gave the Confederate intimation that the escaped prisoner was coming.

When Neff came up to where the captain was waiting for him, he was given the command to surrender but instead of that he reached to the ground and came up with another stone, whereupon he was shot and killed.

By this time there was a terrible war cloud hanging over Edray district. A pitched battle was imminent to be fought by boys who had grown up together and who had been schooled for four intensive seasons in civil war. Neff was buried where he fell. I have been trying to find out whether his body was removed to the Federal cemetery at Grafton, as some say, or whether he still sleeps were he fell. I own the land at that point, and if the soldier is still there I want to put a marker over his tomb. Sheldon P. Hannah told me last winter in an interview that the body was not removed after the war, and he had good reason to remember the occurrence. The place where Neff is buried is in the woods, and we ought to find out about this before the land is ever used or cleared.

By the way, on the main Gay farm a son of Captain Gay and a daughter of Sheldon P. Hannah, Mr. and Mrs. Pat Gay, are living with a fine family of children, and that is one sign that the bitterness of the war has passed.

That terrible night of the killing of Neff, Captain Gay rode to Mill Point and woke Dr. Wallace up. This was eleven miles distant. Dr. Wallace heard a faint tapping on the window. Captain Gay said: "An escaping prisoner has been killed. My man Bennett is badly wounded. Where is the camp of my men down here. I must find them and get Bennett and the rest of them out of the way before we are raided tomorrow."

Dr. Wallace told him that the men were in a secluded place on Greenbrier River near Chicken House Run, now Watoga, and Captain Gay went there and found a squad of men who went back with him, and there they buried Washington Neff and recruited the company that fought the battle of Duncan's Lane. I think the chronology of the events are about as follows: Monday, November 4, 1864, State troops arrived at Edray, and on the same day Neff was taken prisoner and brought to Greenbrier River, and killed while escaping. On Tuesday, November 5, 1864, the election was held at Edray. On Wednesday, November 6, 1864, on the

first anniversary of Droop Mountain the battle of Duncan's Lane was fought.

"In these woods' enchanted hall,
Unseen hands thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no waking,
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking."

It is the experience of men of mature years, to feel regret that they did not inquire more closely into the facts and circumstances surrounding heroic events, when the time comes that such history becomes vague and shadowy. None of us seem to have the right sense of proportion. And even as I record this propensity to neglect current events that will be so eagerly sought in future years, it would be well to mention, that right now there are more interesting things bound up in the inarticulate soldiers of the World's War, than any other event that has ever occurred locally.

Several hundred of the young men of this county, and every county in the United States went on the Grand Tour to the other hemisphere, and stilled the tempest of war that was raging and which threatened to engulf and destroy the whole of Christendom. Compared to the American Expedition, the Crusades amounted to no more than a Sunday School picnic. And yet you could not get the color out of the soldiers with a corkscrew. I am inclined to think that after the survivors of the World War have turned their fiftieth milestone in years, that the great deep will be broken up, and that they will become loquacious and tell what they saw and what they did. Just now their faces are turned toward the future. We will have to wait until they turn their faces toward the past.

A hundred years from now, historians will wonder what the writers of today were like who talked to these soldiers and recorded so few of the intimate details of army life. There never was but one Plutarch and there may never be one again.

And just now, we are running up against an historical problem. The State engineers in changing the grade of the Seneca Trail ran the line through the cemetery containing the remains of the soldiers of Robert E. Lee's army which was encamped on Middle Mountain and Valley Mountain in the summer of 1861. All summer the armies faced each other on this pike. McClellan entrenched below Elkwater, with his line extending back to Beverly, and Lee facing him with his line of supplies extending back to Huntersville. They never gave battle, but the summer was cold and wet and the soldiers not hardened to camp life, and they died in great numbers from typhoid and pneumonia. Soldiers far from their homes. Men from far Southern States. E. S. Gatewood, a son of the late Col. A. C. L. Gatewood, an officer of the Confederate army, on whose farm the burial place is located, made a vigorous protest against the location of the grade so far as it disturbs this burying ground.

CHAPTER IX

The English Colony at Mingo. A part of the Legion that never was listed.

There's a legion that never was listed,
It carries no colours or crest,
But, split in a thousand detachments,
Is breaking the road for the rest.
Our fathers they left us their blessing—
They taught us, and groomed us, and crammed:
But we've shaken the Clubs and the Hesses
To go and find out and be damned,
Dear boys!
To go and get shot and be damned.

Then a health (we must drink it in whispers).
To our wholly unauthorized horde—
To the line of our dusty foreloopers,
The Gentlemen Rovers abroad.
Yes, a health to ourselves ere we scatter,
For the steamer won't wait for the train,
And the Legion that never was listed
Goes back into quarters again.
—*From The Lost Legion.*

Why I can remember when the name of Rudyard Kipling was unknown! I remember how hard it was to assimilate the name. Some said they could not remember the name but it sounded like Woodyard Kindling to them. But he came to the real readers like a meteor across the sky.

We know what Kipling thought of Bhegwan Dass, the bunnia, who lived near Taksali Gate, but we do not know what Mr. Dass thought of Kipling.

My active interest in Englishmen dates from one hot day in hay harvest when I came in to dinner. The mail had brought a letter from England. In an educated hand, hard to read, the writer of the letter said that he was a man just through college, of athletic turn, with a thousand pounds capital, who would like to obtain a footing in the United States. We wrote him to come and see for himself.

About the first of September he came with his boxes driving through from Belington in a spring wagon he had chartered there; a little drive of seventy miles. He had lost his way and suffered extortion. The right way would have been to come to Millboro, Virginia, where he could have got here in forty-six miles and his boxes could have come by the covered wagon trains that ran winter and summer.

But he found comfortable quarters and an understanding people, used to Englishmen. He even found a countryman already stopping here. The first evening they made a bet. The new man bet the salted man

that he, the tenderfoot, would catch a hundred bass before winter set in, and by the way he won the bet, to the astonishment of all of us.

We knew how to deal with the English. Three cardinal rules: Ask no prying questions, give him a bed to himself, and a small hand tub to bathe in, and the world is his.

It was in this way, thirty-four years ago, that James Henry Gilchrist Wilson arrived at Marlins Bottom, Pocahontas County, where it was destined that he spend the rest of his life. I remember him with gratitude and affection. To know him was a liberal education in itself. He was just out of Oxford, Christ College. He had the distinction of being a double first. I will not insult your intelligence by explaining what an Oxford double first is, but it is a wonderful attainment for a student. He played for that university on the rugby team at football. He played as an international. He played for his native county of Yorkshire. You can find his football record in the Blue Book. He had rowed for his university against Cambridge. He was a mighty man with whiskers on his hands, and the mountaineers received him gladly. About eight hundred years ago when the Scots were making it interesting for England, the King of England said of Yorkshire: "The Wilson seals the border." He was of a family of scholars. One brother who came here to see him was the head of a big school for boys in the Isle of Man. Another brother was a successful barrister in London. He got stuck with a horse the day after he arrived. A kind of an outlaw among horses, heavy on his feet and with a mean disposition. Wilson changed his name to Satan. Afterwards he became an expert with horses. He acquired Toby, the beautiful sorrel, and the famous dog Major, and the trio were known and welcomed far and wide. Years after, Wilson having found a way out, I packed up his effects to send back to his people. One of the things that he had saved was a lock of Toby's hair.

I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to him for a deeper insight into the English language. He did not write and he did not make speeches, but his words fitly spoken were like apples of gold in baskets of silver.

About the same time the great blue grass plains around Mingo Flats filled up with the bull dog breed. There were about thirty of them over there, each one from a stately home in England. Now an Englishman fights against ennui all his lifetime, and the greatest resource that he has is out-door sport. So they educated us in the sports of England. The first golf course I ever saw was at Mingo, about 1891. They taught us to play cricket, tennis, polo, cribbage, and gave us an insight into steeplechases, paper chases and fox hunting, but the game that took like wildfire was football. We were a shut in people in those days, far from the railroad, and the maddening crowds ignoble strife. Mingo was twenty-seven miles distant, a comfortable horseback ride, and every boy by some hook or crook managed to have a horse to ride. The best polo pony that I ever saw was Latimer Tuke's gray mule.

One of the best things that we learned from the English was that it was the proper thing to respond instantly and agree to play in any game at any time to the best of our skill and ability. They got us so that we would try anything, and we found that we could hold our own.

They tried us a little high one time, however. Marathon races came in and a challenge came from Mingo for a marathon race from Jimmy Hebden's front porch on Valley Mountain to the Greenbrier Bridge, as near twenty-five miles as we could lay off the course. The route is now a part of the Seneca Trail you hear so much about. It lies over two mountains. As the day approached and training went on, our athletes at Marlinton began with one accord to make excuses, for twenty-five miles is a long run. Our entries dwindled down to one, but Mingo was in no better shape, for they found that they would have but one entry. For Marlinton, my brother, Dr. Norman R. Price, who has since won the rank of major in the army, was the only entry. S. E. L. Grews, a splendid gentleman, a son of an English colonel, was the other entry. A phone line had been recently built into the county and we could keep tab on the race. I was the timekeeper and waited at this end. The two boys raced too much at the start and made the first twelve miles in an hour, but just at two hours and fifty-nine minutes Grews came in, winning. The impression that flashed to me when I saw him come bounding in over the crest of the last hill just before he reached the goal, was that of a deer run to its death by hounds coming into a deer stand, a sight that I was accustomed to in those day. I gathered him up and wrapped him up and took him to my home and he tried to drink up everything on the place. All the milk, and all the cold tea, and all the water in the well. Another doctor brother of mine was raising sand about it and had gone out to meet our racer and flagged him in much distress four miles out and restored him. Grews went home with death in his face, and in a few weeks, he fell dead, absolutely run to death, as was the young soldier who brought the news of the victory of the Greeks over the Persians on the plains of Marathon.

The life of the party in those days was Arthur Lawson. At the time he came here, his father Sir Wilfred Lawson, was at the height of his fame as a parliamentary leader in England. If I remember correctly, he was the leader of the temperance movement and an advocate of peace. He was seventh baronet. His oldest son visited here, one of the most silent men, Clem Shaver not excepted, that I have ever known. We also had a visit from a sister, Mrs. Holland Hibbets, and her daughter. Mrs. Holland Hibbets, was one of the brightest and fairest ladies of the land. Mr. Holland Hibbetts was a great railway director in England and was here to attend that international railway congress held some twenty-odd years ago. They were the guests of the Stuyvesant Fishes in New York, and the Prices in Marlinton. I do not know how the Stuyvesant Fishes played up to them, but we put the best foot foremost at our house. The word has been grapevined through of late years that Arthur Lawson has succeeded to the title, since the great war. I have had no occasion to verify this until this time, and do not now have the opportunity. Anyway whether he has it or not is immaterial for he was a nobleman de facto every day in the year.

He used to furnish us oceans of copy for the Pocahontas Times, and it was brilliant. I remember one time he went away for a couple of months. He was doing Canada as it afterwards appeared. One day he showed up on the snowy road with a big Irish wolf hound, out of the

storm. I said to him: "We were about to run a scare head about your mysterious disappearance." "O, by jove, let's do it anyway!" So we fixed it up together in a lurid style, and found him the next week.

He was an enthusiast and hated whiskey like the devil hates holy water. One of my keenest regrets is that I did not see as he saw in those days. One dreadful winter night, I rode into his house out of a driving snow storm, and found him in a state of exaltation. He was moved to write a poem and we sat up the entire night by a roaring fire in the hearth, putting together an epic about some matter that had happened in the course of the sports at Mingo. I must hunt that up and see how it flows at this late date.

I tell you who he was like when he was doing a stunt for the entertainment of the gathering after each football event, when each man had to tell a story, sing a song, or turn a somersault. He was like Harry Lauder on the stage.

This started off to be a football piece but I have been a long time approaching the subject. When the English explained football to us, it appeared that it was the principal sport of that country. That the schools played amateur football called rugby with an elongated sphere, with fifteen men on the side, but that these games though largely attended for a few games played comparatively small part in the general island football. The great professional game of soccer was the game for the highly paid experts, and as soon as we saw the difference between the educated foot and the uneducated, the whole country got animated, and there were probably as many as twenty-five teams in Pocahontas County alone. And there was a great devotion to the game. Great crowds of people lined the grounds. The season lasted from October to May, match games not being set in the dead of winter on account of snow possibilities, but practice games went on all through the winter, when the ground was bare. A man does not know what he can do with his foot until he qualifies in the game of soccer.

No age or condition seems to be wholly barred. Up on the head of Elk River there were giants in those days, captains courageous, whom nothing could daunt. One match game against another community was pulled off one day and on the Elk team there were three generations in direct line represented. In the goal, Grandfather William Gibson; in a fullback, his son James Gibson, and as a forward, Levi Gibson, grandson. And, by the way, last May, Jim Gibson, as a man sixty-eight years old, ran with the hounds after a bear from Gibson's Knob to the Hevner place on the head of Slaty Fork, and was in at the killing of the biggest bear that ever fell in these parts. Old Lame Paw, the sheep killer.

It was about this time, I think the same year, that Uncle John Hannah, up in the eighties, put on four pairs of specs and won the turkey at a rifle shooting match.

Here are the rudiments of soccer football. Take a level field about 225 by 100 yards. At each end a goal twenty feet wide, eight feet high. Eleven men to a side. Five forwards, three halfbacks, two fullbacks, and one goal keeper. The ball is placed in the center. The twenty-two men are equally spaced all over the field each side forming a triangle, the bottoms facing each other. No player may touch the ball with his

hands except the goal keeper who can use both hands and feet. The great skill is displayed in dribbling the ball. That is keeping the ball at the feet and under control while running at great speed, and just before interference reaches the man with the ball, to made an accurate pass across the field to another player on the same side, or to shoot it through the goal. Each goal counts one point. The game is open and easily watched. The contests are between individuals, players being tossed for yards if caught just right on the point of the shoulder. Injuries are superficial, the greatest danger being a broken shin bone.

Football of this kind can be played on every village green. It does not take special clothes or training. And it is the very best of training in itself for the college game that the country is wild about.

We could get plenty of games near at home where the visiting teams could come and play and return in the same day. But the Mingo game requires three days—a day to go, one to play, and a day to return—so these were elaborate trips. The journey required a crossing over from the Greenbrier waters, across three or four branches of Elk River, and on to the Tygarts Valley waters. Where we played at Mingo was within a few miles of the uttermost fountain of the Ohio River.

The six and seven footers on Elk had a famous team called "Ironsides," and they were bad to beat. As between the Marlinton team and the Mingo team, the Ironsides favored the English team and we had to travel across Crooked Fork, Old Field Fork, Slaty Fork, Big Spring Fork, and Dry Fork of Elk through a hostile country.

We used to be able to describe each step of the game in the technical language of the sport. For instance: Center forward heeled the ball to the left wing who dribbled it for a matter of some thirty feet and then passed it to the right wing who immediately returned it to the left wing who took it down the side line and sidestepped interference and passed it with his left foot to the center who tried for a goal which was stopped for a moment by the goal keeper, but who was rushed by the opposing team who had been playing well up. The goal keeper and ball were hurled through the goal by the rush, Marlinton making a goal within two minutes from the time the ball was put in play.

In the picture of the ball in play in this article, Ernest Hedben, for the English team is in the act of trying for a goal, before Norman Price, his opponent gets the point of his shoulder under him and tosses him aside. Hebden being caught while on one foot will describe a parabola of some ten or twelve feet, much to the interest of the audience, and the goal-keeper will take care of the ball, maybe.

The Ironsides furnished some great athletes in those days, And by the way, Elk has the world's record for a running long jump, one that will never be equalled. Joseph Hannah, a pioneer, was made the victim of a practical joke. It was arranged to give him a scare. He was to work in the field with Old Dick, a Negro. Indian times were still fresh in the memory. Three boys fired on them from the woods. Old Dick fell down and pretended to be shot, and Hannah ran to the house, and jumped a ravine or gully, making a leap of forty-two feet.

My recollection of these English boys is wholly pleasant. I feel that they broadened our lives and that they left with us some of the fine

traits of English character. I had some ups and downs with them. When I sided with the Boers in that war, some friendships were busted, but we all got together in the World's War. Jack Foster perished covered with glory in battle in South Africa. Christopher Hodson fell shot through the head in France. They are scattered to the four winds of the earth. The colony has ceased to be. And I have reached the age when—

"Come back! ye friendships long departed!
That like o'er flowing streamlets started,
And now are dwindled, one by one,
No stony channels in the sun!
Come back! ye friends, whose lives are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended.
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away!"

CHAPTER X

The Battle of Greenbrier Ford in the First Year of the Civil War.

Let us try to figure out the battles at Travellers Repose in 1861. There were three fights known as the battles of the Greenbrier. One was October 3, 1861, one was October 31, 1861, and one December 12, 1861. The first of these fights was the big one. The Confederates won it and called it one of the greatest victories of that year, and the Federals having lost it called a reconnoissance in force. It is the battle of October 3, that we will take up today, for it has taken many long years for me to get a comprehensive knowledge of the particulars of this fight, and I want to pass it on to students of history that come after me, while it is clear to my mind.

In a word, that fight failed because the soldiers on the Federal side, the attacking army, refused to face a heavy fire from the breastworks of the enemy coupled with a destructive fire of grapeshot from the cannon. And the regiments in front falling back in confusion carried with them the regiments behind which were backing them up. This made an awkward set of circumstances to report to Washington, and it was generally agreed that the trouble was that there had been conveyed to the front lines a bogus order to retire.

The first year of the war saw five battles in the Upper Tract. The reason being that the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike crossed the Greenbrier Valley at this place and it was one of the most important thoroughfares in the nation at the outbreak of the war. It was well served by stage coach lines and it formed a favorite route for persons from the middle west whose business or pleasure took them to Washington or Richmond. While it was never so much used as the National Pike through Pennsylvania, yet at the same time it was considered an agreeable change to come one route and go the other.

A trip across the Appalachians is a never-failing wonder to each successive generation for the folding mountains as well as the eroded mountains of this Atlantis present the most pronounced mountain scenery to be found in America. The political significance of West Virginia seceding from Virginia had made the passes of the Alleghenies the most important spots on earth to the military operations on both sides.

The Federal army had been promptly formed from the volunteers from the populous States of Ohio and Indiana and they had been rushed to Grafton by railroad and from there they had fought their way up the Tygarts Valley until they were halted in July at the summit of Cheat Mountain.

The Confederates had hurried an army to meet them, and the foremost post was at Travellers Repose, composed of troops from Arkansas, Virginia, Georgia, and other States. Among them was the 31st Virginia, of which the home company was from Greenbank district where these battles took place in 1861.

The Federal army was camped on the high divide on Cheat at an elevation of about forty-two hundred feet and twenty miles east of them on the top of the main Allegheny the Confederates were camped at an elevation of about forty-one hundred feet. They lay there for months in sight of each other. In September the Confederates attempted to pass the Federal fortifications by going through the woods and got lost and had a battle and were forced back.

The new soldiers drilled and were trained in sight of each other on these high tops. In addition to these fortified camps, the Confederates had fortified the road at the western base of Allegheny mountain, where the road dips down to an elevation of three thousand feet to cross both forks of the Greenbrier River. This fort was known as Camp Bartow. Since the building of a town on the battle field the post office once known as Travellers Repose has been changed to Bartow. This camp was named in honor of Col. Francis S. Bartow of the 7th Georgia Regiment, who was killed in the battle of Bull Run in July, 1861. The camp was commanded by Gen. H. R. Jackson, of Georgia, who no doubt named it in honor of his friend. Colonel Bartow had said just before the fight, "I shall go into the fight with a determination never to leave it alive, but in victory," was shot through the heart while rallying the 7th Georgia. He lived but a few moments but he was able to say: "They have killed me but never give up the field." This was just when the Stonewall Brigade made the wild charge which won the battle.

It is about three miles the way the road goes along the bottom land between the foot of the main Allegheny and the foot of Back Allegheny. One fork of the river to one mountain and one to the other. The one to the west is known as the West Fork, but it has also been called the North Fork and another name was the Far Fork, as well as the Fur Fork. The one to the east is the East Fork but it is called in the war dispatches the South Fork. The West Fork flows south in a nearly straight line to the forks of Greenbrier in the town of Durbin. There is little level land on the West Fork. The East Fork is the longer. It follows the foot of the Allegheny to Bartow and then flows west for about three miles. Some level beautiful farms are on this fork. At one time there

was a lake here about seven miles long and half a mile broad. It was walled in by a mountain at Durbin, and when it broke and drained it left an opening called the Narrows, which is probably the best deer stand in the county. The Narrows divides the town of Durbin from the town of Frank where the big tannery is located. In the Narrows in the old days was a fine spring, and tradition is that Henry Clay had a hunting cabin at this place.

The bed of the old lake formed fine bottom lands and shortly after the Revolution, five pioneers settled in those rich lands: John Yeager, John Slaven, Abraham Burner, Moses Houchins, and Adam Arbogast, and at the outbreak of the Civil War the descendants of these men still held the lands. John Yeager the second, lived at the Top of Allegheny, and Peter D. Yeager had the bottom land where the stage stand known as Travellers Repose was located, which was the forks of the road where B. B. Beard's house stands. The Houchins and the Arbogast farms were farther up the stream where the town of Thornwood is located. The next farm along the pike was occupied by George Burner, one of the leading men of the county. This was known afterwards as the Charles Burner place. The farm on which the town of Durbin was built was occupied by J. H. Arbogast, another leading man of the mountains, and Jacob Slaven lived on the first top about four hundred feet higher to the west. All of them were secessionists. In fact there was hardly a Union man in the whole of Green Bank district. No where in the mountains were the Confederate States more solidly supported than in this district.

And the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike was the great highway that kept Pocahontas County in touch with the wide world. All sorts of distinguished travelers came through on the stages and the hospitable homes of the Upper Tract were known far and wide.

When I can first remember it the travel had fallen away and the grass grew in the pike where it crossed the Cheat country, but it has come much in evidence in the last twenty-five years since the country has been developed by the railroad building. And the days of the automobile bid fair to make it one of the favorite tourist routes.

After waiting for about two weeks in September, 1861, General Reynolds decided that he would advance an army east over the several crests until he could surround and subdue Staunton, which had become one of the most important centers in the Confederacy. The middle of September had seen him protecting the left flank of the army holding the Elkwater fort in Tygarts Valley, and he had kept Loring from passing. So he decided to do some passing himself.

He ordered the men to prepare four days' rations each and on the morning of the 3rd day of October, 1861, at the early hour of one o'clock a. m., he put his forces in motion and they marched down the mountain and crossed the Shavers Fork of Cheat, continued along the level road that leads to the divide with the waters of Greenbrier, and marched down the mountain to the Slaven plantation, and down the last hill, to the Arbogast farm at Durbin. He had about five thousand troops and six batteries of big guns. His forces were Howe's Battery, Fourth Regular Artillery, Loomis' Battery, Michigan Volunteer Battery,

Daum's Battery, and Virginia Volunteer Artillery. Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth and Thirty-second Ohio Regiments, and Seventh, Ninth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth Indiana Regiments of Infantry, Robinson's Ohio Cavalry, Greenfield's Pennsylvania Cavalry and Brackman's Indiana Cavalry.

Opposed to them were the Third Arkansas, First Georgia, Twelfth Georgia, Twenty-third Virginia, Thirty-first Virginia, Rice's Battery and Schumaker's Battery.

The Federals got to Durbin about sun up in the morning and saw an advance guard under Colonel Edward Johnson in front of them in or above the Narrows. They set up a cannon or two and fired at them, and the advance guard fell back in good order and the Federals marched up the road and through the fields. Johnson had his horse shot from under him and killed in this engagement. He held the column up for an hour and it was not until six cannon had opened on him, and a flanking movement started on his right hand that he retired to the main works at Camp Bartow.

The Federal army placed two batteries in front of the Confederate breastworks. These batteries were six guns in the meadow about half way from the Burner house to the East Fork, and two guns on the other side of the turnpike.

The Confederate batteries were on a low hill to the north of the pike back of B. B. Beard's house, where there are embankments still plainly to be seen. And in addition Lieutenant Wooding placed a gun in the turnpike directly in front of B. B. Beard's house from which he fired ninety rounds that day point-blank at the enemy across the river bottom or obliquely down and across the river at the Federal batteries. He was highly praised in the dispatches for his men got killed off pretty rapidly. The big guns kept up a steady firing from seven in the morning until two-thirty in the afternoon. A rifled cannon that the Confederates expected would do great damage, was a severe disappointment, for after the first few rounds they could not get the shot down on account of the barrel fouling. The ball stuck and could not be dislodged until Sergt. Timothy H. Stamps could get to the battle from Monterey. There was more powder burned in the big guns during that seven hours than in any other battle in the mountains. It was a great day for noise.

But all this cannon firing was meant to afford cover for infantry work. It will be remembered that the turnpike is an east and west road and that there is a north and south road paralleling the river. This Huntersville road comes to the turnpike at the bridge and crosses the east fork there, and runs with it across the level bottom, and then turns up the river at the foot of the mountain lying between the forks. The Confederate breastworks overlooked a run coming into the river above the bridge and continued at an elevation of something like two hundred feet around to the rivers passing east of the tavern to where the river hugs the foot of the mountain. In this way they commanded the road coming from Durbin from both sides.

General Reynolds proceeded to send infantry against both ends of the Confederate breastworks. It looks like one could hardly call it a flanking movement for these detachments did not attempt to swing in wide

circles. It looks like the plan was to let the artillery keep everything hot along the turnpike, while a force was thrown against the left end of the Confederate works, and another against the right end of the Confederate position.

Jackson evidently expected to face a wide flung encircling movement for he had sent Johnson away up the river more than a mile, and he was clear above the place that the Federals attempted to cross.

Jackson entrusted the defense of his left (down the river), to Colonel Rust and his Arkansas troops. It will be remembered that the Federals had a right large order in that they had to charge across wide open fields, ford a small river, and climb a steep hill to take a fortified camp.

Rust marched down the road towards Green Bank until he had drawn away from the river some little distance and was on an elevation overlooking the river. He then marched by the end of the breastworks and took a station between the breastworks and the stream, and before he could form his men, the Federal batteries commenced a rapid fire, and a regiment of infantry left the road at the Burner homestead and marched across the meadow and waded the river and climbed the hill, but the Arkansas troops met them at the crest of the hill and fired on them, and made it so warm that this regiment went back down the hill and waded back across the river and found a reserve regiment by the Burner barn, and marched up the hill on the other side of the road. This was when Rust was considering following the Federals across the river and making a charge on the troops in the road and the battery in the meadow.

This movement of the Federal troops moving first to the right and then to the left of the road puzzled the Arkansas commander. It now appears that there was a very acrimonious discussion going on there at the Burner place as to what were the orders, one colonel being most positive that the orders were to charge on one side, and the other being that the charge should be made on the other side of the road. And it would appear that the regiment that got across the river and had to retreat decided the argument, for both regiments went into the woods to the north of the turnpike and materially added to the retreat and confusion that soon occurred in that quarter.

The Federal plan to win was by throwing full half of their forces to the north of the road and to charge across the open meadow and wade the river and to fall on the Confederates along the pike as it starts up the Allegheny Mountain. And this might have succeeded better if he had gone way up the river and crossed and come down as the Confederates expected them to do.

The mountain rising from the Burner house and facing the Allegheny is called Burner Mountain and rises to some four thousand feet and extends for miles north walling in the East Fork. It is around the shoulder of this mountain that the East Fork turns.

The Federal army as it came from the west turned into the shelter of this standing timber and clambered around the face of the mountain, until they had turned the corner. They then faced the breastworks of the Confederates and were distant less than half a mile. The forest

was clad in the many colors of autumn, but the leaves were still upon the trees. There was abundant cover for the attacking army so long as they stayed upon the hill, but the moment they left the mountain they were in cleared, level, bottom fields, across which they would have to advance in the face of a galling rifle fire and grapeshot from the big guns.

In massing the Federal troops on the wooded sides of Burner Mountain, the first halt seemed to be opposite the center of the Confederate breastworks which would be on a line that would cross the river just above the bridge, but it was a wide open space in which to make an infantry charge. And about this time the Federals observed the Confederate force waiting up the river, a mile or so above the bridge.

It was then seen that they would be exposed to a fire on their left flank if they attempted to cross the bottom at that place, so the first regiments to come sidled up the hill under cover until they got to a point about half a mile up the river from the bridge and at this place the woods crept down across the road leading to Thornwood, and consequently the advance could be made to the edge of the meadow under cover of the forest. The regiment in advance came to the edge of the meadow at this point, and taking shelter in the fringe of the forest opened up a fire across the river with long range rifles, and as this firing continued the other regiments including the regiments that were meant to charge the other end of the works came around the mountain and an overwhelming force was getting ready to charge. But the firing of the advance regiment caused the whole power of the Confederate artillery to be directed at the place where this rifle firing had begun, and it was so galling and terrifying that the regiment gave way and fell back in confusion, and the regiments in turn gave way, according to the Federal reports, in obedience to an order to about face and march off of the hill.

The Confederate reports say that it was a panic, because they could hear the orders of the officers commanding them to rally and reform for a charge.

Reynolds was satisfied with it and reported a successful reconnaissance. Just as Lee did when he appeared before the Elkwater fortifications. On the other hand the Confederates regarded the battle of the Greenbrier as a great victory and an important battle won.

The turning point of the battle was the discussion of the orders between the two Federal colonels.

Said Colonel Richardson: "My regiment is to attack on my right."

"Not at all," said Colonel Wilder, "You are to attack the enemy's right."

And that is another case of the poverty of our language and the difficulty of conveying thought. But for that the day might have ended differently.

Reynolds got back to his comfortable camp that night, having marched twenty-four miles and fought a battle with green troops.

Loss in killed and wounded: Federals 43; Confederates 52, including 13 missing. The Federals lost one stand of colors.

CHAPTER XI

The Battle of the Top of the Allegheny on December 13, 1861.

This is an article about the Battle of the Top of Allegheny, fought in Pocahontas County, December 13, 1861, between the forces of the Union under Gen. R. H. Milroy, and the forces of the Confederacy, under Gen. W. W. Loring, Col. Edward Johnson, commanding.

The two commands had camped within sight of each other since the 13th day of July, the day that the Federal forces had occupied the place at White's on Cheat Mountain. For five months the hostile camps had watched the smoke rising from the camp fires, across one of the big valleys of West Virginia. Each camp was in the high altitude of more than four thousand feet above the sea level.

The Federal advance had been here blocked and the summer and fall had been passed with battles and skirmishes and an extraordinary effort was planned by Milroy. Both armies were on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, a famous stage road which enjoyed in its time much of the travel that afterwards was accommodated by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The Federal camp was known officially as Camp Cheat Mountain Summit. The Confederate camp was known officially as Camp Baldwin, named in honor of a Confederate colonel of that name. Between the two for a good part of the time, and until the winter fastened down was Camp Bartow, named after a Confederate general who was killed at the first battle of Bull Run. This was at the ford of the East Fork of Greenbrier River at Travellers Repose, now the town of Bartow.

The Confederates had made a winter camp on top of Allegheny Mountain by erecting log cabins. As you go along the road there now you can see piles of stone placed at regular intervals which represent the chimneys of those cabins. You can see the trenches and fortifications at Cheat, Bartow, and Allegheny to this day. I have a recollection of seeing the log cabins on Allegheny Mountain. The pike climbs the mountain from its foot at Bartow to the top in long easy grades and it is an eight to ten-mile journey. The top of the mountain is a wind-swept pasture of good grazing land and the pike lies for some miles through this level tableland before it descends on the eastern side. In making the attack, the Federals had to climb up the side of the mountain and fight on top of the table.

There were three battles at the Greenbrier ford, October 3, October 31, and December 12. The Federals were repulsed in the first two engagements and returned to their camp on the top of Cheat. The advance of December 12 found the camp at the Greenbrier deserted, but on that day Maj. D. H. Ross, of the Fifty-second Virginia, had been dispatched to that point with 106 men to form an ambuscade on the road between Durbin and Bartow. When the advance guard came up, Ross and his men fired on them and killed ten men and wounded a number of others. The Federals deployed and advanced in great force and Ross withdrew and reached Camp Baldwin that night.

Ambrose Bierce was marching with the Federals that day. If ever

I have a literary executioner, he will find that years ago I referred casually to Ambrose Bierce as a Confederate soldier, being misled by an article of his that appeared shortly after he came back here to visit his fighting ground. I understood him to say that he had camped at Bartow, and naturally I jumped to the conclusion that he was a Confederate.

Since reading more of his books I am better informed now. He tells of a horror that was incidental to the battles of December 12 and 13. He said that after they had started to advance from Cheat, they marched down the mountain all day and up the other mountain all night.

The firing at the foot of the mountain halted the advancing columns for a time but after the nest had been cleared out the army reached the forks of the road where the Green Bank road joins the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, where B. B. Beard now lives. Then it was the old tavern known as Travellers Repose where the stage coaches changed horses.

At this place the army was divided. Something like half of them marched down the Green Bank road and turned at the Uriah Heavener farm and climbed the road that is still used as a short cut up the leading ridge between Saulsbury Run and Buffalo Run.

The rest continued up the pike. As the battle was scheduled to begin before daylight, the dead were not buried but were laid on the upper side of the road and covered with blankets. As the soldiers passed that way many of them stopped to look at the dead boys to see if they recognized a friend among them. The next day as they returned from the battle ground defeated, they found that a drove of hogs had been at the bodies and had eaten the faces of the dead men. The soldiers fired a volley and killed the hogs and gathered up the dead soldiers and buried them. This dreadful thing is described by Ambrose Bierce in his book entitled "Iconoclastic Memories of the Civil War." He said that when they got in sight of the dead men on that retreat, it seemed that they had moved and tossed their coverings off. War is too great a price to pay for glory.

It will be remembered that when the pike gets within a mile of the top of the mountain that it makes a sharp curve to the south and from there it climbs gently to the top where it passes a church. The Federal army left the pike at that curve and climbed directly up the hillside, the purpose being to get in behind the camp. But there were pickets out and the camp was alarmed by their shots at 4:15 that winter morning, and the Confederates marched several companies out to meet the Federals as they came to the top. The Federal army came to the edge of the forest and waited until near daylight and then advanced into the open field and the firing became general. The opposing lines swung back and forwards and at one stage of the battle the Confederates on this, their right flank, were driven to take shelter in their log cabins, and there was fighting all over the place from seven in the morning until two in the afternoon.

The party advancing up the crest of Buffalo Ridge failed in its purpose of surprising the camp. On that side of the camp there were trenches prepared to guard both roads and there was some very efficient

artillery. The trenches were full of soldiers prepared for the emergency but when the Federals first appeared, Captain Anderson, of the Lee Battery, thinking that it was a band of pickets being driven in, sprang up on the side of the trench and called to them to hurry up and get into the trenches. He was shot and instantly killed by the troops and the fighting went on until the retreat was sounded and the Federal army made its slow and disconsolate way back to Cheat Mountain Summit. According to the dispatches that went in to the Confederate headquarters it was a great battle and a great victory. According to the report sent in by the Federals it was a reconnaissance in force. According to the Confederate reports 1,200 Confederates had repulsed an army of 5,000. The Federal reports show that they had 1,760 men and the Confederates had 2,500. Now that the Federal reports and the Confederate reports are printed in the same book, it is to be noticed that this same discrepancy always may be expected.

The damage done was as follows: Federal loss, 20 dead, 107 wounded, 10 missing, total 147. Confederate loss, 20 killed, 98 wounded, 28 missing, total 146.

As a Christmas gift, J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, wrote that President Jefferson Davis having been informed of the valor of Col. Edward Johnson in repulsing a vastly superior force, was much gratified at the news of success, and had made him a brigadier general.

This was the last battle of the season of 1861 on the Staunton and Parkersburg Tunrpike. The troops went into winter quarters. Ambrose Bierce says that he spent many a winter day in the snow up to his knees tracking bears to their dens. I fear his memory of bear hunts was not accurate for the Cheat Mountain bears usually hole up prior to the first big snow and hibernate. Still there may have been so many soldiers among the thornless blackberries of Cheat in the summer that the bears did not get fat enough to sleep.

April 1, General Fremont commanding the Mountain Department, wrote to Milroy at Huttonsville to get ready to take the road again. The Mountain Department consisted of something like thirty-four thousand soldiers divided into six districts. Cumberland, Railroad, Cheat Mountain, Kanawha, Big Sandy, and Cumberland Gap. Cheat Mountain had 6,082 men. On the 6th of April, 1862, Milroy marched into the deserted camp on top of the Allegheny and took charge. On the 12th of April he had reached Monterey, and routed a Confederate force, and on May 8, he met the Confederates under Stonewall Jackson at McDowell and suffered a defeat, and he then abandoned the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and went around another way, extricating his army by way of Franklin and the South Branch Valley.

About this time in the beginning of the second year of the war with the troops swept out from northern West Virginia, the irregular fighters commenced to cause trouble. They called them guerillas at first but afterwards they coined the word bushwhacker for them, meaning one who shoots from ambush. It was the curse of a brave and impetuous people such as are to be found in the mountains, that they could not help taking part in the fighting, whether they had been sworn in as soldiers or not. They carried guns like city men carry canes, and they shot on

one side or other according to their convictions. Milroy wrote to Fremont that such bands were being mustered in and asked that Governor Pierpoint, at Wheeling send recruiters to hold as many to the Federal side as possible.

I think that a personal letter that Gen. J. D. Imboden wrote from the mountains gives as good a picture as can be had of the irregular troops. It was while he was marching through the mountains as a colonel with his regiment, and he writes from the Forks of Waters, Highland County:

"There are no troops of consequence west of Beverly. Just in the edge of the village of St. George, I was riding some distance ahead of my men and suddenly came upon old John Snyder and one of the Parsons, both armed with rifles. Parsons fled and I got into a fight with Snyder. Just as he was aiming at me with his long rifle, I fired at him with my revolver. He dropped his gun like a hot potato and leaned forward on the neck of his horse and escaped into the laurel. Pursuit was immediate but he escaped. I have since learned from some refugees that I wounded him badly, though I fear not mortally. I had a fair shot at about 50 yards and I aimed at his hips. We were bushwacked about half a day in Tucker as we fell back from St. George by Union men, but the cowardly scoundrels went so far up the mountains that they only hit one of my men, and he was but slightly wounded in the foot. I sent out a whole company once to try to catch three bushwackers, but it was impossible to come up with them in the brush. If I had caught them I intended hanging them in five minutes. The greatest difficulty in our way out here is the infernal Union men. They carry intelligence and bushwack us when they can, and yet will swear allegiance a dozen times a day. The proper policy to pursue towards Union men who are not in arms as soldiers is one of the most difficult problems that I have to deal with."

The private soldiers found the winter long on Cheat Mountain and Milroy at Huttonsville grew restive before it was over. On March 16, 1862, he was chafing at the delay. That day he wrote to Gen. W. S. Rosecrans a plan of a campaign. He proposed to take his 3,000 infantry and march to a point seven miles east of the summit of Cheat Mountain, and instead of trying to go by the pike which was blocked by Camp Baldwin, he would turn to the right at the foot of the mountain and go to Green Bank eight miles from Baldwin. This road was not entirely cut out, referring, no doubt, to timber blockades so commonly used in this section during that war. At Huntersville twenty miles from Green Bank he would sweep out of the way the Confederate force consisting of twelve or thirteen hundred soldiers and two pieces of artillery. Here he suggested that he would wait until he could be reinforced by General Cox from Lewisburg. With that force he would cross over the Frost Gap into Highland and get to the rear of the camp on the Allegheny, which had at that time about 2,000 men. His greatest need was for some modern cannon. He had smooth bores and he wanted rifled guns. The reason for haste was that the day before had been set for the drafting of the militia of Pocahontas and Highland counties and that many citizens to escape the draft were hiding in the mountains and trying to escape. Seven had arrived the day before and they told him that Gen-

eral Johnson had been to Richmond to tell the war department that if he was not reinforced by 5,000 troops, that the Yankees would surround him. Milroy closed by saying that he feared the game he watched so long might escape him.

On the 19th day of March, three days later he wrote that forty-six refugees from Pocahontas and Highland counties had come to him to escape being drafted into the rebel army; that the penalty to refuse to be drafted was death.

Milroy moved a couple of weeks later and found that the game he had watched so long had really escaped.

March 31, 1862, Milroy at Huttonsville reported that refugees continued to come into his camp in great destitution in squads of from 5 to 25. This day twelve arrived from Pocahontas County and reported that the impressment still continued. A report came that 300 Confederate guerillas attacked a Union settlement in Pendleton County and were repulsed by 75 Union citizens. Confederates were reinforced and citizens driven back. Milroy had sent Major Webster and 300 men of the 25th Ohio to their assistance.

On April 12, 1862, Milroy wrote from Monterey that all kinds of bad men were organizing into gangs in western Virginia to plunder and devastate the counties there. One of the "cut-throats" that he had captured had blank commissions signed by Governor Letcher for guerilla captains and lieutenants. (We called them rangers.) Milroy suggested that if there was a live governor in Wheeling that he be sent out to organize Union home guards.

April 16, 1862, Gen. Geo. Crook reports that he is not able to apprehend the bushwhackers. He wrote from Summerville. He said they took to the woods and disintegrated and hid and then reassembled for fresh depredations. He thinks that if the Federal soldiers were withdrawn that the Union citizens would defend themselves but that they would not raise a hand while the army was there.

April 4, 1862, Gen. William Skeen wrote to the Confederate headquarters that these men that Virginia had authorized to organize as rangers for the home defense were devastating the country, and had killed three citizens of Pocahontas County and stolen fifteen horses. He complained of them as bitterly as did the Federal generals.

April 18, 1862, General Fremont ordered General Milroy, General Schenck, and Col. T. M. Harris to break up and destroy the guerilla organizations. "All adult males found at the houses of Sylvanus Harper, of Bennett, of Hedwick, of Ferris, and the Arbigasses, should be arrested, and every effort made to kill or capture all who belong to those bands in that vicinity."

May 1, 1862, Milroy wrote from McDowell that the guerillas had captured 20 wagons and 80 horses, and that he had compelled the neighborhood to furnish another wagon train and horses.

May 9, 1862, Crook wrote again from Summersville, that he had had word that 300 Moccasin Rangers were raiding Webster County and that he had sent an expedition there, but had found but three and they were too sick to be removed.

It will be seen by these reports at the time that the mountain men

had divided in sentiment and had gone to war on their own hook. It was here that the word bushwhacker was coined. The dictionary says that it was a name for a Confederate guerilla, but we know it was used to designate anyone who shot from the brush. The soldiers who rode in these mountains believed that they were able by a sixth sense to feel the presence of bushwhackers, just as it was the belief that in Indian times, that the settlers had premonition of the coming of the Indians into a community.

During the first year of the war, the western waters were invested with a number of armies and there was hardly a county where there were not troops. In the mountains these soldiers covered all the territory. When they were withdrawn after the battle of the Allegheny, then it was that hundreds if not thousands of able-bodied mountain men took up arms to defend themselves, and there were uneasy times.

Soldiers at home on furloughs responded to appeals for assistance and little armies would spring up in a day and have a skirmish, and disband as quickly as they had come together. It was but an echo of the minute men of the Revolution.

The courts did not meet and the citizens suffered from the needs of soldiers of both armies and from the irregular troops. It is certain that nowhere in the country was there such peril to inhabitants as in these mountain counties. In the northwestern counties, the Federal arms from the first provided safety for the citizens, but in counties on both sides of the Allegheny there was great distress and danger on account of the strength that was divided between the two sides.

One general took to arresting men who had sons in the Confederate army, and he was quickly recalled, for it so often happened in these cases that the prisoners had sons in the Federal army also, and he retired before a storm of his own raising.

Word has recently come that Ambrose Bierce, who disappeared about 1913, went to Mexico during the days of General Villa and that he attached himself to the body of men surrounding that insurgent; that he was tired and sick of existence and so conducted himself that he was shot and killed in some way in that war.

CHAPTER XII

Battle of Cheat Mountain. This is a study of troops from the lowlands in the high mountains.

A mountaineer is an inhabitant of a mountain region as opposed to lowlander who lives on the levels or low-lying lands. The mountaineer is the wilder of the two. He is more active, more virile, and wilder. He grows strong with the struggle to maintain life. As compared to him the lowlander is as one who is down and therefore fears no fall. He is very sedate, he is good to his mate, and fond of amusement, too, he lives in a flat and is apt to grow fat, of a breed that runs even and true. But the mountaineer bold, is a hard man to hold, he has hair on the back

of his hands, he leads in the ruction, of war and destruction, and is ready to meet all demands.

It is a study to see the lowlander trying to be familiar with the mountains. He is like a fish out of water. They overawe him and he steps high and softly when he is among them and leaves them at the first decent opportunity. There is no question but that the mountains get his goat.

For many years the first map makers of the colonies would lay down the Appalachian range and mark the maps, impassable mountains. It was accepted as a fact that the snow never melted on them in the summer time, and that no matter how far an explorer succeeded in clambering over them, still higher mountains presented themselves as barriers to his progress. And they insisted that the country was so broken and uneven it could never be good for anything.

The lowlander today when he comes to the mountains for the first time suffers from a hypersensitive condition and is afflicted with a mild attack of mountain sickness caused by a rarer air than he has been accustomed to. This is not pronounced enough to endanger his health but it does cause a feeling of discomfort and he is inclined to be critical of what he sees. It is the provincialism and the malaria working out, aggravated by the jumbled masses that tower over him. He never realizes that the mountaineers actually prize their mountains and that they despise the dead level of the plains. The mountaineer especially cherishes a noisy stream. He does not like the still waters so highly spoken of in the twenty-third Psalm.

There must be something in common between mountain sickness and sea sickness, for when a man with imagination finds himself upon the vast ocean for the first time and realizes the awe of the mighty deep, he generally tries to throw up his toe nails. And they say that is caused by the pitching of the boat. It is more apt to be the hypersensitive condition of being confronted by nature in an awe-inspiring form.

If it is the pitching of the boat why is it that little children, and aged persons, and the blind do not show the same symptoms? One of the remedies for sea sickness is to blindfold the patient.

Charles Kingsley said: "My first feeling on entering the high woods was helplessness, confusion, awe, all but terror."

Percy Bysshe Shelley said: "I never knew—I never imagined what mountains were before. The immensity of these aurial summits excited, when they suddenly burst upon the sight, a sentiment of ecstatic wonder, not unallied to madness."

And the gentleman from Chicago in the mountains disapproved of the scenery as "ungodly," and the experience of his traveling companion whose stomach departed from him.

It is the intention in this article to relate how Cheat Mountain got the collective goat of an army in war time and changed the history of the country.

A few years ago as the wilderness of Cheat Mountain was being timbered off the workmen would come upon old muskets, sabers, and bayonets lost in these uplands of hell by a lost army of demoralized men who had been sent into those tangled thickets to turn the position of a forti-

fied camp at White's Top. These men suffered peril and privation and no one ever knew how many of them left their bones to whiten in the forest.

At the beginning of the Civil War which was to be ended in ninety days the prophets all thought that it would be fought out in the mountains of West Virginia. When Virginia wrenched loose from the constitution a part of the great corner stone of the Republic adhered to the Union and both north and south rushed armies to hold the fragment.

McClellan swept everything before him for he had railroad transportation into the center of the state, while the Confederates were gathering from the Cotton States and from Virginia by slow marching and wagon trains over the endless mountains. By the middle of the summer McClellan had a large army in Tygarts Valley just below where the Elkwater Creek comes in from the west. Here the valley had narrowed and that army dug one of the biggest trenches and bunkers of the war to hold the road. To keep the fort from being flanked and surprised from behind, another army had made a most elaborate fortified camp at White's Top of Cheat on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. This place also lent itself to easy defense. The road here passes through a gap between two beautiful hills, and the soldiers fortified both sides of it. To capture the forts would require a charge up the steep hillsides, and to pass between them would invite a sudden and complete destruction to an army.

The Confederate forces took all of the Greenbrier Valley, the next valley east of Tygart's Valley. They had armies at Bartow, and at Huntersville (Camp Northwest), and at Marlinton. These troops came from all over the south. They had been rushed there owing to the fact that it soon became apparent that West Virginia west of the great divide was not going to put many troops in the field to aid secession.

And as there was no one in command of the several armies, that is, no commander in chief, enter the great Robert E. Lee, as fine a Virginian gentleman as ever broadened an a. Graduated in 1829 first in his class at West Point. Head of that institution later. A colonel in the army. Resident at Arlington on the Potomac. He resigned from the service of the Union with regret to cast his fortunes with Virginia. He was made major general of Virginia and commander in chief of Virginia's troops in April, 1861, but on the formation of the Confederacy, his rank was fixed as brigadier general and he was ordered to the Greenbrier Valley to take command of the units here. At Camp Northwest, there was General Loring, a North Carolinian, who outranked Lee. At Marlinton Col. Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia, was in command.

He was in charge of green troops in the wettest summer that this county ever saw. We had thirteen inches of rain in August this year and seven inches in December with wet weather at other times, and it has been compared to the year 1861 for genuine wetness.

His troops were volunteers and amateurs in the art of war. They were destined to become seasoned troops later in the war but there was a lot of sickness in the camps that summer. Lee made his main camp on the Seneca Trail twenty miles north of Marlinton. All the histories say that he rested on Valley Mountain. That is true in part for that

was the pass that his forefront watched, but his main camp was south of the pass through Middle Mountain, the next mountain south of Valley Mountain, and the signs there today show the greatest amount of work.

The two armies faced each other on the pike for upwards of two months both waiting to give battle.

Speaking about green troops, many years after the war some city men came to this county to hunt and were the guests of one of the leading men of the county at his plantation. The topic of the war came up and something brought to mind the 808th Virginia regiment. One of the city men told a tale: "Headquarters sent an inspector to report on the 808th and 809th regiments. The letter that he got said that headquarters had heard that the 808th and 809th were nothing but bands of organized horse thieves. Investigate and report. The inspector replied that he had looked them over and that the report was not exactly correct. That the 808th was an organized gang of horse thieves, but that the 809th was an unorganized gang of horse thieves."

A glimmer of a smile appeared on the face of one or two in the room but as for the host, fierce he broke forth: "It's a damned lie—I belonged to the 809th!" And it was one of the most embarrassing moments the witty man ever knew.

But there were not many mountain men in the armies. Henry A. Wise of the Horse Pistol, wrote from Bungers Mill, four miles west of Lewisburg, August 1, 1861, that West Virginia was gone so far as the Confederacy was concerned and that the people of the western waters were submitting, debased and subdued in the belief that the Confederacy could never retake the northwestern part of the State, and that he had fallen back from Kanawha not a minute too soon.

The most of the troops who honored this county with their presence that summer were lowlanders from the cotton country and that is why the mountain got them.

Valley Mountain as soon as it crosses the turnpike and commences to tower in the air is called Cheat Mountain and it is as bold a rampart as is to be found in the State. It curves around away from the pass like a horseshoe and the eastern side is Back Allegheny, and the side that looks down on Elkwater and Huttonsville is Cheat. In this horseshoe the main fork of Cheat River heads and by the time it gets to where the Staunton and Parkersburg road crosses it about twenty miles in an air line, it is a considerable stream. Up against the outer rim of the horseshoe the Ohio River heads as the Tygarts Valley River. Lee must have felt that summer that he was biting on granite. Sickness in the camp, and nothing going right. He planned to attack the fortification at Elkwater about the middle of September. The army at Bartow was to cross the wilderness and fall in behind the forces at White's Top on the pike, and while a part of the troops held the army on White's Top, the rest would drop down into Tygarts Valley and march up stream and attack the fortification in the rear, while Lee marched down stream and gave them what-for in their front. Never was a battle better planned and never was one worse executed, but to one who knows what the spruce woods on top of Cheat are like, it is apparent that Lee could

not have known the character of the country, or he would not have required it of them.

Lee had not seen any of the spruce woods. His camps were all in hardwood territory where a man may walk with some degree of comfort and speed. But to take an army in the night time through the jungles of Cheat was an unheard of project. The evergreens are as thick as wheat in a field. There are great patches of laurel a bear could hardly penetrate. The dense growth of something like a hundred thousand board feet to the acre means that the ground is covered with decaying trunks. There are plants there that are called hobblerod that make a passage painful and difficult. And there are windfalls that cannot be negotiated in the night time.

And realizing that the pike was sealed, the orders were on the night of September 13, to climb the mountain and parallel the pike on both sides and silently pass over the mountains and fall in behind the enemy at White's Top.

You will remember that after topping Back Allegheny Mountain it is some miles across a boggy, swampy country, so covered with fir that the sun could hardly light it in the daytime, and once across that, Cheat Mountain was to be climbed.

To add to the horrors of those southern boys from a warm climate, the first snow of the winter began to fall that night and when the men got into that dank morass through which Cheat River winds its murky way, they scattered. All sense of direction was lost and the soldiers were cold and freezing, lost and bewildered. Few shots were exchanged with the enemy. It is to be supposed that a few of the soldiers would drift out that way but as it was uphill, not very many. Under circumstances like this men throw away their arms and engage in a mad scramble to get somewhere, or else sit down under a tree and stay there until they die.

Of course, the greater number found their way back to camp or to the Valley Mountain camp, but it was days before the army was in shape to present a warlike front. The attack of September 14 had failed because the mountains took a hand in the business and it was destined that these troops should not make a battle field out of the smiling meadows near the Elkwater.

To give you some idea of how dense the growth may be in Cheat, sometime ago a party of us in that difficult country came on a growth of young fir trees covering a great acreage that we estimated to grow forty-five thousand trees to the acre. The top of this forest looks as closely woven as carpet.

Loring had charge of this flanking movement. Putting one and one together, we find that the army was lost in the wilderness on the night of the 13th of September, and that on the next day Lee sent down from his Valley Mountain camp a reconnoitering party under the command of Maj. John A. Washington and that this party approaching the Federal breastworks were fired upon and Major Washington was killed. There can be little doubt but that Lee sent that party down the valley to ascertain, if he could, whether the army had got across Cheat, and was in the valley north of and below the Elkwater fort.

In the meantime Lee was bedeviled with the troubles of two contending rivals, those roosters, General Floyd and General Wise who were quarreling in the Kanawha Valley as to which was in supreme command, both calling on Lee to support their contentions, as Lee was the highest officer of Virginia, though only a brigadier general of the Confederacy. What is a surprise to most people is to hear that Gen. Robert E. Lee did not become commander-in-chief of all the Confederate forces until 1865, just before the war closed.

Lee evidently decided not to attack the strongly fortified Federals at either of their impregnable forts. Anyway there was no more fighting that year on the Randolph and Pocahontas line near Mingo Flats nor yet at White's Top.

After that Lee evidently decided to remain on the defensive. And the Federals had been on the defensive the whole time.

Now here is a bit of history that will not be found in any of the books or dispatches, but I got it from eye-witnesses, most reliable men, and while it was still fresh in their minds. I taught a school at Big Spring on the site of Lee's encampment. The old men told me that the wet summer of 1861 terminated in one of the biggest rains that ever fell in these mountains producing one of the greatest flood ever known in these streams, and that the big rain of all rains culminated in a downpour that lasted all night, and that by daylight next morning, both armies, Federal and Confederate, had broken camp in the night and the tempest, and that both were in headlong retreat. The Confederates fled south up the Old Field Fork of Elk and cut a timber barricade at Crooked Fork at the foot of Elk Mountain. I have seen this barricade myself. The Federal forces retreated down Tygarts River, and it was the case with both armies that a number of men were drowned in the fordings of the creeks.

The Union forces turned east at Huttonsville and marched towards Staunton and fought the battle of Greenbrier, the battle of the Top of Allegheny, the battle of Monterey, and the Battle of McDowell, all on the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike. Stonewall Jackson turned them at McDowell and they went by Franklin.

Lee having extricated his army went to Richmond, and soon after that he was sent to take charge of the coast defenses of South Carolina and Georgia and he spent the first winter of the war in the far South.

The passway on top of Valley Mountain is the southeastern corner of the district of West Augusta, and when the troops in the night time reached the summit of Back Allegheny Mountain looking down on the Greenbrier River they crossed over the eastern line of West Augusta, and that dreadful night they passed in the spruce woods was on West Augusta territory.

I can find no evidence of Lee having gone into southern West Virginia that fall. Wise and Floyd fought it out down there with more or less success but their armies marched east across the mountains before winter. And to the north the Confederates fell back to the top of the Allegheny practically evacuating all of the western waters at the end of the first year's campaign.

Last summer the new highway over Middle Mountain and Valley

Mountain was being graded as Route 24, or Seneca Trail, and at one place the excavation uncovered a great army dump pile in which all sorts of war trophies were to be found ranging from muskets to parts of cannon. This was left by Lee's first command in the civil war.

The only luck that the Federal forces had in 1861 was in West Virginia, and I will always believe that the mountains won that for them.

Ambrose Bierce was a Union soldier in camp at White's Top, at the time of the movement on September 14. He was a seasoned trooper, having served his first three months and beginning on his second enlistment. He does not know that an attack was made or contemplated.

He says: "It was a strange country. Nine in ten of us had never seen a mountain, nor a hill, as high as a church spire, until we had crossed the Ohio River. In power upon the emotions nothing, I think, is comparable to a first sight of mountains. To a member of a plains tribe, born and reared on the flats of Ohio or Indiana, a mountain region was a perpetual miracle. Space seemed to have taken on a new dimension; areas to have not only length and breadth, but thickness. Modern literature is full of evidence that our great grandfathers looked upon mountains with aversion and horrors."

He was speaking of the time that he guarded a pass on the summit of Cheat Mountain through which no one wanted to go, and on a road that led from nowhere to the southeast.

As for Robert E. Lee when he found his summer's work reduced to nothing by this great mishap of the jungle, he was inclined to believe the report that the mountaineer guide had misled his troops and lost them in the fen, and for a time it looked like he was about ready to hang a certain young Pocahontas County man who had undertaken to guide the army. But Lee must have found out that he had been at fault himself in ordering his men to penetrate the Cheat Bottom in the night time, for nobody was executed and the guide lived to be an old man and a respected citizen of this county.

CHAPTER XIII

Battle of Elkwater. When General R. E. Lee gave up the northwestern part of Virginia as a bad job.

The battle of Elkwater was the Civil War battle that was never fought. There was some slaughter but both sides drew back without going on with the great conflict that was staged. Both sides were on the defensive. The Federal forces were dug in in Tygarts Valley, Randolph County, below the mouth of the considerable creek called Elkwater, for the purpose of holding the Confederates from marching into the northwestern part of West Virginia, and the Confederates were entrenched on Middle Mountain to hold the Federal army from marching through Marlinton, Huntersville, and Warm Springs, and taking possession of the Virginia Central Railroad at Millboro. That is the reason that both armies were

content to face each other for eight weeks during the summer months of 1861.

Robert E. Lee to the end of the war shone more as a dfeensive strategist than he did in his offensive movements. In this he was the antithesis of Stonewall Jackson, who came down on them like a wolf on the fold. Note Lee's failure in the Gettysburg campaign.

The Federal forces were flushed with the victories of Philippi, Rich Mountain and Carrick's Ford. McClellan had won these and it made him commander-in-chief, so he went to Washington to take charge of the far-flung battle lines, and left General Reynolds to make a fortified camp at Elkwater, while General Rosecrans marched on to Kanawha.

The road from Marlinton to Elkwater, now called the Seneca Trail is almost due north and south. From Marlinton it is more or less up hill for seven miles until it tops Elk Mountain. Then it descends a short distance to the upper waters of Elk River and follows the Old Field Fork down for about nine miles to the forks, crossing Slaty Fork near its mouth; there to the Big Spring of Elk Fork. The pike follows this stream to the post office Linwood, four miles, and then continues north ascending Middle Mountain two miles, then across a head of a hollow about a mile to the top of Valley Mountain, the line between Randolph County and Pocahontas County, and thence about ten miles to the Elkwater fort. It was an important pike at the beginning of the Civil War, being one of the Commonwealth's highways, under the internal improvement schemes that Virginia had engaged in so heavily for thirty-odd years immediately prior to the war.

The country is, and was at that time nearly all cleared and the road lined with fine farms between Marlinton and Elkwater.

The Union army had won signal victories in Randolph and Tucker counties July 11, 12 and 13, 1861, and the news had just time to spread over the nation for a general rejoicing, when on July 21st, the Confederates won a big battle at Bull Run and convinced the North that there was serious trouble ahead.

McClellan was ordered to leave some one in command in the mountains and get the war going again.

He arranged to hold the Confederates back. The immense size of the ditch and bank at Elkwater is still to be noticed. So it is not surprising to find an order to the effect that this was to be an extra big barrier, as well as the one on Cheat Mountain. That is evidence enough that the Federals did not propose to advance any farther into the enemy's country that summer but would hold what they had won in the northern part of West Virginia and concentrate on driving Wise and Floyd out of the Kanawha Valley.

Reynolds made the fort at Elkwater, and Kimball of the Fourteenth Indiana Regiment, made the one at Cheat Summit generally referred to as White Top, where a man by the name of White lived. The Cheat Summit camp was on the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike and this road ran southeast from Huttonsville, gradually leaving the pike from that place to Marlinton. Cheat Summit is almost due east from Elkwater where the camp was and a trail led down the mountain making a short cut seven miles long between the two places. The wagon roads

around by Huttonsville between the camps covered a distance of eighteen miles.

These camps were formed on or about the 13th or 14th of July. The first troops of the Confederates to arrive at Middle Mountain were the Bath Cavalry on July 28th, followed by Col. Stephen Lee, with the Sixth North Carolina Regiment. The plan of fortifying Valley Mountain and Middle Mountain was the result of a report made by William Skeen, an attorney of Huntersville, who furnished a map of the country, and who pointed out that the Virginia Central Railway was exposed to an attack at Millboro as much as it was at Staunton, and that the distance by turnpike was much less than to Staunton.

In the meantime troops had been pouring into Staunton from all over the South and had been routed by way of Monterey on the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike. The information furnished by Skeen was seized upon immediately by Robert E. Lee at Richmond, and he had a good deal of trouble getting the officers at Staunton to cease to send troops by Monterey and to detrain them at Millboro. His preemptory orders finally resulted in long columns of men being marched by the southern route by Warm Springs, Huntersville, Marlinton and Edray. William Skeen was a prominent man in the history of Pocahontas County. He had been clerk of the courts before the war, and then practiced law. He was noted for his fine penmanship and his flights of oratory. The Commonwealth was referred to by him as the "virgin daughter of a virgin queen," and he was fighting for the idea of states' rights.

These troops gathered at Monterey, Bartow, Huntersville, and Marlinton, were called the Northwestern Army, and General Loring was placed in command of this army by an order from General Lee dated July 20th. This was the officer who had outranked Robert E. Lee but who took his orders from Lee. But it was not long until Lee himself came to the mountains and took over the command. He arrived at Valley Mountain August 8th, and from that time to September 14th, that was Headquarters of the Forces, that title traveling with Lee from Richmond to the Big Spring.

Here is a list of the headquarters in West Virginia during the wet summer of 1861. Lee was at Valley Mountain from August 8 to August 15; at Meadow Bluff on September 24; and at Sewell Mountain on October 20. During 1861, all of Robert E. Lee's activities in camp were confined to West Virginia, the rest of the time being spent at Richmond.

At Clarksburg was another West Virginia lawyer who was willing to advise the war department from the Federal side. John S. Carlile on August 15, 1861, wrote to Simeon Cameron, Secretary of War, for God's sake to send more troops and a general to command them or they would be whipped in ten days; that four Confederate armies were marching on the northwest by Mingo Flats, and that the Mingo Flats road was not guarded. Here was the original Godsaker about whom we heard so much in the World War. He was mistaken about the Mingo Flats road not being guarded for the Elkwater fort was there for that very purpose.

And about this time another defender was brought to light. It was a bushwhacker. By a letter dated July 19, 1861, Gen. H. R. Jackson

wrote to headquarters that he had recruited home guards to the number of one hundred and eighty men, and that as all of them had corn to work, he had agreed that if they left eighty of their best riflemen, the rest might return to their crops. These eighty riflemen were familiar with the country and were to "annoy the enemy from the hills and bushes."

So the mountain armies filled the passes and watched each other during the weeks of August and the first part of September. In the Federal camp at Elkwater were two companies from Indiana who were in gray uniform and these men mingled with the Confederates in their big camp at Valley Mountain. On Sunday the 8th of September a scouting party got as far as Mingo from the Elkwater and had a skirmish at four o'clock in the morning of the 9th in which they reported having killed fifteen secessionists and wounded as many more. And they learned that a general advance was to take place that day and they fell back with the news. And it is now seen that Lee made a general order to advance dated September 9.

There is in this series a chapter telling of the way the Confederate forces got lost in the Cheat River jungles about Cheat Bridge and thereby prevented Lee from having a pitched battle at Elkwater. These troops were from the army at Bartow and they were to pass through the laurel and the hobblerod in the night time to the south of the camp at Cheat Summit and after much suffering and many hardships they came straggling back, defeated, weary and discouraged. In studying the evidence that is left of the Elkwater affair, I have found out something more about that lost legion. They attempted to go through the wilderness on the night of the 11th of September. None of the pickets or sentinels of the Federal camp on the mountain knew that any such movement was taking place. This is conclusive that they did not top the mountain on the pike. And early in the morning there were parts of three regiments that had passed by the camp and gotten to the pike in the rear, for early that morning, the 12th, three army wagons started from Cheat Summit for supplies, and they rolled into the Confederate army about a mile west of the encampment and were captured. The number of Confederate soldiers on the pike west and in the rear were estimated by the Federal officers to be twenty-five hundred men. They took the horses and men and disappeared in thick forest.

From this time on the skirmishing in the big forests of Cheat assumed the character of Indian fighting. Later in the day a company of Indiana troops caught sight of some Confederates four miles west of the camp at the summit and had a battle with them, the Federal troops remaining in the road and the Confederates disappearing in the timber.

It now appears that these Indiana troops had been camped in the dense spruce for full two months and the active young soldiers had nothing better to do than to become thoroughly acquainted with the wonders of such a wilderness. Few of them had ever seen a mountain or a forest of any great extent before. They had roamed in the mountains hunting and fishing and having as good a time as they could under the circumstances, and in the battle in the woods they had the soldiers who had come from Arkansas and other Southern States at a great dis-

advantage. The object of the Confederate flanking movement was to get in behind the Summit camp and take another place which was a small camp and supply point known as Cheat Mountain Pass ten miles west of the summit at the northern base of Cheat Mountain, and the skirmish in the afternoon of the 12th, interfered with this movement.

On the 12th the big army on Valley Mountain moved forward. About half way between the Valley Mountain camp and Elkwater fort, is the town of Valley Head. This is the point that the Webster County road, the Point Mountain pike joins the Seneca Trail and the Federal forces had been maintaining an advance guard at that point.

The Confederate army at this point was about nine thousand strong, and after a battle at the forks of the road at Valley Head, the Federals fell back and the Confederates did not advance. Along the road that follows the river bottom the land was cleared, but between that strip of settled country and the great Cheat Mountain there is a great stretch of broken wooded country through which many streams flow down from Cheat Mountain to the Valley River. Some of these are small runs and others are considerable creeks. At Valley Head, Lee sent three regiments north along the base of Cheat Mountain through the woods to join the flanking army that was to cross from Bartow. These regiments marched all day and came to the Staunton and Parkersburg Pike to the west of the Summit and cut the telegraph wire between the two Federal camps, and effected a junction with part of the Bartow troops.

General Reynolds found by nightfall on the 12th, that he was in a precarious position. Both roads to the Summit camp were in possession of the enemy. The wagon train had been captured, and his own wagon train loaded with supplies for the Summit camp and which were badly needed, had no chance to get through.

So about three in the morning of Friday, the thirteenth, he sent one army to open up the wagon road, and another army to open the bridle path.

As a matter of fact, it would appear that the Confederates had about fifty-five hundred men in the woods around Cheat Summit and that they were literally scattered all over a rugged country like a band of sheep that had lost their shepherd. It was the second night in bad weather and there was no way to form a cohesive force out of them. In the meantime those Indiana boys who had been loafing there all summer and probably knew every trout up there by its given name, were ready to harry the strangers out of there, and at break of day on Friday, the thirteenth, they commenced to hunt the Confederates. About this time some Confederates appeared on the pike about a mile east of the summit and surrounded a picket post and a lieutenant and a private of the Federals were killed.

Learning that a whip chase was under way to the west and that the Confederates were working out towards the Greenbrier River, with the Indiana boys driving them, the commander at the Summit sent some companies of soldiers east over the pike and had them line Cheat River above the bridge, and a battle was fought on that river about two miles above that bridge at a point near where the Cheat Mountain Clubhouse now stands.

The Confederate reports are missing as to this encounter, but the Federal reports are very positive. They are sure that all the regiments, both from Valley Mountain and from Camp Bartow had been rounded up and were being driven toward the Greenbrier, and that when they were stopped by three hundred men at some point on the river near the clubhouse, the Confederates numbered fifty-five hundred men. These men were driven back in to the wilderness and it was not until about ten o'clock that night that they got back to Camp Bartow. Kimball says that the result of the panic in the Confederate ranks was that the woods were literally covered with the baggage, coats, haversacks, and other articles abandoned by the enemy.

Now if this is true, it is not to be wondered that Lee looked in vain for his proud regiments to come stepping up the broad fields of Tygart's Valley, with flags flying and drums beating to take the Federals in the rear, while he marched his victorious legions down the valley to storm the Federal works and take West Virginia into the Confederacy.

It is no wonder that Col. John A. Washington rode down by the mouth of Elkwater with a squad of men to get around the bend so that he could see the Confederate columns advancing up the river to support the attack. And that not seeing such an army that he should have ventured nearer and nearer the fortification so that the could make a thorough search, until so close that he was shot and killed.

Col. Rust was ordered out of Cheat Mountain with his command to get to Bartow as soon as he could and send a dispatch to General Loring by the "near way," Loring was no doubt that day at Valley Mountain. "Get Mr. Arbogast to take the dispatch, if possible." Probably J. H. Arbogast, whose plantation was on the site of the town of Durbin. He is described as the postmaster.

In the meantime on Friday, the thirteenth, Lee's army edged down the stream from Valley Head to a point as low down as the mouth of Elkwater some miles above the Elkwater fort. They did not give battle, waiting no doubt for the flanking army that never came, but the Federals had a rifled gun that shot a ten-pound ball that they ran out about three-quarters of a mile, and fired a few rounds at the Confederates who withdrew a short distance. That Confederate army lay about the mouth of Elkwater Creek all day on the 13th and on the 14th they were still there. Reynolds said that on the 14th another Confederate force was chased by the Summit camp. And that on the 15th there was another Confederate army on top of Cheat, on the pike, that was driven back.

Anyway in the afternoon of the 14th the Confederates went back to their camp on Valley Mountain and Middle Mountain. So Lee's orders to advance dated September 9, 1861, were in force until September 14, when Lee called them back and said good-by.

Lee went down to the Kanawha Valley to see what Wise and Floyd were fussing with each other about. They point out the tree on the Midland Trail where he camped. The first day's travel from Valley Mountain set him thirty-three miles on his way, and he made camp under an oak tree on Stamping Creek just above Mill Point, on Richard McNeel's farm. Mrs. Mary McNeel, now aged ninety-six years, the lady of the manor was a Southern sympathizer. She prepared a fine

breakfast and sent it to the general and he refused to eat it. He evidently was not going to risk any strange cooking in a land that appeared to be hostile to secession. As they put it baldly at the time, he was apprehensive of being poisoned.

CHAPTER XIV

Carrick's Ford. An Address Prepared for the Celebration There. To Which is Added some New History about Rich Mountain.

We are met here today to commemorate an incident of the most heroic and stirring events in the history of the world. Owing to the fact that in the year 1861 the State of Virginia was rent in twain by the passions and prejudices of its people, the chain of events leading up to the action on the part of the mountaineers has been a difficult subject to deal with for the reason that neighbors and families were divided upon the issue. Father against son, and brother against brother—and these matters in difference were carried even to the extreme limits of life.

But time cures all things, and I believe that the time has come when it is possible to interpret the action of those splendid times in such a way that it will not only redound to the glory of the victor, but also to the courage and high romance of his noble adversary.

I feel that it is incumbent upon us, who espoused the Confederate cause and who suffered the adverse decision of an all-wise Providence, to be the first and the frankest to admit that we were wrong. It comes with more graciousness from us who were bound to submit that any other result would have meant the end of the United States and a long farewell to all our glory.

We Confederates fought long and well, and we regard with affection and esteem the tender grace of a day that is dead that can never come back to us.

To the student of the history of the men of the mist, the mountaineers, it becomes more and more apparent that in every great crisis in American history the men of these endless mountains are to be relied upon to save the country from dissolution. Bred into super-men by the fierce thirty years' warfare with the aborigines in the winning of the West, we find in 1774 the mountain men asserting their independence and putting an independent army in the field to win the first battle of the Revolutionary War at Point Pleasant. In the years that followed the Minute Men from Valley Forge to King's Mountain were the main reliance for the success of the American arms, and it was companies of mountain men that drove Cornwallis to the sea and forced him to surrender.

But above and over all was the action of the northwestern counties in 1861 that reorganized the government of Virginia and nullified the act of secession at Richmond on April 17, 1861. It will be remembered that when the greatest Civil War ever known in the history of the world

broke out in the United States that the first movement on the part of the troops of the North and on the part of the troops of the South converged upon the mountain counties of the western waters of Virginia and within a few weeks after the action at Richmond these counties were as completely overrun and invested by the opposing armies as was Belgium in the late great World War. A part of that movement of troops was the battle of Carrick's Ford which we are met to commemorate today. The first troops to reach the northwest were two companies from Highland County, Virginia, marched thither in such great haste that there was not a gun or other weapon of offense amongst them. Each man bore a tin cup which constituted his sole uniform and accoutrement. They reported to Grafton where Colonel Porterfield, a diplomatic Virginia officer, had preceded them upon the mission to induce the local companies of militia to remain true to the falling fortunes of Virginia. Colonel Porterfield wrote home that it was as though he were in a foreign country, so fruitless had been his mission to enlist soldiers for the Confederacy.

In the meantime, General McClellan, lying on the borders of Ohio, was ordered to invest West Virginia with Federal troops and then followed the hurry and mad haste on the part of both armies to possess these mountain counties. General McClellan poured his troops into Grafton over the B. & O. Railway from Parkersburg and Wheeling and the handful of Confederate troops retired before his advance guard by a matter of minutes only, and rested at Philippi.

In the meantime the Confederate forces, without waiting for a vote on the ordinance of secession, bitterly disappointed by the failure of the mountain counties to respond favorably to the secession movement, rushed every available company across the mountains on foot, on horseback and by wagon train, and in a few days had considerable armies at three points on the western waters—that is to say, at Camp Northwest near Huntersville, at Marlinton, and at Beverly.

The leaders in the Northwest, having been sent back from Richmond overwhelmed and defeated, had been busy calling a convention to meet in Wheeling on May 13, 1861, to offset the result of the Secession Convention of April 17th. And while the armies were gathering by every road that point to the height of land, the place where the waters head, this Wheeling Convention was groping its way through the devious roads of parliamentary procedure to depose Governor Letcher, the Governor of Virginia, who had gone Confederate, and to set up in his place an able Fairmont lawyer by the name of Pierpoint to reign in his stead, thereby creating a dual government of the State of Virginia that was to endure for the four long weary years of the war. It took Pierpoint four years to reach the Governor's Mansion in Richmond, but, by the grace of God and the unfaltering support of Abraham Lincoln, he did eventually reach the banks of the James River. The formation of the new State of West Virginia was to be a part of the decrees of Providence and was perhaps the only logical solution of the quandary that Virginia found herself in when she went adrift and was wrecked by the storm and the conflict between the Cottom States, drunk with power and pride, and the loyalty that she owed to the Union she had created.

In the Secession Convention the delegate district composed of Randolph and Tucker was represented by Jonathan N. Hughes, who had voted for secession and who had come home from that convention to find a solemn and a very much divided constituency. It is said that he had gone to Richmond as a Union man and that he had changed his sentiments during the long weary months devoted to practicing upon the minds of Union men to change them to be supporters of the Cotton States' bolt for freedom. Mr. Hughes did not survive his return home many weeks. By a strange act of circumstances he became one of the first victim of the war. At the battle of Rich Mountain he was riding horseback along the road in citizens' clothing. It is supposed that the sudden appearance of a troop of cavalry confused him. He rode rapidly towards them, crying out for Lincoln and was shot dead, receiving seventeen balls in his body.

Randolph and Tucker appear to have had no representatives at Wheeling in the May Convention, but upon the assembling of the Convention of June 11, 1861, at which time Pierpoint was made governor, the district had as its representative Solomon Parsons, and at the third convention which met in Wheeling, November 26, 1861, to frame the constitution of the new State of West Virginia, James W. Parsons appeared for Tucker County. It should be noted, too, that at the June Convention Samuel Crane was also admitted as a delegate from Tucker County, who served with Solomon Parsons.

It will be observed that the month of May, 1861, was a most trying and eventful period for the harassed people of the mountains. Greater armies than had ever been known to our people filled every road and avenue while the thinkers of the mountains, such men as Daniel Lamb, A. W. Campbell, Chester D. Hubbard, J. D. Nichols, Campbell Tarr, Daniel Polsley, George R. Latham, James W. Paxton and other leaders, most earnestly sought a way to extricate Virginia from the curse that had come upon her. Some said one thing and some said another, and the solution did not come like a flash of light, but was rather evolved in long and painful conferences extending over many days and nights. We know now that the plan that worked so well was to treat the elective offices of Virginia as vacant on account of Letcher's adherence, with all his train to the Confederate States of America, and to set up a provisional government by the election of Pierpoint as Governor. The Pierpoint government having been recognized in Washington by the Federal government by the seating of the Senators and Congressmen, enabled the provisional government to agree to the formation of the new State of West Virginia which resulted in the rending of the State both as a war measure and a logical result of the secession of Virginia.

The credit for the idea and the thread of thought that led to this mementous result belong to John D. Nichols, a young lawyer of Wellsburg, who voiced the idea in a conference one evening with some of the older delegates and from that time the way was made plain before the conventions without variableness, nor shadow of turning.

About this time, on the twenty-second day of May, 1861, the first man was killed in the Civil War. T. Bailey Brown, a member of Capt. Daniel Wilson's company, was returning with Captain Wilson from Prunty-

town where they had organized a Union Company. As they came to the eastern end of Grafton, they were halted by a Confederate picket by the name of W. S. Knight. Brown fired at the picket, clipping a piece out of his ear, and Knight returned the fire with a smooth-bore musket, loaded with slugs, killing Brown instantly.

Before daylight on the morning of June 3rd the armies clashed at Philippi and the Confederates withdrew in great haste to Beverly. McClellan moved slowly up Tygart's Valley, having at his command some twenty thousand troops, nearly all from Ohio and Pennsylvania.

On the Confederate side Staunton, Augusta County, had been made a depot of supplies and from all over the South regiment after regiment detrained at Staunton and marched west and northwest over the Harrisonburg and Warm Springs Turnpike and the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike. These troops were accompanied by interminable wagon trains and the people of the mountains in that summer of 1861 were presented with a spectacle of all the glory and gallantry of war. Money became exceedingly plentiful and the Confederate States appeared to be carrying all before them. As a matter of fact the only failure from which the Confederate States suffered during the first year of the war was the repulse in West Virginia. The scene at Beverly by July was that of an all-powerful army in camp. Colonel Porterfield, the urbane diplomat to West Virginia, had been called home and Gen. W. H. Garnett had been placed in charge of the advance army in the Northwest at Beverly. He had under him the flower and the chivalry of the South. General Garnett was a West Pointer and a noted acquisition to the Southern armies. His encampment at Beverly at the junction of the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike and the Beverly and Philippi Turnpike blocked the advance of General McClellan's army. But Garnett decided that he should fortify the two roads in the rugged pass where the Tygarts Valley River breaks through and forms the gorge separating Rich Mountain from Laurel Hill. The latter day tourist is still presented at Beverly with his choice of the two roads into the Northwest. He can either climb Rich Mountain on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, or he can go the broader and smoother State highway by the way of Elkins, Belington, Philippi and Grafton.

Garnett decided to fortify the Buckhannon road on the brow of the mountain overlooking its western declivity. In this he made a fatal error. He seems to have ignored the long flat top of Rich Mountain which invited a flank movement. He should have fortified the eastern top where the battle was actually fought. On the other road Garnett took about six thousand troops and went with them himself to fortify the road on Laurel Hill between Elkins and Belington. Pegram was placed in charge of the Rich Mountain blockade. Colonel Scott was left in charge of the base of supplies at Beverly with one large regiment and other companies and wagon trains coming in daily. It would appear that Garnett had detached himself both on the Rich Mountain road and on the Belington road from his base of supplies.

McClellan with his much larger army, was scattered across the valley from Buckhannon to Webster and seemed to be on the point of playing Garnett's game and storming the fortifications. But on the evening of

the tenth of July a young man by the name of Hart, whose home was on the crest of Rich Mountain, agreed to lead a detachment around the mountain to fall in behind Pegram and in this way the plans of battle were worked out in a way different from that expected by Garnett. Pegram was not wholly surprised. A messenger had fallen into the hands of the Confederates and they were advised of the flanking movement. Perhaps it would have been better if he had been surprised. He rushed three hundred men back to the east brow of Rich Mountain and there met and fought the Federal troops and was defeated. The cannon roared over the mountains there all the afternoon and it seems to have brought consternation to every division of the Confederate forces. Presently came a rain and a stormy night and Pegram withdrew from his position and marched down into the rough canyon of the Tygart's Valley River and up the river to about where Elkins now is, and finding himself without provisions and no chance to get any, sent in his surrender papers.

The battle at Rich Mountain was so sudden and unexpected that there seems to have been no chance to send a courier to Colonel Scott, who lay with such a rich base at Beverly. The Colonel and his staff listened for hours to the cannonading on Rich Mountain, undecided whether to retreat or advance. He finally called for a volunteer to carry a flag of truce to Rich Mountain to obtain some word, and for this service my father, the late Rev. Dr. William T. Price, offered. His offer was not accepted and pretty soon Colonel Scott and the supplies were on their way east.

Garnett abandoned his fort on Laurel Hill on the night of the eleventh, being pursued by McClellan's forces. Learning that Beverly was in possession of Union forces, he turned to the northeast, hoping to escape into the valley of Virginia by Cheat River. Morris' troops overtook the Confederates about noon on July 13, 1861, and followed them for two hours skirmishing all the way until Carrick's Ford was reached, where a pitched battle ensued in which General Garnett and a number of his command were slain.

The result of these operations left the Union forces in full control of West Virginia's western flowing waters in the northwest with the exception of Greenbrier River.

McClellan fortified at Elkwater near the head of the Ohio River and the Confederates were gradually driven back by force and pressure to Staunton within about a year from the time that they had sent their proud armies forth from that place. The retreat was marked by the battle of Greenbrier, the battle of the Top of Allegheny, and the battle of McDowell, all Confederate victories, but all losing victories.

And this is a short story of how the wisdom of the elder statesman and the firing of the younger soldiers in the year 1861 brought forth that great State of West Virginia, the child of the storm.

And on that day no loving arms
Reached forth the newborn child to take,
'Mid cannons' roar, and war's alarms,
Did West Virginia's soul awake;

Behold her face is stern and wild.
The beetling crag, the darkling fen,
Mark deep her mien, the war-born child,
Grim mothers of hard mountain men;
We hail the day, we pledge anew
Our hearts, our hands, our lives to you.

The first year of the Civil War the Confederates assembled a considerable army at Beverly in a short time and from there awaited the coming of the Federal troops under McClellan. Garnett was the general in charge of the Confederates and the middle of July found Garnett shot to death by exposing himself upon the firing line, and his clans scattered in flight or captured.

One of the Virginia regiments under Col. William C. Scott played a part in the debacle of Rich Mountain, Laurel Hill, and Carrick's Ford, and I never could make head or tail of the doings of that regiment until lately when I came upon some indications in the records that throw considerable light upon the mental confusion and anguish of that officer.

He was from down east somewhere and he was elected colonel of the 44th Virginia Infantry. He was either from Cumberland or Powhatan county, as he represented that district in the secession convention at Richmond, in 1861.

The battle of Rich Mountain was fought on the 11th day of July. The 44th left Staunton for Beverly on the 5th day of July and arrived in Beverly the evening of the 10th, the day before the battle, and encamped there that night. Garnett was with the main part of the army at Laurel Hill, the big mountain between Elkins and Belington. He had posted Pegram with a large force on the west brow of Rich Mountain, eight miles from Beverly on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, between Beverly and Buckhannon. There was a command at Leadsville church, in the neighborhood of the place where the city of Elkins stands now.

The Federals had some twenty thousand troops on the two roads and a battle was expected hourly. The main force of the Federals was on the Buckhannon road in front of Pegram's hastily erected fortifications. Between Pegram and Garnett was the canyon through which the Tygarts Valley River forces a turbulent passage. It is a very deep and wild and rugged gorge.

Most of the wagons and supplies were left at Beverly as a convenient base for the Confederate forces.

Scott's 44th was on the loose, so to speak, his arrival being more or less unexpected, and like all the troops on both sides he was in command of amateurs in the art and science of war.

There has been so much said of Scott's maneuvers at this time that I have been at considerable pains to ferret out as near as possible the truth of the reports. One reason that I was so much interested was that my father, a chaplain, was with Scott on that occasion and by staying with him escaped capture and injury and was extricated from a very perilous position, in which so many green soldiers were killed,

wounded or captured. I never heard my father say much about the retreat from Beverly.

One favorite lie in regard to the gallant 44th was that Scott had cut such a big timber barricade across the pike between Beverly and Laurel Hill that Garnett could not withdraw his troops in the direction of Beverly but was forced to march through Tucker County to meet defeat, disaster, and death at Carrick's Ford. There could be nothing farther from the truth than this for Scott had not been anywhere on that road to cut a barricade and all the defense that he needs on that charge is his perfect alibi.

At Beverly, Scott received an order from Garnett to join him with his regiment at his fort on Laurel Hill, and early that morning he had gotten his weary and footsore troops together and had marched them about two miles towards Elkins, when he was overtaken by a courier with a dispatch from Pegram, who was on the other road on top of Rich Mountain. Pegram asked him to disregard the orders to march to Laurel Hill and to return by way of Beverly and take a position a mile and a half from Beverly on the Buckhannon road, at a place where a county road came in from the north and joined the pike. The reason for this was that Pegram who was guarding the pike had found out that at a point west of his fortification an old road or path branched off on the north side of the pike, dipped down across the Roaring Creek Valley, and climbed Rich Mountain and passed through a gap north of the pass that Pegram was holding, and swung south and joined the county road that led to the pike at the place that Scott was to place his regiment. Pegram had heard that a large force of Federals were already marching on that old road to pass on his right, and Scott's was the only force that could reach the place in time to be of any service. It was apparent that if the Federals took Beverly all the Confederate forces would be cut off from their supplies. Torn from their base, so to speak.

Scott did not hesitate. He about-faced and marched his army back and held the mouth of the county road.

Later in the day, Pegram discovered his error, for the Federals marched around him on his left, and some three hundred of Pegram's men with one cannon hastily detached from the Pegram fort engaged them at the eastern summit and there is where one of the decisive battles of the war was fought, a battle that was discussed and debated to the ends of the world, for right there is where the Union won the war by retaining the territory that was afterwards to be West Virginia.

Pegram was in dreadful straits. His three hundred men held the field for hours against five thousand. Every man belonging to Garnett was in sound of the guns, but none knew that it was not an attack on Pegram's fort except those in that fort. In the light of other days it has become the great unexplained mystery why Pegram did not reinforce his heroes that day.

The noise of the battle was heard by Scott and his troops, but they could not know that it was a battle half way between him and Pegram, and there has never been a time since Casabianca stood on the burning deck when such a distressing alternative was put to a soldier. Scott could not leave the road unguarded. Pegram had not said that the

enemy might come that roundabout way. He had said that they were then moving on that road, and Garnett had endorsed and supplemented Pegram's order, and so he was held by express orders at the foot of a mountain while the cannon roared at the top of that mountain.

When Scott, the night before had arrived at Beverly, he found a very near and dear friend living there. Hon. John N. Hughes the delegate to the convention from the district composed of Randolph and Tucker counties. The two men had served during the long strenuous sessions of the conventions that had voted at Richmond for secession.

Hughes had been sent there as a Union man by an overwhelming vote. At Richmond he had roomed with two strong Union members, Hon. John S. Burdette, the member from Taylor County, and Hon. James Burley, of Marshall. The three were great friends and agreed to stay in the Union for many weeks, until Hughes came to the room one day and announced that he had decided to vote for secession. Then there was a great quarrel. Burdette and Hughes were about to have a fist fight there and then, but Burley prevented them from coming to blows. But before they parted they put a curse upon him, a good old political curse, that he would never prosper either in this world nor in the world to come, and the three inseparables parted in anger. Hughes voted for secession between the vote of James P. Holcombe, of Albermarle, and Eppa Hutton, of Prince William. And Burley and Burdette voted together against secession between the votes of William G. Brown, of Preston, and Benjamin W. Byrne, of Braxton, Nicholas and Clay.

The two convention members, Hughes and Scott, were delighted to be together again and Hughes went with the colonel and his regiment. These two statesmen had voted for secession a few weeks before, having been convinced by a season of false reasoning that it was the only way to prevent war, relying on a fixed idea that the seceding sisters would be allowed to depart in peace. And here they were in the mountains facing an overwhelming army of Federals who refused to accept their interpretation of the constitution.

A new song had run through the South since they had parted at Richmond. It started off strong. It said that the despot's heel was on our shore, his torch was at our temple door. And here was the despot's heel on Rich Mountain. The song was called "Maryland, my Maryland" and we still beller forth its martial strains. They made up a song here the other day on it, called "Marlinton, my Marlinton." It may be of some historical interest to know who was the gentleman designated as a despot and fixed to burn a church. It was no other than Col. Edward F. Jones, of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, marching through Baltimore, April 19, 1861, where they were attacked by rioters and three soldiers killed and many wounded. The mayor of Baltimore marched with the regiment to protect them and begged the soldiers not to fire, but before the mayor left them he was compelled to grab a gun himself and kill a man in the mob. The song was written by a college professor on hearing of the riot, and the music is from the German song, "Tannebaum, Oh Tannebaum," which being loosely translated means, "Hemlock Tree, Oh Hemlock Tree."

Hughes and Scott were on horseback. At that time the troops had

no distinctive uniform on either side. There was no way to tell a friend from an enemy. Not even a badge. The armies had materialized so quickly that so far as the fighting was concerned it was almost impossible to tell whether a company belonged to the North or to the South.

About one o'clock in the afternoon, Scott and his regiment resting easily at the fork of the road, heard the firing begin at the Hart place on top of the mountain. He thought it was an attack on the fort as he had had no intimation of any change of plans. As a matter of fact, Pegram, hearing that the Federals were marching around him on his left had sent three hundred men, under Captain DeLagnel to occupy the pass at Hart's Mountain, the farm house on one side and the log barn on the other. There was a log barn there. Maybe not the barn that is there today, but a log barn. These troops were from Rockingham, Rockbridge and Powhatan counties, largely. They were not acquainted with John N. Hughes.

There was a powerful lot of cannonading going on and Scott was bound to find out about it, even if he could not leave his post, so he prepared to send a scout. He designated John N. Hughes, a non-combatant, who volunteered for the duty. I take it that Hughes was the logical candidate for the honor for he may have been the only local man present. He knew the country and the roads. He was not in uniform. That did not cut any figure that early in the war. The road winds by easy grades for miles up the mountain. Hughes dashed off on his horse and never returned. By the time he reached the top of the mountain, the battle was going at full blast. He evidently came to the conclusion that the troops that he found holding the road at a summit were Federals who had gotten to the rear of the Pegram fortifications, for he cried out, "Lincoln." And rode towards the soldiers. No doubt the soldiers had until that time held their fire to ascertain whether he came as a friend or a foe, but the moment he shouted "Lincoln," they fired a volley and he fell dead with seventeen bullet holes in his body. He was shot by Confederate soldiers.

The next thing that occurred was the arrival of Lieut.James Cochrane, of Augusta County. He had been in the battle. Owing to the difficulty that the troops had to tell friend from foe, the Confederates had fired on some Confederate cavalry advancing from Beverly, and these cavalry had withdrawn. De Lagnel had detailed Cochrane with a squad of six men to overtake these men and bring them up, but he could not find them, but as he traveled to the foot of the mountain he found Scott and his regiment and reported to them the fact that an engagement was going on and that they were badly needed on top of the hill.

Scott then formed his men and faced them towards the fight and they started off at double quick time, which was soon brought down to quick time when they realized the number of uphill miles they had to climb. When they got within about a mile of the top, the firing ceased and there was great cheering, Huzzas, as the accepted word was at that time. The huzzaing caused Scott to halt his army and consider. He and Cochrane took counsel together and decided that the fight was over, and that if the Confederates had won it was not necessary to go

farther, and if the Federals had won it was not at all safe. They would be cut to pieces by firing from the top of the ridge. So volunteers being called for, one R. I. Lipford volunteered on the condition that he be provided with a pistol and a horse. He was equipped and rode forward rapidly to the top of the mountain, and a short time after he was gone, his regiment heard loud shouts of "Halt!" "Shoot him!" And that was the last that they heard from Lipford for several days.

Scott does not seem to worry about Lipford, so I went on a hunt the other day for him, and found out about him. When he got to the battle field and found himself surrounded by four or five thousand soldiers, he decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and surrendered to superior force. Here he made a tactical error. Thinking no doubt that he would be better treated and sooner exchanged he informed the Federal commander that his rank was that of lieutenant when he was in truth and in fact a private soldier. But the Federals took to him and of all the prisoners, he was the one that was chosen to bear a sweet, kindly letter from General McClellan to Gen. H. R. Jackson. McClellan was a gentleman. He mentioned that he had found Lieutenant Lipford, of the 44th Virginia, the most available for courier purposes from among the officers captured. This incidental mention had the effect of causing General Jackson to arrest Lipford for misrepresenting his rank, and Lipford seems to have had the distinction of being twice captured and imprisoned within a week by both armies.

Scott not liking the looks of things on the mountain retreated from them huzzas and got back to Beverly that night. James Cochrane went with him. This must be the same red-headed colonel who played such an important part in the war and who was separated from his regiment at Droop Mountain in after years.

He seems to have about taken charge as a visiting brother to the 44th. He marched them up the mountain and marched them down again, and when they got to Beverly, while Scott was conferring with Judge Camden, a member of the Confederate congress, and other citizens, Cochrane seems to have had the quick wit and the ability to act. He knew that the Confederate troops were scattered and that there was no use waiting for orders, so he had Scott, as the ranking officer, to authorize him to load the wagons and take them out of there, and this was done and a retreat to the Grenbrier River was commenced that went on all through the night and the next day. In this way most of the stores were saved, and on the 12th Scott reached Greenbrier River, having marched about thirty-two miles. He burned the bridge at Huttonsville over the Tygarts Valley River on the 12th.

Captain Lilley and his Augusta Lee Rifles came escaping out of the net and they found the bridge burning, and lay at the foot of Cheat on the Randolph side that night. When they got to Beverly they saw Captain Stofer, of the Pocahontas company, sitting on the hotel porch. That is one thing he did well. I remember seeing him sit on a hotel porch after the war many times. The captain was a veteran of the Mexican war and was no amateur. He seems to have been one of the cool ones at the battle of Rich Mountain and side fights. He waved them on, and when they got over to Yeager's they found Governor

Letcher there, who had come to the head of the waters to see how the war was going.

It will be seen by this, Scott and his 44th made a hasty trip to West Virginia. In all it was only nine days that it took him to march his regiment on foot from Staunton to the top of Rich Mountain and back to the Greenbrier River, something like a hundred and fifty miles.

I can see no just cause of criticism. He seems to have acted with courage and discretion and brought his men off safe, and saved the wagon trains for his side. He delivered his command to Gen. H. R. Jackson on Saturday the 13th, and they rested at Monterey.

Pegram had an unhappy experience. He took command in an arbitrary way of Camp Garnett as it was called, and he has been criticized for not coming to the relief of the three hundred who made as brave a fight as was ever recorded in history. And then he surrendered by sending a messenger seven miles with a petition asking to be allowed to yield. Captain Moorman, of Pendleton County, asked him if he was going to do that why did he not march out towards Pendleton County and go until he met a Federal force and surrender then. It would be easier, and there was a good chance to escape. But Pegram overruled him. Moorman knew the mountains but Pegram was overawed by them. Pegram's men were paroled. One of them came in my office last summer and told about being paroled by a man on horseback in the street in Beverly. "What did you do about it?" I asked him. "I broke it," said the old Confed.

CHAPTER XV

The Battle of Philippi, the First Battle of the Civil War.

The battle of Philippi is important because it was the first battle of the Civil War. It is not in the number of troops engaged, the number killed or wounded, or in the strategy displayed, that it owes its fame. It was the first blow that was struck. And it assumes all the dignity and importance of the opening blow. That is no doubt the reason that the Legislature of 1927 saw fit to appoint a commission to report as to the proper way in which to commemorate that action of the armies and to preserve its history.

The date of the battle was June 3, 1861, at the break of day. Prior to that time it was not known whether there would be a war between the North and the South. The North had not been invaded, and there were indications that led the most hopeful to believe that the sections would content themselves with guarding the border to repel any effort to invade on the part of the enemy. Thus McClellan had been appointed commander of the Department of the Ohio to guard the line of the States bordering on the Ohio River with headquarters at Cincinnati.

In this day and generation it is taken for granted that when the States seceded that it was an act of war tantamount to declaring war on the United States. It was so regarded by many of the wisest men

on both sides, those who had the power of judging the future by the past, and who were able to construe the signs of the times. As a matter of fact, the secession of Virginia, was the result of false reasoning on the part of the convention that the only way to avoid civil war within the boundaries of Virginia, was to secede, arguing as they did, that if a majority forced the State to remain in the Union, that the eastern part or slave part of the State, would rise in arms and assert its right to secede. The convention drunk with words and oratory and other things, seems never to have apprehended that the Federal power would be exercised to keep Virginia in the Union. The idea that armies from other States might invade Virginia, was not worthy of considering. On the 4th of February, 1861, six of the States had met and formed the Confederate States of America, and on the 8th had elected Jefferson Davis as its president, and there had been no definite policy determined upon by the Federal government, and the Virginia convention to avoid war decided to secede.

April 12, the firing began on Fort Sumter. April 19, a mob attacked Union soldiers marching through Baltimore. May 9 shots were exchanged between the United States steamer Yankee, and the batteries at Gloucester Point, Virginia. May 20 shots were exchanged between the United States steamer Monticello and the battery at Sewell's Point, Virginia. May 24 the Union army took possession of Alexandria, Virginia, and that night Colonel Ellsworth, of the First Zouaves, New York Militia, was killed in a hotel by some person unknown. Captain Ball and a company of thirty-five Confederate soldiers were captured. May 26, Union troops were ordered to occupy Grafton, and McClellan addressed his proclamation to the Union men of western Virginia.

The occupation of Alexandria by the Federal troops does not seem to have occasioned much stir in Virginia, as that town is not much more than a suburb of Washington, but the invasion of Federal troops on Virginia soil to Grafton, more than a hundred miles by the railroad from the border at Parkersburg, was a serious matter.

The proclamation of May 26 states that the general government of the United States had abstained from sending troops across the Ohio River, or even posting them on the bank of that stream on the Virginia line. But the result of the late election in the western counties showed that the people west of the mountain did not indorse the secession movement, and that the general government could not longer close its ears to the demands that had been made by loyal western Virginians for assistance. "I have ordered troops to cross the river."

These were the words of McClellan, an able executive. He was a West Point graduate. He had distinguished himself in the Mexican War. He was a commissioner to study the military movements in the Crimean War. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad. He was appointed a major general in 1861, and owing to his successes in West Virginia, he was made commander-in-chief of the Union forces after the disaster at Bull Run.

To the clear mind of McClellan the crossing of the Ohio was as definite a step admitting of no retreat or withdrawal as was the action of Caesar in crossing the Rubicon, the river that separated Cisalpine Gaul

from ancient Italy. It proved to be a crossing of a Rubicon.

McClellan has never been properly appreciated. He ran afoul of the departments in Washington and some bitter words passed between him and Stanton. In 1864, he was the Democratic nominee for President against Lincoln, but received the electoral vote of but three States, Kentucky, Delaware and New Jersey. But he acted with great power and wisdom in the early days of the great conflict and his support undoubtedly had much to do with the formation of the State of West Virginia, and he deserves a monument in this State.

The significance of the determination to cross the Ohio River, is shown in his opening lines in his general order: "Soldiers: You are ordered to cross the frontier and enter upon the soil of Virginia. Your mission is to restore peace and confidence, to promote the majesty of the law, and to rescue our brethren from the grasp of armed traitors." This address was dated the same day that the proclamation to the people of West Virginia was made. It took four days to make the occupation of Grafton complete, moving from Cincinnati and Indianapolis through Parkersburg and Wheeling over the B. & O. Railway. On the 30th of May, McClellan reported that he held Grafton without the loss of a single life.

News traveled slower in those days except where the event was directly upon a telegraph station. Owing to this the Commonwealth of Virginia as constituted at Richmond, does not seem to have grasped the extent of the disaffection in the northwestern counties. General Lee was in command, and he took the precaution to send three trained officers to these counties to muster in the militia. Loring at Wheeling, Boykin at Parkersburg, and Porterfield at Grafton. These were the strategic points owing to the B. & O. Railroad, whose trunk line extended from Baltimore to Grafton, there to branch into two divisions, one to go into the State of Ohio at Wheeling, and the other at Parkersburg.

Lee had no idea but that these counties would accept in the main the action of the Virginian convention. For generations they had complained and expostulated at coming out at a disadvantage over every vote and measure, and no doubt it was considered a congenital defect in the mountaineer, to grumble and submit. It is evidenced by his message and his instructions to Porterfield.

He wrote to Porterfield, Col. George A. Porterfield, then at Harpers Ferry, to repair to Grafton and to act in conjunction with Boykin and Loring, and accept for service nine regiments, three to protect the Parkersburg branch of the railway, three the Wheeling branch, with three regiments to be held at the junction point at Grafton in reserve. Loring and Boykin seem to have returned without recruiting any companies, and with Porterfield it was not much better. Captain Thompson, at Fairmont, had a company that was ready to be mustered into the Confederate service but Grafton did not seem to be a safe place for such a company. One of Porterfield's reports has a line in it that indicates the state of sentiment around Grafton. He says to address his letters to Fetterman, a post office near Grafton, as that was the only office in the county where he could depend upon receiving letters.

Porterfield got some troops together and succeeded in burning three small bridges on the railroad but they were quickly replaced when the troop trains came in from the west.

Another indication of the meager support that he got from the northwest counties is the tradition of the committee of citizens who waited upon him at Grafton, and who politely and firmly told him that they desired him to leave their town, but that they did not wish him hurried or inconvenienced, and that it would be all right for him to wait until the next train left for elsewhere. This invitation was complied with, and I think that it must have been the time that Porterfield moved to Fetterman, at no great distance, as that place is now a part of the city of Grafton. Porterfield was still writing letters from Grafton as late as May 16, 1861, and according to the best evidence that I can find, the Confederate forces took their stand at Philippi on the 27th day of May, just about the time that the Union troops started from the western posts to occupy Grafton.

It will be observed that the Confederate officers sent to the northwestern counties to mobilize an army had met with such scant success that they did not consider it advisable to try to hold the railroad at any point on it, and that they had not been able to effect any but a temporary damage to it. South of Fetterman and Grafton, some fifteen miles distant, was the town of Philippi, the county seat of Barbour County, situate in a narrow valley on the banks of Tygarts Valley River. This was a position well suited to a defensive campaign. Two roads came to the river at that place, one from Grafton that crossed a wooden covered bridge into the town. This bridge is still standing and in constant use. That the Confederate forces withdrew to Philippi is a confession of weakness.

The reason of this movement was that it was the only opening left to Porterfield from which he could receive reinforcements and supplies. The Union forces held control of both ends of the B. & O. Railroad. There was no way in which troops could reach him over that road, and the only turnpike open to him was the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike.

Great delay was experienced in getting arms to the Confederates. Before the battle they were begging for flintlock rifles. The Virginia troops that had marched to join Porterefild from Virginia had reached Fetterman, but the only equipment either in arms or accoutrements was one tin cup per man. It was long known as the tin cup brigade. They clamored for arms. Two companies from Pocahontas County, under Captain McNeel and Captain Stofer, rode horseback to Philippi and had to be sent back on account of no arms or supplies. It was about this time that the long lines of men and wagons and artillery commenced to move west from Staunton over the Staunton and Parkersburg Tunrpike. From all over the South these forces were coming, but they did not arrive in time to afford any relief to the beleaguered Confederates at Philippi, and they failed to stem the victorious advance of the Federal armies at Rich Mountain and at Laurel Hill and Carricks Ford. Not until the middle of the summer did they block the way and that was in the Greenbrier Valley.

It was a campaign of wagons against railway cars.

On the 3rd day of June, 1861, the Confederates had a force of about eight hundred men in Philippi, waiting on men and arms. The strength of this little army was placed by the Union Commander, Gen. T. A. Morris, at Grafton, as being two thousand men, which were being rapidly reinforced.

He planned a quick attack on the enemy at Philippi. The main highway, now Road 56, connects Grafton and Philippi. The distance in 1861 was fifteen miles. This road lies on the west side of Tygarts Valley River. Both towns are on that river. There was another road traversing the counties of Taylor and Barbour lying to the east of that road made up of certain county roads. By leaving the cars at a point east of Grafton, it left a march of about twenty-five miles to Philippi.

Col. B. F. Kelly was given command of one column to march on Philippi, and Col. Dumont of the other.

Believing that word of the attack would be carried to the Confederate camp, an order was made public that a detachment of troops would go by rail from Grafton to Harper's Ferry, and at 9 a. m. June 2, Col. B. F. Kelly's command, consisting of six companies of the First Virginia, nine companies of Milroy's Ninth Indiana, and six companies of Irvine's Sixteenth Ohio, took trains and were carried six miles east on the railroad where they got off the train and marched slowly during the day and the early part of the night, and rested so that they could arrive at Philippi exactly at 4 in the morning of June 3.

The other column consisting of Dumont's Seventh Indiana, five companies of Steedman's Fourteenth Ohio, with two field guns, and six companies of Crittenden's Sixth Indiana, left Grafton at 8:30 p. m. June 2 for the more direct route to Philippi.

The two columns combined consisted of something over three thousand men, and they believed that they were going into a battle with a desperate army of Confederates.

The Dumont column took the trains on the railroad that runs towards Clarksburg (west), and got off the trains at Webster station, a point nearer Philippi, and marched through the night.

Then came the big rain. It poured down all night and with it was a driving wind. The raw troops suffered in that campaign not from the enemy but from the weather. Both columns were due to meet without fail at Philippi at four o'clock in the morning. The troops that had gone the long way round were very much more comfortable than the ones who had marched the short distance. There was a most dreadful time had by the young soldiers plodding along a muddy road all through the night of the tempest, and some of them threw away blankets and knapsacks in order to keep up.

But the rain had also drowned out the Confederate pickets and scouts and sentinels. Not an outpost was found. Not a challenge given by any Confederate soldier, and the first thing that the Confederates knew the enemy was upon them in the rain and the storm and the darkness, and all over them and about them and there was nothing to do but to run. And run they did and that in a helter-skelter, every-man-for-himself fashion, and as there was but one road open, and that up the river, they

could not get lost or stray, so later in the day, with the exception of a gentleman that got his leg broken contending with the Federal army, all of the Confederate soldiers assembled at Beverly, thirty miles distant, at which place they were speedily heavily reinforced, and from which point they got ready to fight the Rich Mountain battle five weeks later.

The most serious accident that happened was when a Confederate quartermaster shot Colonel Kelley in the vest. The warlike quartermaster was captured at once and the officers had hard work keeping him from being summarily lynched by the soldiers of Colonel Kelley's command. Happily this wound turned out to be a slight affair and Colonel Kelley having managed the battle so well was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General and served throughout the war with great ability and distinction.

It is very indefinite as to what the Confederates did. The Federal army of some three thousand armed men poured into a town of about five hundred population firing as they came, and routing Confederate troops from every house, barn, and other building where there was a roof to keep off the rain. My father, who was with the Highland County troops, was stopping for the night with some relatives in Philippi and he got safely away in the cold gray dawn of a rainy morning.

The fact of the matter is the Confederates never realized they had been in an action and that they had been badly defeated. I do not know the rules of scoring but the Confederates evidently considered they had been happily delivered from a position of some danger. The Federal troops pleased with the gallantry and endurance of themselves and the easy victory, were not disposed to find fault with success. They attributed their failure to capture more prisoners to the confusion occasioned by the violent storm. And they did take an immense amount of odds and ends in the way of supplies.

This started the war. It may have been more or less amateurish, but remember that it was the first great news the country had and for a few days the name of Philippi was known to every civilized land.

There was something in the air, however, for Porterfield at Beverly requested that a court-martial be convened to inquire into his conduct on June 3. Then it developed that the first intimation that the Confederates had was the firing of the enemy's artillery within four hundred yards of the town; that a main and picket guard had been regularly maintained every night, but that scouting parties of the Confederates had come in on the night of June 2nd, without being challenged as shown by written reports of mounted officers.

It is a fair conjecture that the sentinels had been rained on and had taken shelter.

Further it was found that in a conference of officers the night before a retreat was determined upon, and that but for the weather this retreat would have begun before daylight and the disaster averted. And that while there was confusion in some quarters that a portion of the command moved out of town in good order, and that nearly the whole force after passing some distance from town, was reformed and proceeded in order.

That outside of dilatory tactics in retreating, and want of vigilance, and failure to extend and strengthen his picket line, that the commanding officer acted with coolness, self-possession, and personal courage.

The court-martial found that the Confederate force consisted of some six hundred effective infantry and one hundred and seventy-five cavalry.

The commanding general, Lee, having reviewed the findings of the court of inquiry, concurred therein, but censures Porterfield for not sending back his baggage as soon as he determined to evacuate the town, for not arranging his plan of defense, and for not securing information of the advancement of the enemy. Also for the fact that the troops retired without orders. Yet, Lee says, in consideration of all the circumstances of the case, he considers that nothing more is needed than to express his hope that it will be a lesson to be remembered throughout the war.

It should be mentioned here that the last battle of the Civil War was fought on West Virginia soil, at Brandy Hollow, near Huntersville, Pocahontas County, on the site of Camp Northwest on the 18th day of April, 1865. This engagement was between the Eighth Ohio Cavalry and a portion of Gen. W. L. Jackson's army returning to their homes after the surrender.

CHAPTER XVI

Meshach Browning, the Great Hunter, Hunted all Along the Seneca Trail in Tucker and Preston Counties.

One of the books that the boys of western Maryland and the northern part of West Virginia are raised upon is the four hundred page book entitled 'Forty-four Years of a Hunter's Life," by Meshach Browning. A recent edition has been published by Lippincott's, Philadelphia, and it is a copy of that edition that a friend sent me.

The hunter was a well to do citizen of Maryland and has hundreds of descendants all proud to trace their line of ascent to him. His activities seem to have been laid largely in Garrett County, Maryland, and in Preston County, West Virginia, in the Terra Alta Country.

Meshach Browning was born in Frederick County, Maryland, in the year 1781, the son of Joshua and Nancy Browning. When Meshach was two weeks old his father died. At the age of eleven years, his family moved to some point in Monongalia County, Virginia. Shortly after, Meshach went to live with his uncle where he continued until he was fifteen years old when having had a fight with his aunt who tried to beat him into submission he went to seek his fortune and arrived at Wheeling. There he worked for John Caldwell and killed his first bear in what must be now the city.

That must have been about the year 1796, and the recollection of the famous seige of Fort Henry was clear in the minds of the people of Wheeling. In the book is an account of the battle. It occurred in 1777.

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Captain Mason's company who escaped. Browning's account of it is identified by the incident of Elizabeth Zane who went through the fire line to get a supply of powder for the soldiers in the fort.

The seige of Fort Henry was one of the important engagements of the Revolutionary War and it was the most important battle waged against the white settlers by the Iroquois Indians, allies of Great Britain. Thirty-three men held the fort against 386 Indian warriors. The casualties on the part of the white settlers consisted of the slaughter of 23 of the 26 soldiers who went out of the fort in the early morning the 2nd day of September, and fell into ambush. The accepted history of that engagement has not been very satisfactory or convincing as to why the settlers who had taken shelter in the fort against the Indians should have been lured to leave the safety of the fort by the Indians. Browning gives this account as being the one told to him by the Caldwell's:

Two Indians made their appearance on the high hill above the town. This hill runs from north to south. Wheeling Creek runs from east to west, passing this elevation about a mile north of town, and then turns south, coursing along the foot of the hill until it arrives at a point a little south of the fort, where it empties into the river; thus leaving the hill a mile north of the creek. Whenever the river is a little high, the water is backed up the creek to the depth of ten or twelve feet. On this hill, opposite the fort those two Indians showed themselves, fired a shot or two at the fort, and then went off slowly slapping their hands behind them in token of derision and contempt of those within the fortification.

Fired with such an insult, our men commenced running out, and would have all gone, had not the commanding officer stood in the gate and stopped them; though not till twenty-four men were running up the steep hill after the Indians, who were to be seen still retreating, as if they did not intend to make battle. When the whites reached the top of the hill to their great dismay, they found themselves between two galling fires. They could not cross the creek if they ran that way.

They endeavored to break through the north line of the enemy and escape down the river to the fort. The loss as given by Browning was twenty-one men.

He says that John Caldwell was one of the three to escape with his life, and that as he ran he encountered a white man who had left the settlement some years before and whom he recognized at first sight. This white Indian carried a spear mounted on a handle like that of a fork, and he ran before all the Indians. He was close at the heels of John Caldwell when he arrived at the break of the hill next the fort. There the white Indian made a furious lunge just as Caldwell tripped and fell. The spear missed the man and embedded itself in a tree so fast that the white savage could not withdraw it before Caldwell slipped out of his position and reached the fort in safety.

I have not time to go into this question at any great length. The accepted history indicates a hopeless confusion as to whether the date was September 1st or September 2nd. And whether the Indians were perceived from the fort or discovered by young Andrew Zane who was hunting Dr. McMechen's horse. Zane is said to have leaped down a precipice of seventy feet. Then it is said that Captain Mason led out

fourteen men against the Indians, and that Captain Ogal went to his relief with twelve scouts. And that all were killed except the two captains and three men.

There is something convincing in Browning's account of the pioneers running out after the Indians, for that was just like the minute men, who never knew discipline of any kind.

The histories agree that three men escaped with their lives, two of whom were wounded. If there is any desire to work on a quod libet as to the identity of the unwounded man, Browning gives a clew by showing that it was John Caldwell. Another had his thigh broken, and the third had an arm broken.

The white savage that John Caldwell saw was no doubt Simon Girty, who was with the Indians in that battle and held a long parley with the fort and read to them the proclamation of General Hamilton, of Fort Detroit, offering the frontier inhabitants immunity if they would come in and surrender at Detroit. But doubters have arisen to say that Girty was not at Fort Henry.

Browning also tells about the effort the Indians made to make a cannon out of a hollow log wound about with chains, and how it burst and destroyed a number of Indians.

Browning left Wheeling to return to the wilderness to marry at the age of eighteen, Mary McMullen. The young couple built a home in the woods in the pioneer style and cleared out a farm. Browning's hunting was his sport and largely his living. He settled near the Deep Creek country made up of mountain lands, and valleys, and great stretches of glades where the deer waded in grass above their backs.

He estimated that during his lifetime he had killed from eighteen hundred to two thousand deer; from three to four hundred bears; about fifty panthers; and many wolves and wildcats, and any amount of other game. Passing allusions indicate that he was in a fine trout country, but he only took them as needed and fishing was no more an incident with him than digging potatoes. His young wife Mary seems to have been more of a fisherman than he himself.

Dr. Wilson, Mayor of Marlinton, comes from the same community in which Browning lived, and his ancestors lived there from the very earliest period of the pioneer.

The Wilsons are all familiar with the Browning book. The one question that is usually asked is whether the Browning book is reliable. I think so. I believe it from kiver to kiver. My main reason for believing it is because I have heard countless old hunters relate the intimate circumstances attending the tragedy of the big game animal, and I see no particular difference between the histories except that in one case they are written down with meticulous precision and in the other case they were related by word of mouth. And in all the cases the old hunters found the supreme emotions of life in the occasions.

I was on the train the other day with the Hon. George Wilson and he referred to the occasion of the old man Browning waking up and finding himself fast to a tree as being rather extraordinary, but I do not recall that he doubted it. I will set down here that incident:

I and my two sons John and James prepared for a hunt on the North

Branch of the Potomac. We loaded one horse with provisions, and two others with articles, such as an axe, a pot, a small griddle, potatoes, apples, etc.; when all being ready to take up the line of march, after breakfast we set out for the Potomac.

We had traveled but a few miles, when rain commenced falling slowly, and continued all day. As we returned from the previous trip we had found a fine sugar camp at the foot of the Great Back Bone and there we sheltered for the night. A hooting owl awoke me and we prepared for breakfast.

I did not eat any breakfast and we packed as much provision over the mountain as we could carry as the horses could not go any farther. The horses were sent back and we hid the rest of the provisions behind a log, covering it with puncheons and hiding it with pine and laurel bushes. We saw different herds of deer but being encumbered with our loads, we did not get a shot at them.

Finding a situation for a camp, and it clouding up and threatening rain, I went to work in great haste to construct a shelter for our provision; and we worked with all our energy until the boys said they were hungry and would eat dinner, camp or no camp. I told them I would look for a suitable tree to split into puncheons, and I soon found it and we commenced to cover the cabin. It had commenced to rain slowly. Though I had not eaten anything since the morning of the previous day, and night was near at hand, yet I determined not to eat until I had a little sport; so I took my gun, told the boys that I would go up the bottom, shoot a deer, and have a roast for my supper.

I had thrown off all my clothes in order to be at full liberty to work, and had on only a thin linsey hunting shirt together with a pair of new buckskin moccasons without stockings; and in order that I should see my game more clearly, I left off my hat, as was always my practice when the sun did not shine. I intended to return in an hour or two at the farthest. I hunted with care and judgment and soon found the tracks of a large herd of deer which had so recently passed that I expected to see them every moment. I soon found that it was where several old bucks had been chasing a lot of small deer and that the little ones were afraid of being overtaken by their pursuers."

Browning relates that it came on to rain and he got lost and night overtook him and had to lay out all night.

"I went in search of some place for shelter, but could find nothing better than crooked old hemlock, which had been injured many years previously, and which the bears had gnawed so much that there was a great quantity of rosin plastered over the whole side of the tree, which was much flattened by the injury it had received in the years gone by. I chose that tree for shelter and set about building a fire.

The rain having ceased to fall so fast, I rested against the tree, and fell asleep. Being tired, I slept soundly, until it ceased to rain, and commenced snowing and freezing; when the cold becoming severe, and the fire having died away, I grew chilly, and, awakening, attempted to mend the fire, but found the hair on one side of my head sticking fast to the tree.

At first, my temper being pretty well tried and my patience having

failed me, I was as mad as a bear shot through the belly, and bawled out, as if twenty persons had been looking on: "What other curse is on me now?" I soon calmed, and putting my hand up to find what held me, I discovered my hair fast in the pitch that had been heated by the fire. I had laid my head in it when it was soft and running, and had slept until the cold had chilled the pitch with my hair deep into it.

I then began to try to release my head, but not one lock would come out, except by pulling off the pitch, or pulling the hair out of my scalp; so I sometimes took the one, and sometimes the other plan, as it happened, until at last I got my liberty. I then mended the fire.

After that I reasoned thus: "Now I have not eaten one mouthful since the day before yesterday, and it was nothing but a foolish desire for sport that brought me here."

At last daylight appeared, when everything being covered and bent down with the snow, I hunted for bushes that had leaves on, which I dried over the fire, and, putting some in my moccasins, I put my feet in on the leaves, crammed in leaves around them until I could get no more in, then tied them up, and was ready for the snow.

I started out from my warm fire into the snow. I soon scared up four deer, but did not see them until they ran off. Moving on I saw a deer standing looking at me and thought it was a long shot and a bad chance, I cracked away at him. The snow was falling so fast that it was difficult to see any distance, and as I could not discover the deer after my gun was discharged, I went to examine what damage had been done. It seemed as if there had been twenty deer there, all running and fighting, for there was blood after several of the bucks, and so much hair torn off I could not arrive at any certain conclusion.

They all went off together, and as the fun fever began to rise high, I started off in a long trot after them, and had gone but a short distance when my dog wheeled suddenly to my left, which told me that one was in shooting distance. I viewed the ground and found that it must be behind a very large fallen tree, but to see it was impossible. I looked around for means of raising me up high enough to see over the log, when I discovered a tree which had fallen into the form of another and was considerably elevated. I went to it and crawled up its sideways until I saw the horns of an old buck.

"Well, my fellow," said I, "you are my meat or I am no judge of shooting."

Still though I did not see his head, I could see very near to it; and I thought if the snow was off the log his head would be a fair mark. So I guessed at his position, shot at him through the snow, and down fell the horns. I leaped off the tree like a panther, and with one jump was on him, cut his throat in the crack of a thumb, and commenced skinning him. If ever I skinned a deer quickly, then was the time, for the sight of all those deer in one gang had set my pulse up so high for sport, that I thought every minute was an hour, as I was sure that if I could only overtake them in good ground, I could kill half a dozen of them before night.

The buck skinned, I cut off one whole side of the ribs, tied the meat up in the skin, and started off on the trail of the others.

I had not gone more than half a mile, when hearing a halloo, I turned around and saw my two sons, who had heard me shoot, and finding my tracks in the snow were in full chase to overtake me. I could not prevail on them to follow my big gang of deer, as they were afraid I would faint with hunger, but I knew I could have gone until dark if I had once got a shot at those deer. They turned me toward camp, and as we passed by the place I had killed the buck we took his carcass with us. John Lynn baked buckwheat cakes, besides stewing a fat turkey hen with potatoes and turnips. I really thought it was the best meal I ever tasted in my life.

We had commenced the hunt too late so we closed the hunt with the slaughter of five deer. To such as are not accustomed to wilderness life this fast of three days seems to want some explanation. In reference to it, I will only say that a man will live a long time under the stimulus of a high fever, and I know of no higher fever than which may be excited by the prospect of a bear fight, or of securing half a dozen fine fat bucks."

It is evident that the late Mr. Browning was a hunter from away back, hankering after things which others idle by. He describes the events with great particularity and knows the ways of the woods.

He belonged to a great day and generation. He helped to conquer the wilderness. Men like him bred a restless race. It is finding some little surcease from sorrow in the game of golf: "Golf! Slow back, don't press, keep your eye on the ball! Hooray!" But the woods are tame compared to the time when Meshach Browning slept against that tree.

CHAPTER XVII

The Lost Colony of Westsylvania. The Seneca Trail Runs for 198 Miles Through It.

The motto of the United States is *E pluribus unum*—one out of many, but in the beginning all of the English possessions in North America were included in one dominion under the name of Virginia. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, Virginia was known as the fourth kingdom. Spencer's Faerie Queene, published in 1590, was dedicated to "Elizabeth, Queen of England, France, Ireland, and Virginia." After the crowning of the Scotch king, James I, Scotland was added to the title, and Virginia became the fifth kingdom of the realm. This was in 1603.

In 1649, Cromwell having conquered Charles I, and beheaded him, William Berkeley, governor of Virginia, proclaimed Charles II, king of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia, and from this action on the part of the colonial governor, the title of Old Dominion was applied to Virginia. In Virginia as late as 1773, coins were struck showing the four quarterings. And it was the year 1649 that the Fairfax grant was dated conveying the land in the 22 counties of the Northern Neck to Culpeper and his associates. Culpeper bought out his partners, had the title confirmed to him, and left it to his daughter, Catharine, the

Baroness Fairfax, who left it to her son, Lord Thomas Fairfax. This was for all the land between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers.

Numerous colonization schemes were projected of the public domain in the New World by the English government.* Thirteen of the colonies lived to join in the Declaration of Independence. Something like thirty-seven colonies failed to materialize or endured for a season and passed away. There lived to join the Republic: The Province of Maine, New Sweden, or Delaware, and Westsylvania, now West Virginia.

It is not too much to say that West Virginia should be included in the last named class, and claim for Westsylvania that vision of those pioneers who demanded that Westsylvania be recognized as the fourteenth colony under the Declaration of Independence. That in West Virginia that vision splendid and whole arose and carried out the plans of the men of 1776.

It will be remembered that Virginia's first grant was to the company composed of George Summers and others and was dated April 10, 1606. Pennsylvania was granted to William Penn in payment of a debt, by a grant dated March 4th, 1681. The boundaries were very indefinite. It is fairly certain that for the first hundred years that Pennsylvania acted as though it had no possessions west of the Alleghany mountains, no title to any land drained by the western waters. As late as 1763, the colony of Pennsylvania was engaged in driving back the squatters on the Ohio waters, in obedience to the proclamation of the King of England, for all settlers west of the mountains to return. Virginia took no notice of the proclamation either officially or individually, but Pennsylvania assisted in clearing the reservation.

When Great Britain imported an army under General Braddock, in 1755, to drive back the French from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania sent three hundred men to help cut a road but it had no soldiers in the fight. Virginia contributed a very considerable force, and the Six Nations offered warriors to assist in the movement.

Probably the best evidence that Pennsylvania claimed no territorial right on the waters of the Ohio is shown by the grant of the lord commissioners to the Ohio Company, in the year 1749. That company had the right to take up 500,000 acres on the Ohio river. It was to have no civil jurisdiction but it did have the right to build forts and conduct trade with the Indians. It seems to have been something like the grant of the same year to the Greenbrier Company, to take up 100,000 acres north and west of the Cowpasture river. The right to survey seemed to be perfect but no grants issued until after the Revolutionary War, and then they did not have any greater rights than the settlers on tomahawk claims. The Ohio Company did build a fort at the mouth

*Among such colonies are listed: Acadia, Albemarle, Alexander's Charter, Avalon, Clarendon, Carolana, Dorchester, Fenwick, Frankland, Indiana, Laconia, New Albion, New Amstel, New France, New Haven, New Ireland, New Netherlands, New Sometshire, North Virginia, Norumbega, Northern Neck, Nova Scotia, Ohio Company, Old Dominion, Pavonia, Pittsylvania, Plough Patent, Plymouth, Rensselaerswyck, Roanoke, Sagadahoc, Swaanendael, Transylvania, Vandalia, Walpole Grant, and District of Columbia.

of Wills Creek on the Potomac and another at Redstone, on the Monongahela river, but there is no evidence that in either instance did these adventurers return to Pennsylvania.

The treaty of 1722 had confirmed the lands on the western waters to the Indians. Great Britain took the view that it was paramount lord to the Indians, a policy that has been faithfully followed by the government of the United States. Here is the way that Great Britain got title. They made a gold crown and crowned Powhatan, King of Virginia, that is of all the lands left for Great Britain, which included the lands from ocean to ocean and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and having thus made him King of Virginia, or as we would now say, King of America, they entered into a treaty with him by which Great Britain took title to all America. That was a stroke of diplomacy.

It was apparent that about the time that the king closed the land office at Williamsburg before the Revolution, that the many bright minds of Virginia, were exercised over the problem as to the best way to grab the lands on the western waters, and that Pennsylvania was stirring in her sleep, also. The great tide of immigration came through the port of Philadelphia, and the boldest and the bravest, the Scotch Irish would not settle down with the Quakers and the Menonites, but pushed over the mountains where the hunting was good and where there was danger from Indians, for the Irish dearly loved the fight. Up to the date of the Declaration of Independence, however, Virginia had full and complete possession of the Pittsburg district, in that it maintained a garrison at the forks of the Ohio. There was a good deal of bitterness between the colonies of Penssylvania and Virginia about this. There were some very ugly fights and quarrels, about such places as Catfish Camp, now the city of Washington, Pennsylvania, and at Brownsville and Uniontown.

The French and Indian war breaking out in the seventeen fifties put a damper on the Ohio Company, and when Bouquet, from Staunton, got the Indians quieted, the crown took a hand in the western water shed and got the Indians together at Fort Stanwix, (now Rome, N. Y.) and there the Six Nations entered into two deeds. Twenty-four Indian traders, mostly Pennsylvanias, claimed that in Pontiac's war the Indians had stolen their goods to the value of 950 pounds, sixteen shillings and sixpence. For this they agreed to take a sizable state including practically all of the Pittsburg district and call it square. The rest of the land between the Ohio river and the Tennessee river the Six Nations ceded to George III for love and affection. These paper titles gave offense to Virginia. The traders sought to form a colony with their acres and called it Indiana. The House of Burgesses of Virginia passed a law that all deeds from Indians were null and void. This afterwards disposed of the Henderson grant from the Cherokees, and the colony that he proposed to call Transylvania. As a consolation prize, however, Virginia gave Henderson 144 square miles of land on the Ohio at the mouth of Green river.

The Pennsylvanians were very much disappointed in not being able to hold the Pittsburg district, their state of Indiana, and they began to lobby through a scheme to get that land back and a lot more under

the Vandalia project. This has been represented as a popular uprising and some years ago a petition was found signed by seventy-two citizens of the Greenbrier Valley, asking the king to form a new colony west of the mountains. To read this petition one would think that it represented a ground swell from the people, but that is not the case. The petition was propaganda pure and simple. It was to back up the land scheme. Virginia opposed it as strongly as she knew how. It did not fit in with the plans of Washington or the other Virginians seeking to plant settlements on the west side of the mountains. It was rejected at first in London. It was heard before the Board of Trade and Plantations. It was meant to include most of West Virginia, the eastern part of Kentucky, and a part of Pennsylvania. Lord Hillsborough opposed it and Benjamin Franklin supported it before the board. The petition was finally granted in 1775, but it came too late, as the king's writ was not honored in Virginia after the battle at Point Pleasant. Vandalia was never more than a land grabbing scheme. They first asked for 2,500,000 acres. The prime minister suggested that they ask for more so they suggested twenty-five million acres. The colony of Vandalia existed on paper from 1772, but it does not appear that any of the soldiers in Dunmore's war had ever heard of the name even. For years after the Revolution claimants to land under the Vandalia settlement were advanced in Congress and elsewhere, but they were absolutely ignored.

No sooner had the Declaration of Independence been promulgated, however, when a real colony was proposed by the backbone of the Revolution. The Irish on the western waters, now historically known as the people of West Augusta demanded of Congress that they be recognized as the fourteenth colony, under the name of Westsylvania. If these people instead of asking permission of Congress had asserted their right and organized a government, it would have been instantly recognized and a great state formed and the Civil War would have been averted.

The bounds of Westsylvania are as follows: Beginning on the Ohio river at the mouth of the Scioto river, thence southerly a straight line to the pass in the Quasito mountains (Cumberland Gap), thence along the side of said mountains northwesterly to the point where the Great Kanawha river is formed by the junction of the New river and the Greenbrier river, thence along the Greenbrier river to the head of the northeastern branch, then from there to the top of the Alleghany mountain, thence along the said mountain to Fairfax's line, then with it to the head of the north branch of the Potomac river, thence with the line of the Province of Maryland, thence with the southern and western lines of the Province of Pennsylvania to the head of the Ohio river, and with that river to the point of beginning.

This motion was made the 9th day of August, 1776, a little over a month after this country cut loose from England. It was estimated that 25,000 families lived in that boundary. The boundary had been at war for a generation with the Indians. It was the hot bed of the Revolution. There were more riflemen in that boundary than in all the rest of the dominions. It was where the fighters lived.

Virginia did not approve of the fourteenth colony and that commonwealth was all powerful at that time. On June 12th, 1776, the Virginia convention adopted its Bill of Rights. On June 29th, 1776, its constitution was adopted. Col. John Evans, of Monongalia county, was a member of that convention. He was afterwards colonel of a regiment in the Revolution. Virginia assembled its legislature in October, 1776, going on its way to independence and directing the continental congress at the same time. Its answer to the movement to establish the colony of Westsylvania, was to grant the wishes of those people by creating the District of West Augusta, creating at the same time its subdivisions of the three counties of Yogogania, Ohio, and Monongalia, appointing a board of commissioners to visit it and confirm the titles of the settlers in possession. Some 1197 tomahawk grants, or squatter rights, were speedily confirmed and the demand for a new state was quieted so far as Virginia was concerned. Later Virginia gave up most of Yogogania county to Pennsylvania, reserving a narrow strip called the panhandle above Cross creek, Brooke county. Then Pennsylvania passed a law that if any person ever proposed to diminish her boundaries by talking about new states that he should be guilty of high treason and be punished by death. This ought to settle the question whether treason can be committed against one of the sovereign states.

The answer to the demand for the formation of a fourteenth colony was the creation of the District of West Augusta, now sometimes referred to in business circles as the Pittsburg District. It is said to be the richest boundary in the world, all things considered.

At the time the mountaineers declared for Westsylvania and estimated the population to be 25,000 families, there was no town or city within its borders. Then as now, Pittsburg was the most populous place, but it had only thirty houses. Probably the next largest settlement was Frankfort, in Greenbrier county. A settlement in those days was a community of families surrounding a stockade fort. The fort at Lewisburg is said to have accommodated as many as five hundred persons. In 1776, a large number of persons lived within reach of the fort at the mouth of Wheeling creek, first called Fort Fincastle but later named Fort Henry. Large settlements centered around Brownsville and Catfish Camp in Pennsylvania.

There was not a single county seat or court house in the bounds of Westsylvania. Indian raids had been constant for about twenty-five years. The inhabitants grew up and flourished in the shadow of death by torture. The proposed state consisted of a large number of communities loosely bound together and united only by common danger. None held title to lands other than that they had cleared it with an axe and held it with a rifle.

As a matter of fact a new race sprang into existence at that period consisting of a sort of supermanhood produced by careful selection and environment. In after years they had given the name of Scotch-Irish, but that does not do them justice. A better name was one of spontaneous growth and belonged to them exclusively, and that was Backwoodsmen. It is a name that we do not share with any other class or race. Recently there is a motion to refer to them as the Tallmen. I

am in favor of glorifying them under the classification of Backwoodsmen.

They were the heroes who sifted through the luxurious and prosperous colonies on the lower levels stepping downward to the sea. Nine out of ten of them were Irish Presbyterians, and the odd man was fully as daring and resolute. The great numbers of them came through the centers of the Quaker and Pennsylvanian Dutch to the mountains and from the north poured down the parallel, though like valleys of the Alleghanies. Others entered through the Potomac gap, the Narrows of Knapps Creek, the Midland Trace, and the New River country. They were sorted twice. In the first place they had the nerve to leave the old country and brave the dangers of the stormy deep, and in the second place, the lure of danger from the Indians attracted with an irresistible force and so they crossed the mountains.

Tired of the monotony of the sheltered homes of low lands, it was the custom of these men to take a rifle, an axe, and an augur and walk westward. On arriving at the place where the mountains changed and the streams flowed towards the west, each pioneer set about looking over the vast wooded domain for a place to make a home. Everything was open to him. He wandered from stream to stream and observed the character of the land, the kinds of trees, and the presence of springs. Finding an ideal place he marked some trees nearest the spring, and set to work to clear a field for a corn crop. This being done the corn was planted, and he set to building a house out of logs, and with his axe and with an augur he built and roofed a one-room house with clapboard roof without the use of a single nail or other iron. The floor was the earth. There were no windows. A puncheon door swung on wooden hinges and was secured by a bar and a latch with a string.

By this time the corn was raised and ready to leave to ripen, the pioneer walked back to the lowlands to get his family and they trailed back with a cow or two, rarely a horse, and took up their abode in the new home.

Hundreds and thousands of Backwoodsmen came across the mountains in this way, and it was soon apparent that their environment had affected their carriage and their conduct so that they were foreign to the people of the east. It showed in thought, speech, stature, dress, and accomplishments.

One of the most remarkable incidents in the founding of this new race of Backswoodsmen was immediate increase in weight and height, accomplished in a single generation, so much so that a man six feet tall was of ordinary stature. It has been observed by historians but so far as I have heard no satisfactory theory has been advanced for this striking change. My theory, based on my observation of domestic animals is, that this giant race responded instantly to a diet of corn bread, by which is meant Indian corn, which was the only bread that the pioneer used. It depends upon feeding with other vertebrates, may it not be true as to the man animal?

Another striking difference was in the dress. In the mountains every family did their own weaving and spinning and the character of cloth from flax and from wool has never been exceeded for the use for which

it was designed. The men wore a distinctive dress. It was as distinctive as the kilts of the Highlanders, and far more useful. Someday when we really appreciate the noble qualities of our ancestors, we will go on dress parade in the hunter's dress, referred to in those days as the wammus. It was of universal wear in Westsylvania. A pioneer might not wear any more trousers than a Scottish chief but he lived in his wammus. It was belted and in that belt the hunter carried his woods axe and hunting knife. It accentuated the appearance of height in the wearer.

The Backwoodsmen were self-sustaining. You cannot mention a thing they could not produce on their own farms and hills that was necessary to the comforts of their lives. They made their own weapons, cloth, sugar, leather, implements, salt, gunpowder, lights, dishes, and ovens. They lived on the fat of the land.

But for the dreadful danger of the Indian raids, they might have become soft and tame. To this day their descendants, even though they live in palaces in cities, are never easy about their homes when they are absent. It is a hangover from that time when a man might return from a hunting trip to find his house burned, some of his people dead and scalped, and others carried into captivity. There are a lot of things that we cannot understand that are bred in the bone.

The ethnical effect upon the women in the backwoods was equally remarkable, of course. A finer breed of women never lived. They were equal to any emergency. Take the case of Mary Bozart on Dunkard Creek in Monongalia county in 1778. The Indians approached her house. There were two men there and both were shot, one being killed and the other disabled by a wound. In the time that it took, some three minutes, to herd the young children into the house before the Indians could enter, Mrs. Bozart killed three of them with an axe and then held the door against the rest of the raiders until soldiers could come from Prickett's fort.

One of my grandmothers was married at eighteen years. In the last year of her single life she had seventeen proposals of marriage. She was the mother of fourteen children.

Martha McNeel, the wife of John McNeel, was left at home alone while her husband and every other able bodied man in the Little Levels of Pocahontas county marched to the battle at Point Pleasant in 1774. During his absence on this campaign a child was born to her and soon afterwards died, and the mother prepared the coffin and dug the grave and buried it unaided.

Mary Vance Warwick, while her husband was in the army of the Revolution, went from the stockade alone to her home four miles away through the forest. She discovered a large Indian war party and was able to take the word to the fort and prevent its surprise.

Ann Bailey rode from Fort Young at Covington to Point Pleasant over the Indian trace time and again and carried powder and lead to the garrison.

Betty Zane carried powder from one fort to the other at Wheeling under the fire of hundreds of Indian warriors.

Hannah Dennis, captured by Cornstalk, became the wise woman of his nation, and when she escaped walked three hundred miles through the wilderness and survived.

Physically these pioneer women were nearly perfect. They could undergo the perils of maternity and never lose a day from their household work. They were deeply religious and trained up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The changing scenes of their lives had the effect of making them ready to accept the bright and vivid radiance of the Methodism of Wesley in place of the gloomy and austere faith of the Covenanters. This in itself is in keeping with the renascence resulting from a super-race of mortals being set down in a fruitful wilderness, there to found a race and give color to a people to be known to the ends of the earth as Americans.

At the time we had decided to be Westsylvania, the heroes of the backwoods were woodsmen who were skilled in the art of Indian warfare and in wilderness life generally. Such men as Boone, Cresap, Clarke, Wetzels, McDonald, Crawford, David Williamson, Robertson, Sevier, Shelby, Brady, McCulloch, and the like.

They had perfected a rifle that was superior to any thing known before that time. A long rifled gun made of soft iron, shooting a ball that ran as small as seventy to the pound, but which was precise and deadly. Reports of British officers in the Revolution were to the effect that their wounded were negligible in numbers, but that many of their soldiers were killed instantly by a shot in the forehead between the eyes.

During the Revolution the Backwoodsmen were never menaced or raided by the British troops. It was the most dangerous ground known in that war on account of the Indian allies who were induced by the British to side with them. In all of Westsylvania there is no record of a Tory. But in some colonies it was sometimes hard to tell whether there were more king's men or more congress men. And the price of scalps paid by the British had the strange effect of bringing Tory scalps just the same as Whigs. This reacted most woefully on Tory sentiment when they found that Great Britain was buying their hair.

It was about this time that the people of Westsylvania commenced to put Indian hides in their tanning vats in their yards.

The prompt action on the part of the first assembly to meet after the Declaration of Independence in establishing the district of West Augusta, and in perfecting the title to the lands on the western waters, satisfied the Virginians, but it did not satisfy the fighters who lived in what is now Pennsylvania. The same spirit of independence caused a revolt in that part of Westsylvania in 1794, when Congress laid a tax on whiskey, which constituted the main money income of that part of the country. Westsylvania saw a bigger army of white men at that time than she saw during the Revolution, and about a thousand of them were Virginians from Westsylvania. David Bradford headed that strike.

But a thing is never settled until it is settled right. And the failure to form the Fourteenth Colony was the direct cause of the Civil War, and the belated formation of the State of West Virginia.

It is possible that if quick transportation and the modern cities had come sooner that the people of Virginia could have continued to live together, but as time went on the mountain people found it more and more irksome to live and do business under the domination of a race of people with whom they had so little in common. Then and now to be a citizen of West Virginia is greater than to me a king. They can brook no restraint upon their actions. They are as wild as the eagle.

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure wohld he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder bolt he falls."

The rending of Virginia was bound to come sooner or later, on account of the diversity of the creatures. If the good Lord had seen fit to let the colony of Westsylvania live, it is the opinion of those who are able to interpret history, that the Civil War would never have been. With a powerful state reaching from the Great Lakes to Tennessee, of great wealth and population, and inclined to the free soil policies, the great tragedy of the United States would have been averted.

That we are different from the teeming millions of the great centers of population, we would be the last to deny. It has brought its problems and its perplexities. If we are quick on the trigger, they are quick on the uptake, and they find the loose joints in our armor, and many is the sly dig that their kept scribes give us.

In the meantime we do very well, thank you, and someday the song of Westsylvania will be the song of Roland and the pine.

"God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!"